



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

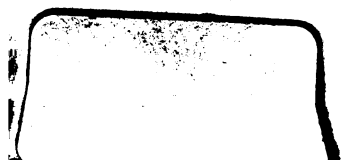
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

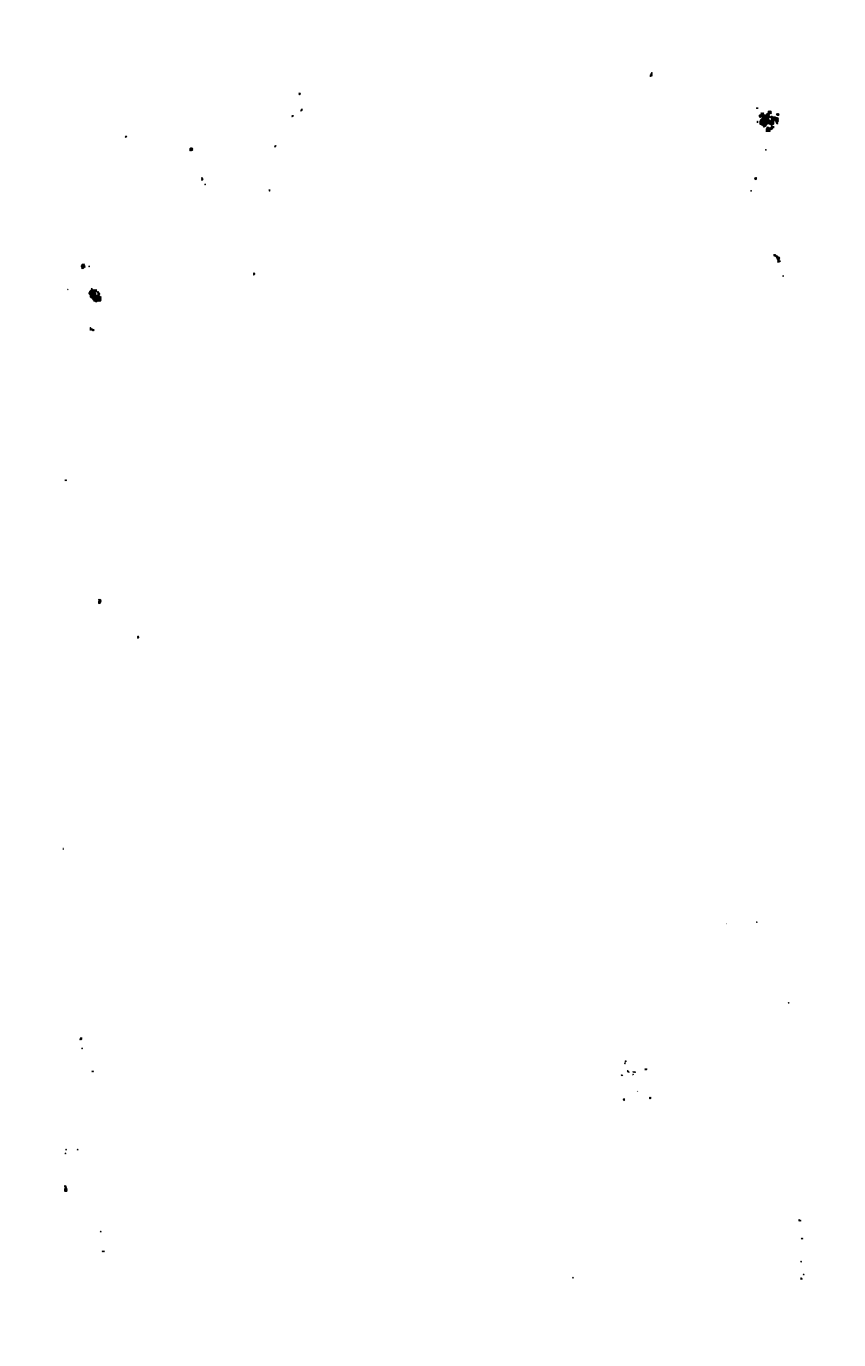
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

3 3433 07483732 3



NEO

1000



30:

A TALE
OF THE OLDEN FANE.

BY
K. ^{sc}BARTON.

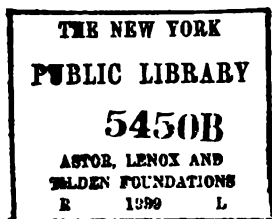
"By education most have been misled;
So they believe because they so were bred;
The priest continues what the nurse began,
And thus the child imposes on the man."

DRYDEN.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 200 BROADWAY.

M.DCCCLL.

MRS



ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by
D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District
of New-York.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
Introduction	5
I. Cressus and Troilus—The Lydian scene—Humanity fell in the unequal contest.....	20
II. A Grecian residence—Simplicity, sublimity, and peace—A grand review—A female figure—Two magnets—A miracle of beauty	26
III. The child of nature—A prostrate youth—A spirit-blast—Where were the gods—A daughter fair but frail—The spirit had fled to the house-top.....	33
IV. A scene in the forum—The power of one great spirit among men—The case on the tablet—The Archon, Patricles, Solonas, Artimos—A stirring scene—Man will be man though ten thousand laws forbid it.....	38
V. Artimos and his little sister—Too soon a cynic—Two sides of the picture—Good and evil alternate—Life mingles with the shades—The power and province of fashion—Worthy spirits.	53
VI. Cressus and his fair sympathizer—An angel of earth—Eudocia—The potency of one kind look.....	63
VII. Eudocia loved her mistress—What has become of the young man—Cressus, consumed by fear, raves—The physician—Mystery—Happiness.....	70
VIII. Menephron, a man of courage—A feast of friends—An oblation under the rose—An Athenian stranger—Cassander speaks.....	78
IX. Silent homage—Troilus and his "pretty one"—A pretty story by Menephron—Plebeian prettiness rose to the proportions of Patrician beauty—A princess found—Troilus—Wit and Words—A character.....	86
X. Love at first sight—I would be your slave and wine-bearer—She learned the lofty pleasures of the spirit-land—The bold are ever generous—Popularity—A challenge and defeat—the case of Hezmen, the Egyptian.....	97
XI. A solitary pedestrian—It was Hezmen the Egyptian, the father of Io the beautiful—The discovery—Cressus, the son of Patricles—Dead, did you say—Io could not rest—There is for me some other destiny.....	109
XII. Io started from her slumber—How did he speak? Io blushed, and answered "he is sick"—The destiny of progression—What is destiny—Cressus recovers his consciousness—Io walks as usual through her grounds.....	116
XIII. Io reads the living pages of nature—Cressus, regaining strength, wandered on and on, until surprised, he stands before the lovely Io—A scene of intense delight—"Oh!"—The effect of an interjection—Nature, thou art good—A conversation and a scene...	124

19 FEB '26

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.	PAGE.
XIV. The aspirations of man—Ethereal Being condescending to an earthly form—Io and Cresus—Beauty and love—Cresus inspired with daring thoughts—"And I, too," said Io—He leaves her to seek Hezmen.....	132
XV. The youth of Ephesus—Nature is ever kind to innocence—Cresus, proceeding to his father's house, meets old acquaintances—A dialogue—Meets Troilus—Hezmen is in danger—Patricius reflects—Father and son unite in hand and sentiment—Hezmen is safe until the going down of the sun—There is one more chance.....	146
XVI. A storm—Scene on the <i>Ægean</i> —A miserable crowd—Darkness and the temple—A solitary priest—The wily Akim—the sacred Ocus—The puny race—The little mysteries—He shall die—A wail of rending tone.....	162
XVII. A noble band—Midnight—Ignorance and midnight are bad company—"We are ready."—A solitary star—The peace of superstition floats on the elements and is never sure—A frantic scene—A stricken multitude—"Press on".....	169
XVIII. The priest at home—"That Egyptian dog"—A contrast—A young Patrician priest—Sophistic selfishness—Nature yet lived—The final order—Let Hezmen die—The victim—Nature struggled—"The safety of the temple demands it"—Where is thy treasure—I demand my daughter—"Tis Akim—Hezmen is safe—Cresus is not there.....	175
XIX. The doors were fast—Cresus thought not of danger—A wild scream—The rescue—Akim stood confounded—The joy of Io—Danger still—"Let us flee"—The voice of Io—"Spare me"—Where is my father—Deception—I am here.....	187
XX. An unseen cord—Io opened her eyes—The reality of the scene—The priest repents—Speak, Io—A strong one in his lair—Friends of boyhood—Anacreon—The name of Akim—A great discovery—"Why should it be hid"—A charter—A war of the elements—A pillar fell.....	195
XXI. Ephesians thronged the forum—The speech of the Archon—Silence—Great is Diana of the Ephesians—The temple shaken..	203
XXII. The return of Io—Life is made up of contrasts—Gay hearts—Io and Cresus—The events of life—Hezmen wept—The early hours—A minister of nature—The aerial flight of song—Love and happiness.....	207
XXIII. A company of friends at the house of Menephron—History of Hezmen—"My father was a priest of Isis"—The sweet Ophilia	215
XXIV. Ophilia lost—A strange discovery—Doubts, resolves—Hezmen continues his narrative.....	229
XXV. Two lovely innocents—Twin sisters—Io and Onia—The star—Ophilia died—The journey—Onia lost.....	238
XXVI. Interested parties—The princess—Io and Troilus—Hezmen continued—Search in Persia—Io in her girlhood—Menephron excited—The recognition—Onia found—The princess happy in finding a father and a sister.....	242
XXVII. Io and Onia are re-united—Cresus and Troilus friends for ever—Reflections—Conclusion.....	248

A TALE OF THE OLDEN FANE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE times whereof we write—the days of Io—were in those distant years which lie beyond that glorious epoch, known through these eighteen centuries and a half as the Christian Era.

The material universe differed, in no essential point, from that which now surrounds us.

Nature progressed, in stages imperceptible to the daily observer, in those earlier, as in these later days. Yet, was she ever, as now, advancing toward the goal of perfection.

Humanity, in its essential character the same in all ages and climes, was, likewise, in the days whereof we write—the days of Io—progressive, as it is now. The spirit of noble manhood, struggling against the tide of ignorance and selfishness which opposed its progress, yielding at times to the opposing flood, seemed often lost for ever,—ingulfed in the dark waters of unsounded depths. But again, and again, it rose, buoyant on the

waves of human life. The expanse of time, like the boundless waters, has hence become interspersed with enduring verdure; and the rocks, whereon many an unwary mariner has been cast in hopeless desolation, have now become as gardens of pleasure; and granaries, for the sustenance of succeeding myriads.

In those days—the days of Io—life was compounded of elements, similar to those which now enter into its strange composition. Love, then, as now, formed a large portion of that compound. They loved, and married, in those days as in these; with only this important difference—nature had more to do than art, in those earlier scenes of love-making.

There was, in Ephesus—the city chosen for Io—a vast temple, reared in seeming opposition to the voice of nature, when she commands her sons and daughters to love and be happy. It was the temple of Cynthia—Diana of the Ephesians.

That temple, the pride of Ephesus, was justly so, in point of architectural beauty, extent, and grandeur. Its external dimensions, as in its grand proportions it rose before the eye, impressed the mind of the observer with a mingling of admiration and awe. A solid platform surrounded the body of the temple; and from this promenade arose a double row of Ionic columns, numbering one hundred and twenty-seven. Each column was a single shaft of Parian marble, sixty feet in height. And many of them were carved by the hands of Scopas, and other masters of that classic age. Ctesiphon, of Crete, and Metagenes, had superintended its massive foundations. And its walls preserved the immortality of

Apelles and Parrhasius. Praxiteles and Cephisadoras did honor to themselves, in the adornment of its shrine. And the daughter of Micon passed her creative fingers over a picture of its deess ; while Scopas thought it honor to form for it the statue of Hecate. Thus, from the hands of classic genius, arose this sublime structure, conceived and executed in honor of Diana, the spotless goddess of the Ephesians. And the encircled habitation of her godship, rising in its beautiful and perfect, though vast, proportions, aptly represented the captivating being, the ideal of whose lovely perfections wrapped itself around the hearts of this mighty people. The highest intellect of manhood had fallen subdued before her shrine ; and spread upon her altar the offering of a resistless heart. The lone captive, writhing in the toils of a foreign captivity, escaping to her sanctuary, had become imperceptibly entangled in the webs of devotion ; and bowed himself, a voluntary slave, before her sacred chastity. The vulgar plebeian, the veriest baseling of society, whose language abroad bespoke a mind untouched by the nobler impulses of the refined, brought into the august presence of this virgin deess, shrank within himself, trembled with the terror of inward and undefined fear, and fled her presence, with the precipitate cowardliness of the base ! And buoyant youth, dreaming of love, and happiness, and heaven, aspiring in its ambition, sincere in its desires, ardent in its temperament—youth, in whom humanity mingles its strange contradictions—youth approached that thrilling shrine, where chastity and innocence sat personified and deified ; and the fascinations of her power laid hold upon their spirits, tore

away the unhallowed passions which had clustered around the young and loving heart of her devout votary, and stamped upon that heart the tender sympathy, and deathless love, of rare humanity.

It was a moving sight, thus to see the flower of the Ephesian youth, prostrate before the altar of the lofty and inexorable deess; the first essential of whose ideal and supreme existence crushed the young passion of youthful blood; and forbade the most feeble throb of those moving currents of life, which carry forward the impetuosity of youth—reckless, thoughtless, blind to consequences, regardless of opinion, bent upon one only object, to which all others are made but secondary aids.

Philosophers vainly endeavored to analyze the anomaly of this apparent contradiction in the human character. Without the temple, they said it was the reaction of life. They said it was the alternate order of nature. They said it was the result of the established laws of the universe. They said it proceeded from the compound ideas of the human mind, vainly endeavoring to reconcile irreconcilable principles, to mingle together, in one new element, the oil of the human heart, and the water of the human brain. A visionary thought! an impracticable effort!

Within the temple, the case stood differently. The priests of the sacred altar had to live by the altar. The servants of the august fane dare not limit the power, any more than they dared to circumscribe the virtue of their goddess. And the votaries of the temple, taught, from their first lisp, to look toward its sacred porch for truth and safety, could never after rise from beneath those im-

pressions of their childhood, or shake off the mystic web thus weaved around their spirits, unless some external power might happily tear away this time-woven shroud, and liberate the imprisoned spirit, too long confined in the musty coatings of ancient figments.

The priests of the temple trembled when they beheld a spirit, touched by some active principle of being, burst these figments of Egyptian bondage, and rise and soar upon the wings of independent thought, above the crawling worshippers of human divinities, and human absurdities, and human selfishness, and human tyranny. They trembled for the honor of the gods ! so they said. They trembled, for the stability of society ! so they said. They trembled for the safety of the presumptuous mortal who thus dared to soar ! so they said. They trembled for the judgments which would fall, in consequence, upon the nation, and consume the peace and happiness of each individual ! so they said. But, they trembled in truth for the honor paid by worshipping thousands to themselves. They trembled, in truth, for the tyrannic grasp with which they held the mind of society, crushing every rising impulse to moral light and liberty. They trembled for the rapidity with which truth and liberty, once let free, fly to the outmost precincts of the great circle of society, infecting, with its leavening influence, the masses of surrounding mind. They trembled for their daily feastings from the sacrificial altar. They trembled for their nightly carousals, from the oblations offered to the goddess. They trembled for their own existence, not only as priests of the sacred fane, but as men—as members of the great compact of men ; as men

endowed with knowledge above their fellows, and using their knowledge for the mere purpose of holding that compact in a base and ignorant serfdom ; a moral, and a physical, and a mental serfdom ; a serfdom blackening the heart with ignorance, if not the skin with tissue. They trembled as traitors tremble, when they fear detection in their treason. Their conscious treason against the compact of manhood, unmanned their nerves before the eye of an independent spirit, who had dashed from his arms the fetters of their wily craft, and stood before them a free man and a true, true to himself and to society.

It was not their business, they said, to account for the strange contradictions so apparent in the practical results of human character. Their business was only to use or amuse humanity as they found it. Did it ask for wine ?—send it to Bacchus. Did it sigh for love ?—let Cupid lead it by a silken hair to the luxurious temple of his lovely goddess. Did it seek to contemplate the loftier majesty of Olympia ?—send it to Jupiter. And was it still unsatisfied ?—then, the heavens and the earth lay outstretched before it, with countless deities, to suit all fancies, all pursuits, all dispositions, all conditions, all places, all purposes.

But the Ephesian youth, once so jealous for the universal supremacy of their honored deess, had lost their unbounded confidence in the consistency of her priests. Reflecting their misdeeds, by implication, upon her they ministered for, the restraints of her principles became gradually less binding ; and at the time whereof we write, the rougher and more independent minds began to laugh

at the poor zealots of the temple, and pity those who were yet in the thrall of an ignorant captivity, under what they called unnecessary and galling restrictions, imposed by nothing but the craft of men.

Still, there were many true and generous spirits, who, in the depths of sincere devotion, bowed themselves before the august presence of their ideal of inexorable virtue, and listened to her oracles with overwhelming awe, and heard her commands with hearts inclining them to faith and obedience.

There is something sublimely touching in the sincere devotion of the human heart. It speaks the strong affinity between the devoted and the object; it tells us how the child and the parent are one; it points to the vital bond which merges, in eternal unity, two hearts touched with the magnetic influence of love; it links spirit to spirit in inseparable grasp; it rises above the pettiness of passing incidents, and seizes upon the most enduring elements of being.

But, when this devotion carries the young and buoyant spirit upward to the regions of the invisible; when the young heart, rising above the baseness of the earth-born, sighs for a clime more genial to the development of its nobler parts, what does it teach us? What? It teaches the greatness of man's unfettered spirit; with the finger of intellection it points to his onward destiny; it says there is truth in the ideal. The universe is full of idea. Sublimity rises far beyond the range of human optics; the animated eye cannot ascend to its burning sphere; the material wing would crisp and wither ere it touched its lurid atmosphere. There is nothing of earth, but the

spirit of man, which seeks to explore the exalting regions of ideal worlds. And why should the spirit of man seek to roam beyond the precincts which circumscribe his vision? Because it ever tends back again to its source. Give it but a glimmering of the purer light of its own ethereal regions, and it flutters to bathe its wings in the ocean of light and truth. It feels itself an exotic, doomed to wander an exile over Siberian snows; the loveliness of nature buried; the harmony of the universe hid; the sublimity of being lost, beneath the unfriendly covering which the northern blasts have thrown over the face of a scene, once fair, harmonious, and sublime.

But why should the spirit of man seek to roam beyond the precincts which circumscribe his vision? Because, the impulsive disgust at snivelling, crawling, cringing, and contemptible humanity, sometimes drives him madly from the habitations and associations of his fellow-man; and the elements of affinity draw him, by irresistible attraction, upwards to the regions of congenial spirits, where the base selfishness of life is expanded into the broad brotherhood of immortality; and spirit comprehends spirit; and thought answers thought; idea gives back idea; science opens science, and truth answers to the voice of truth. What wonder that the spirit of the noblest sons and daughters of earth should sigh for those ideal worlds; and seek in their contemplation, as an exile thinks of home, the only solace which earth admits, for the sad deprivation to which they are doomed.

The young heart, with the joyous hilarity of innocence and life, ever anticipates pleasure and joy. It

loves truth and sincerity. It smiles in its heavenly witchery, as it gazes upon the frank and open countenance of a friend. It shudders beneath the scowl of a dark and sinister eye. Mystery possesses for it a strange fascination. But the brightly mysterious, the super-human perfect, bears the young spirit aloft, and carries it whither it will. The beauty of nature makes the young eye to dance with untold delight. The truth of nature throws open the vast volume of her being; her new-born spirits stand for a while in mute wonderment; cast over the bright page a look of mingled incredulity and awe. Again, they gaze with the keen scrutiny of an anxious skeptic; then leap, with the frantic joy of a new inheritor, into mid-air, exclaiming, "Eureka! Eureka!" The melody of nature, in her simple but varied tones, touches the fine chords of her finest instrument; the queen of song; the nightingale of earth; the warbler of the continents. The young heart responds to the sacred touch, vibrates the lovely lyre; and a hymn to Essential Being, to wisdom, goodness, and perfection, rolls upward, swelling in thrilling, burning sincerity, as it rolls, fresh and acceptable, from the young heart of lovely innocence and truth.

Earth presents no cluster of associations more stirring, nor sublime, than a young heart,—yet untainted by the black contagion, which seizes often the best and strongest, and leaves him prostrate, to grovel like his fellows,—crawling over the surface of earth, basely given,—to see the young heart so untainted, casting itself upon the ocean of nature's truth, fearless of the rolling wave, or the depths unsounded; resting upon the bosom of the

mighty deep, whereon the living world might float. There is a pride, unfelt by the living myriads, unknown by the earth-born, in the spirit which thus casts itself in full reliance upon the heaving waters ; strikes out from rock to rock ; plunges again into the mighty flood, and again mounts the unyielding mound, from whence he looks far out into the unexplored depths of interminable waters.

But, in the days whereof we write—in the days of Io—they were rare and bold, who thus plunged into the solitude of waters. True, youth had abandoned the temple with bold disgust ; but no higher sentiment than disappointment, discontent, and despair, replaced the homage of the past ; there were none to fire them with thoughts of the great Arcana ; they sank into the inert slumbers of animal life. Insipid existence drew its narrowing circles around their being. To them, it was alike unproductive of sentient thought, whether they strolled in listless gossip to the summit of Mount Prion, or floated in a light holchade over the moving waters of the Cayster ; or lounged in vapid relaxation in their luxurious baths ; or passed with impertinent jests through the Agorean throng. Life had no higher object than a thoughtless flow and a careless exit. Thought found no dwelling place in such transient passengers. Being sank into chaos. Hope reached not beyond the morrow. Joy expired like a lamp, plunged into the damp and fatal atmosphere of a pestilential cavern. Beauty shrank, withered, into the wrinkles of years. Sublimity fell ! fell from its lofty pedestal on the young and healthy brow : and in its fall carried to the earth, and

crushed in melancholy ruin, the young, the godlike spirit of the hopeless and heartless. O miserere ! Oh, essential gloom ! When man, bereft of spirit, the life of his existence ; of hope, the anchor of his soul ; of thought, the wings of his progression ; of beauty, his angelic passport ; of sublimity, the lever of his ambition, sinks into the shades of dark and palpable obscurity, and ends his noblest being in the dreary night of a sensual existence, while yet the casket of life is unbroken, nor the wheels commanded to cease their revolutions.

But why such disastrous results ? Why should the forsaken temple thus send its blighting curse after its deserting votaries ? Why should the spirit of young and active manhood thus pall and totter, reel, fall, and expire, when separated hastily from a temple profaned and profaning ? Why ? The wise old priests, ever watchful to strengthen themselves, even by their very weakness, the priests would have answered, "they departed from the light, and groped in darkness !" Was it thus ? Nay, there is another answer. We must have it ! though we seek it in Erebus, or Olympia ; though from the highest point of Parnassus we look to the East, or darting through the cloud of incense, rising from the altar of the temple, we stand face to face with the sombre and smileless demigods in sacred robes, and meet the cold and searching eye of their self-assuring arrogance and tyrannic assumptions, we must have it ! There is another answer due to humanity ; or if not to humanity, to society, to man ; crushed by the dogmas of temples, and distracted by the contradictions, the inconsistencies, the craft of priests. There is an answer due,

and we will seek it through the universe. Justice demands it. Justice to man, used, trifled with, deceived, made the plaything of the sacred-wise, tossed on the waves of doubt, thrown into the dungeons of dismals, sent here and there, a shuttle-cock, a caterer, blindfolded, struck dumb with artificial awe, pilfered, robbed, bereft of all but life, a bare and spiritless existence, then cast aside, maligned, spurned as a piece of useless lumber, a very blank in this universe of utility, a very monster in this scene of universal beauty, an offcast of hope, valueless for aught but fuel for implacable vengeance, a thing born for the sacred lash, to amuse in its antic writhings the priestly eyes of the temple, for whose sole pleasure and profit the whole race was brought upon this mortal stage. Justice to man deserves an answer. Truth stands upon the ancient ruins, crying, "Tell me, tell me." Truth steals through the silent pillars of the modern abbeys, whispering in a deep and meaning accent, "Why? why? why?" Truth stands upon the highest pinnacle of Christendom, and demands, in the voice of nature and of God, why the spirit of young and active manhood, severed from the temple, should sink and expire in hopeless night? Her voice shall be heard. Her demand shall be responded to, though the ghosts of ten thousand Archieries should spring from their ancient tombs; or the stern command of the Hierophantai should, as in days of yore, order presumptuous mortals to bend before their haughty frown. All things have their uses. There is a rotation of times and circumstances. Day speaketh unto day. Night reveals the mystery of night! Day and night throw out the

contrast of each other ; and ask each other wherefore ? Then answers day to day, and tells the mystery and the purposes of darkness. Then whispers night to night, and breathes of the exterminating purity of light and day ! The one sings with the breaking morning ; the other sighs with the closing evening. The first rises and goes forth to battle ; the latter retires beneath the thickening shadows of the surrounding gloom.

But, we wait the answer ; and it is at hand. Why did the spirit of young and active manhood, severed from the temple, sink and expire in hopeless night ? Because it had consumed the oil of its existence, in the vain endeavor to replenish the expiring lamp of a passing system. It had poured in rich libations, upon the greedy altar, the full current of its deathless element. Lavish in its ambition to mingle with ethereal powers, it had sought to propitiate the deities, by pouring out the last drop of its own ethereal essence. Relying upon the truth and honor of a sacred name, it had trusted for repayment of its ethereal treasures. Exhausted by its credulous offerings, it had waited for replenishing stores. Vain credulity ! It had waited, until it sank, exhausted, before the altar. With eyes full of imploring earnestness, it had looked toward the mysterious oracle—panted for the living truth ; the truth of nature ; the truth of being ; the truth of God ! The signal of response had sounded. The expiring spirit awoke to new life and hope. The disappointments of the past were forgotten. The gathering doubts in the virtue and truth of the temple, vanished as the unwholesome mists of the morning. Light rose again, and flashed from the dim torch.

Beauty danced in its lurid beams, and perfection threw out its captivating proportions to infinity. The spirit of man rose again, amid the surrounding glory, invigorated by the latent energy, the remnant of its once vast powers. Silence sat upon the altar ; crept to the distant corners of the sanctuary ; sailed upon its noiseless wing beneath the lofty dome. Silence ; profound and awful, reigned ; and the spirit of man bowed itself in silent reverence, and waited ; still waited the voice of the oracle. At length it spake ; the oracle spake—spake in a tone of muffled wisdom. But, wisdom what ? of sincerity ? of truth ? of nature ? of God ? Nay, of the temple ! the priests ! man ! deceit ! The spirit listened with the intensity of spirit, for the words which were to speak it into life again, and action ; listened for the rending of the veil, which surrounded it with impenetrable mystery, and shut out the light of heaven, the truth of nature, the converse of ethereal spirit ; being, as it is ! Listened for the unlocking of the invisible fetters, which bound it fast in the dark dungeons of unmitigated captivity ; which held it bound, by an invisible spell, to a body of corruption it abhorred and deprecated. It listened, and it heard. But, alas, it heard only to plunge for ever into the abyss of spiritual despair. The voice was heard, but the words were unintelligible, meaningless, empty as an exhausted receiver ; dark as the blackness of nocturnal regions ; nothing ; naught that could renew the exhausted lamp of the spirit of man ; naught that could soothe the jaded victim of deceit, and trifling, and tyranny, and selfishness. Naught that could restore the bounding joy, the sublime ambition of

earth's noblest occupant; naught! And the spirit expired! Man rose spiritless. Young, and generous, and impulsive man, rose from before that cursed altar, bereft of the spirit of his early glory and ambition; stalked through the sacred aisles with unsuppressed disgust; passed for ever through its inviting and deceiving portals; inhaled the intoxicating atmosphere of base and sordid pleasure; wandered in unconscious being—unconscious of aught but instinct, through the crowds and throngs of brawling humanity; plunged, irretrievably, into the sea of brutish vice and thoughtless existence. And in the days whereof we write—the days of Io—he wandered, spiritless and hopeless, through the streets of Ephesus; only ambitious to while away his time in listless pleasure, or more corroding vice. He found no lack of companions; of sympathizing mortals—if vice can sympathize—bereft, like him, of the last particle of sacred impulse; the sublime ambition of earlier years; now, together, cursing the temple, its goddess and its priests, and revenging upon their own poor mortality the injuries inflicted by the sacred tyrants.

CHAPTER I.

CRESUS AND TROILUS.—THE LYDIAN SCENE.—HUMANITY FELL IN THE
UNEQUAL CONTEST.

"WHERE to, Cresus?" asked a lively young citizen, as he encountered one of a thoughtful mien, in passing through the Magnesian gate.

"For a ramble," he replied.

"There's nothing to hear there; come to the baths."

"Aye, is there, and more to see," replied Cresus, not heeding the invitation.

"Thine eyes are good, Cresus, but so are mine. I saw naught."

"That reasons nothing for what I may see."

"You will see the sea, but you'll not see C., for I met her going to the temple with Lucianus."

"Who is C.?" asked Cresus, carelessly.

"What!" answered his lively companion, "living in Ephesus, and not know C.? Why, I thought there was not a man within the Ortygian walls, but knew who that loveliest of mortals was. Go, Cresus, go, you have much to learn."

"That have I, and you much to unlearn. You may wonder that I know not C., whoever she is; but you may not censure. Mark me, Troilus!"

"Nay, nay, I do not censure, but I wonder."

"Then wonder, but do not censure," returned Cresus, with much impatience.

"By the temple, I have caught you in a contrary mood to-day. But, you'll find room enough without the gates. Good morning."

"Good morning," said Cresus. "Stay, Troilus, a word." Troilus turned back. "Do not think me strangely moody to you. It is not to you."

"Nay! not to me?" said Troilus, somewhat wondering. "Not to me? but it was I who was speaking to you!"

"I like you well, Troilus; I have ever liked you since the time we used to walk together, and converse in the Temenean grove; those happy days of the past."

"Cresus!" said the lively Troilus, now deeply moved by the touching allusion of his companion. "Cresus, you were always a deep-thinking fellow, and your thinking will find you a short cut to the shades; take my advice, laugh and be gay while you may, as I do. Come, let us begin our walking conversations again, in other groves, if you like me, and we will find new paths to other pleasures. Let pass the visionary bubbles, after which we have bounded too long. I burst the bubble long ago, and, by all the gods and goddesses of Olympia, I found it full of nothing."

"You tempt me, Troilus, and I'm weak," answered Cresus. "I know you're right, and yet I fear you're wrong. I would that I were as you, but I am as my miserable self, and, until I lose myself, I shall not find happiness; but I dare not, as I am, go with you as you are."

"Well, Cresus, think of it."

"That I will."

"Do you know all the pleasures you have got to think about, when you do think of it?"

"Not I; I can see no pleasure except getting out of my miserable self."

"Nor can I tell you. There's social life, where the Lesbian cup dances before the merry-hearted, and the soft Mendean soothes the ruffled temper, and makes one dream like a god, while the spirit-stirring Thasian reveals all the mysteries you seek, lifts you above the gods themselves, and shows you at once the mysteries of their realms. I tell you, Cresus, it is all a deception, a web to catch flies, not men! Be a man! come, taste the pleasures of social life. I will lead you into groves, more pleasant than Temenece, and you will hear of philosophy older than the temple of Cynthea."

"I tell you, Troilus, you tempt me, and I'm weak. I am not as I was when we walked and talked together in the grove."

"No, and never will be, until, as you say, you lose yourself and find yourself again, sitting in judgment upon the misdeeds of the gods of Olympia."

"Ah, that I dare not do. It would be, in me, unpardonable presumption."

"We have," said Troilus, "an Athenian to sup with us this evening, whom I would like you to meet. He speaks a philosophy that would make you respect yourself, mankind, the world, the universe, once more. By Hercules! he'd make you feel yourself a man. He's not one of your godlies, crawling on all fours, like a senseless beast. He walks like a man, and speaks like a man, pays honor

where 'tis due ; but hurls pretenders from their thrones, even though they hide them in invisible regions, or sit begirt by long-robed parasites who, for the table, guard the altar. I tell you, Ceresus, you must bestir yourself. A mind like your's was never framed to be the mere puppet, the whining puppet, the harmless plaything of another man's folly. Had I your mind, by Hercules ! I would teach this noble Greece the foul play she is enduring. I would expose the blasphemies of priestly impositions. I would speak the philosophy of nature and the Great Unknown. Aye, though they ended me, like the noble Socrates, I would do it ! This Athenian speaks much of Socrates, and a pupil who succeeded him, named Aristocles, but called Plato. I can tell you nothing about him, only that every thing he says makes me wonder more and more, and I know it is all true. There is something within me tells me it is, and that is what I could never feel amid the foolish ceremonies and unmeaning cant of the temple."

"I would like well to meet the Athenian," said Ceresus, "but not this evening. I will think about it. He does not go away?"

"Not immediately. I hope to keep him long. He bears letters to me and the Archons, and I so delight in him, I will not lightly suffer him to part."

"Good ; I will see you to-morrow. Farewell." And the friends parted, Troilus entering the city, and Ceresus passing on into the free and unconfined scenery of the mountainous suburbs.

No sooner did Ceresus find himself alone, than every word which had fallen from his lively friend came rolling

back like the returning tide of the moving ocean, and his noble mind, plunging into the vast truths of life and being which rose before him, felt itself gradually submerged beneath the rising waters, and all seemed lost to him; his being lost! drowned in the mighty flood of thought that rolled majestically over him. He thus continued his course, abstracted from the presence of earth. In vain the *Ægean* scene of beauty rolled itself out before his eyes. The glorious sun of Asia Minor threw on that morning his golden mantle, like a superb canopy over land and sea. The placid waters seemed to smile beneath some benign influence, and, like blessed contentment, ever, reflect again upon all around, the peaceful happiness of its own glorious nature, its depth of joy, and calm, and peace. Samos rose, and towered like some mighty monster of the deep, raising his lofty head on the west, as if demanding from Mount Prion, of the Ephesians, the homage of loftier empire. The Ionian coast, as seen from the road where Cressus rambled on, presented to the eye a succession of varied scenery, calculated to draw forth the soul of poetic, sentient, nature-loving man, and send him roaming through the universe of thought! The Lydian beauty which surrounded him on every side, above, beneath, advancing, or retreating, ought, in ordinary reason, to have dissipated any shadow on the brow of Cressus. The rising fragrance of surrounding nature, should have filled with delight and thankfulness, the senses of a youth less given to sentiment and overwhelming gratitude than Cressus; yet it did not move him. Where could be his soul! thus to withstand the glorious day which burned around him, and lit up a scene majes-

tically grand and beautifully sublime ! He was wrapped in the thickening envelopes of his own thoughts. He turned and turned, and struggled with the muscular energy of a giant intellect ; but, as he turned, the webs of education tightened around him, and seemed interminable in the quantity of their material, proceeding ever, as it seemed, from within himself. He had wandered off the road, unconsciously, in the deep intensity of his thoughts, led, as it were by instinct, through the solitary shades of overhanging verdure. The gradually descending ground inclined him, in his apparently thoughtless ramble, toward the fertile plain, or the more imperceptible descent of the mountain. Thus he passed on, silently and unobserved, for it was the hour when the busy world was congregated in the market-place, the temple, or the Forum. His thoughts became at length obscure ; his reason reeled ; darkness let fall her impenetrable veil before his eyes ; the helplessness of the entangled fly, whirled in vain struggles within the circling web, seized every fibre of his energetic nature. Life shrieked within him ! exhausted by the burning element which raged within it. He tottered beneath the vast burthen of doubts which oppressed him, and sank senseless upon the soft sward which nature seemed to have already prepared for her devoted but oppressed and expiring son ; and there lay Cressus, beneath the shade of the lovely cypress. Had he not already found the short cut to the shades, so recently predicted for him by his lively friend ? Alas ! poor Cressus ! Alas ! humanity ! frail and unequal to the contest, alas ! and most alas ! when thou art greatest !

CHAPTER II.

A GRECIAN RESIDENCE.—SIMPLICITY, SUBLIMITY, AND PEACE.—A GRAND REVIEW.—A FEMALE FIGURE.—TWO MIGHTY MAGNETS.—AMIRACLE OF BEAUTY.

ON a gentle declivity of the mountain, on that side overlooking the *Ægean* sea, or rather on a level table of land, whereon nature seemed to have spread out some of her choicest gifts for some favorite child, or some young goddess ; or, perchance, some truant nymph of the far-famed *Cynthea*, rose a Grecian residence. Its plain and unpretending exterior contrasted with the varied beauty which hung in luxuriant clusters on every side of it, or lay in rich profusion around its base, exalted, in the reflective eye, the good taste of the architect, who yielded to nature at once that superiority in embellishment which nothing but the vain presumption of ignorant and unthinking man could aim at rivaling. There was a chaste expression of truth in that unpretending plainness. There was even a sublimity of thought, which seemed to say to sublime and lovely nature, "thou art greater than me ! I will not strive." It spake a man great in humility, exalted in the knowledge of his own inferiority to the powers of heaven, raised in his littleness, standing a god among men, while he kneels as a man in the p

sence of his God; thus, greatest when he is least, highest when he is lowest, is man!

The good taste of that chaste exterior was vastly refreshing to the senses of the observer. It was a truth, spoken manfully; built up before the eye; standing upon the basis of its own simple solidity. It was like one of those glorious self-evident truths which here and there stand out from amid the absurdities of the written book of human science. It was the truth of nature in man, speaking through the very stones which built his habitation, saying, I am but man! and nature is nature! and God is God!

The spirit of peace seemed to hover over that sublime residence, as it rose in its square proportions from among the surrounding foliage. It filled the mind at once with the idea of peaceful contentment. Its very vicinity, the atmosphere which surrounded it, seemed to extinguish the element of restless pride,—that aspiring destroyer of all tranquillity,—and invited the rambler to enter its hospitable peristyle, unloose his sandals, and refresh himself from its proffered luxuries, ere he resumed the public road at a little distance.

It was the same morning whereon we saw the two friends part at the Magnesian gate, and that glorious sun which spread its golden canopy over land and sea, was not unmindful of this sunny spot, where nectared fruits blushed at his presence, and lovely flowers, still crimsoned with their loveliness, sought to hide their modest charms beneath the velvet tresses of the verdure which hung around them. The morning was speeding fast; the air was already redolent with the ambrosia of its sweet-

ness. Fragrance rose on the wings of light; fluttered on the sunbeam; scattered the elixir of her perfume, descended and bathed her wings in the little fountain of a flower; and again, fled playfully through the yielding element of life. The soft but stirring melody of nature buzzed in a full and swelling chorus. Life haunted every leaf. Life drank from the cup of every flower. Life, wrapped in invisible garb, floated in mid air. Life moved with hurried step through the rustling grass. The armies of nature were astir in ten thousand forms; her engineers and her architects; her bands of music; her trumpeters, and her flying squadrons—all proclaimed a grand review. Nor was it all in vain. Were there no human eye nor ear to mark this buzzing happiness of insect life yet, it were not in vain. There was still the happiness of life,—transient though it be. There was the passing joy of a sunny existence; and, if its duration was short, the measure of its being was full to the brim.

A female figure appeared for a moment at one of the upper windows of the house, and a few minutes afterwards a being of sylph-like grace flitted through the columns and statuary of the peristyle, and emerged with a light and joyous step from the plain but spacious vestibule which formed the entrance to the mansion. Her form was of that proportionate height, and easy figure, which the eye of genius ever follows as a beautiful truth, and the eye of love devours as a beautiful object. A graceful tunic of the finest linen enveloped her in its white and airy folds; an embroidered girdle bound her waist; but there was no distortion of nature; no compression of female loveliness, within an ingenious vice, to

please a morbid and unnatural taste for oddity or primness. There was the healthy fulness, and hence the natural beauty of the most beautiful of earthly forms. A knightly spirit might be pardoned if he paid a more than human homage to that girdle, so well did it become the waist; or rather, perhaps, such magic power of fascination did the waist confer upon it. Be that as it may, there was a simple beauty about her figure, too simple, and too true for erring and perverted man. Hence, to soften its effect, a flowing veil, leaving one end to hang elegantly over her left shoulder, passed around her head, and being fastened lightly as it descended to the girdle, fell carelessly toward her feet, which hid themselves in a pair of very light slippers, fastened on by sandals, which encircled a foot and ankle of no common mould.

But it was her countenance which, in its silent yet elegant beauty, demanded admiration and homage. There was thought traced on every feature of it. Sentiment had portrayed her fairy images in every corner of it. The decided kindness of truth and goodness was stamped upon the whole expression. Beauty had sprinkled her softest rays over a being already beautiful. It was characterized by the Grecian regularity of feature, in its roundest and most perfect models. On her brow sat heavenly thought, as though, even in an earthly form, it had found an Elysian resting-place; and the clustering hair, as it hung in ringlets from beneath the delicate network which strove in vain to confine it, seemed like the clustering beauty of the laden vines, when they overhang the smooth and placid waters, smiling in the sunlight of

heaven. Her cheeks were softly tinted with the elixir of life, and, in the pretty dimple of her chin, no doubt the Grecian youths could fancy, without much effort—a little Cupid lying in ambush, with arrow set and pointed. Aye, indeed, fatal would have been an approach to that dimpled chin! But around her lips what a heaven of witchery sported! The eloquence of nature seemed to rest it there, waiting occasion for its use in some mission of benevolence, or some assurance of devotion, some expression of truth, some word of sincerity, or some capitulation to irresistible love. As you looked upon those lips, an undefined curiosity awoke desire to hear them utter speech, and when they parted, displaying a set of pearly teeth, the thrilling climax might well confuse the critic's eye, or otherwise seize him with the relentless fascination of its untold spell; but this was not all. Beneath two darkly pencilled brows, rolled two mighty magnets, ever emitting from their deep blue orbs that strange, undefined, electric influence which seems to draw toward it, by inexorable fate, all sympathetic mind; while it, in turn, yields to the undefined attraction in another. The soft and wooing kindness of those eyes was irresistible, and yet there lurked in them the stern element of repulsion. Arouse it, and they drove you from their presence and the light of their joy, with a burning and a withering glance—the glance of injured truth, of sincerity turned against you for ever, of beauty's sentence falling upon you, like the knell of death itself. Strange fascination! Strange power! The sweet and winning influence now, and now the frigid, withering, and unsufferable; passing, in a twinkling, from the smil-

ing morn, to the gathering evening; from the gentle calm of an unruffled stream, to the dark and foaming passions of the raging deep; light and glorious as the noon-day, till some darkening thought within, or circumstance without, plunged it into the darkness of Erebus. Joyful and making joyful, until sadness seized it and made it saddening. Now, consuming the soul with love, calling up from their slumbers the fiercest passions of the heart; then, with the lightening of a thought, driving back the dark and raging current to its volcanic beds, and hurling from its presence, with a look, the presumptuous selfishness of base man. Strange was the power of those eyes; they seemed to sympathetic spirit like the inexorable keepers of the entrance to Elysian happiness or infernal misery. In their depth of love the future seemed to swallow up the present; and now, seemed to embrace past, present, and to come. In the boundlessness of their expression, as she skipped over the grassy surface of the ground to lift a fallen flower, the whole expanse of space seemed gathered by a miracle of nature into those round orbs. Strange power! throwing out in themselves a reflex of the invisible. Inexplicable mystery! The oneness of the universe stamped upon these atoms of its vastness. Being, essential being, speaking through this child of nature, this physical reflection of itself, this thrilling, loving, joyous, wayward miracle of beauty, bade man be happy if he will; bade him rise from the stiff coldness of the dogmas of ignorance; bade him cast aside the pettiness of contracted selfishness and cupidity; bade him think with the liberty of manhood; bade him cast his soul upon the bosom of the mighty deep, the unfathomable

ble deep of nature and of God—bade him rise upon the wings of sublimest spirit, and pierce the distant azure, and bathe him in the effulgence of superior light, and then descend and kiss the hand of His lovely daughter !

CHAPTER III.

THE CHILD OF NATURE.—A PROSTRATE YOUTH.—A SPIRIT-BLAST.—
WHERE WERE THE GODS ?—A DAUGHTER FAIR BUT FRAIL.—
THE SPIRIT HAD FLED TO THE HOUSE-TOP.

SHE looked around her and smiled, as nature smiled ; looked bright as nature brightened, and with the passing shadow of a cloud her soul seemed to retire beneath its shade—so completely was she the child of nature. Her mother's laugh was hers ; her mother's sorrow ; and even with the falling dew she could shed a tear upon some sickly plant, too rudely blown on by the passing breeze ; or pining silently away because some base, insidious worm had found the way to its tender heart, and left it wounded and expiring.

The insect tribes, tired by their morning sports, seemed to renew their frolics with redoubled briskness at her approach ; and she wandered for some time carelessly over the varied scene, propping an overladen branch ; plucking a bold and beautiful flower, as it threw itself out before her path, seemingly courting attention ; turning up a modest lily, or some retiring beauty blushing in its innocent timidity ; assigning boundaries to the quarrelling coquettes of the same circle, the leaves of whose gay attire encroached upon each other's identity

and independent beauty; pitying some feeble insect, perhaps sinking beneath the weight of hours—some aged patriarch,—as it lay helplessly upon the velvet leaf; tearing up a rank and poisonous weed, which had, unperceived, far outgrown a favorite plant of rare sweetness and beauty, and endangered its very existence; and, thus
● arranging the affairs, and investigating the grievances of her fairy kingdom, she passed on from flower to flower, until at length, falling into a train of pleasant thought, she passed through the gate leading into the grove, and wandered on, still thinking, beneath the silent shade of the overhanging trees.

She had not thus proceeded far, when, suddenly passing a dense cluster of bushes, she started in much alarm, but, in an instant regaining her self-possession, she cast another look towards the object of her terror, and there it lay, almost at her feet!—a prostrate youth!—whose costume denoted him to be of patrician rank. On his livid countenance beamed intelligence, generosity, and truth. His whole appearance presented a picture calculated to excite a curious interest in such an observer as now regarded it. She stood, held by a fascination which, for a time, rendered her as insensible to surrounding nature as the object which lay before her. Her mind, heart, soul, seemed to have seized with an indivisible affinity upon the insensible clay of human mould, lying unconscious of the presence of so fair and sympathizing a being. The spirit of romance, unknown before in the deep recesses of her thoughts, swept through her soul, as on the wings of air, and breathed upon her mind, first softly and wooingly, like the silent ambrosia of the breathing zephyrus.

Gradually it swelled, fanned with a steadier breeze ;—ruffled the calm spirit of unruffled nature ;—blew with the force of a spirit-blast ;—rocked the internal agitation of a mind unused to storms into the fierce raging of a wild, uncontrolled, and uncontrollable tempest. The bulwarks of education yielded to the resistless blast. The stern precepts of the temple melted into meaningless compounds. The elements of thought itself, thrown up from the bottom of its ocean, hitherto tranquil and fathomless, appalled the inverted eye. Its transparency was no more. The bursting volumes, rising through the confusion of the whirling eddies, scattered over the surface darker elements, more dense and impenetrable to the vision. Where was Olympia? Ingulfed in the dark and raging floods! Where were the gods? Vanished like the phantom of a vision! Where were the old foundations, planted in the innocence of childhood, heaped line upon line, precept upon precept, pile upon pile? Where? Tumbling in dread confusion, crushing beneath their ponderous and unseemly mass, all that gave them beauty, order, proportion, or interest. Nature fled with the precipitancy of terror, at this wild rending of artificial barriers, this dread confusion of antagonistic elements, torn from the posts assigned them by the art of man, and flung, with the anger of the storm, into the wild regions of vacancy. Nature uttered a cry of anguish! fled from the scene, but whither flee? Could she thus forsake her fair and frenzied child? could she abandon her, amid the raging of internal storm? leave her exposed to the exterminating blast of passion? Nay, hardly. She ever pities a recreant but penitent son, much more a daughter fair but frail,

innocent but unguarded, confiding but unprotected. Her pity awoke her power, and she leaped into the conflict, stretched her magic sceptre over her frightened daughter. The storm subsided. Peace spread her silken wings. The soft breathing of *Æolia* alone was heard, and the fair being, so haply saved from the wreck of the tempest, lay stretched upon the couch of nature, the green soft verdure, not far from the insensible object which, but a few minutes before, had rent her heart with mingled terror and emotion, and caused her brain to turn in giddy and confused and maddening thought. Now, there they lay, insensible to each other's presence; each resting in the quiet of unconscious being. Nature over each had thrown the radiance of her untold beauty. Genius fluttered like an aerial phantom over the brow of each. And each, wrapped in involuntary sleep, the apparent sleep of death, reclined upon nature's pillow, with her canopy of life thrown over and around them; the shadow of her influence softening the meridian rays; her wand of truth and being, waved by an unshaken hand, marked out upon the ultimate tablet of the western horizon their destination and their destiny.

Cresus had sunk beside a small grass-covered mound, on which his head rested in an easy posture—his broad-leaved hat having fallen off beside him. On his countenance there rested still the indication of the troubled sea within. The wind was hushed. Life was silent; thought extinct; being unconscious; and still his countenance seemed moving with the ever restless agitation of an internal storm; passing, in rapid alternations, from cloud to sunshine; from sunshine to dark and heavy

obscurity. And withal, there was no muscular action; no evidence of animation from within, other than the flitting vapor, which seemed to pass across the disk of this human luminary. Could it be that the spirit had fled to the house-top, and there, flitting to and fro, waited the subsiding of the deluge which had driven it forth? The case, no doubt, was such. The spirit had not fled, but tarried.

CHAPTER IV.

A SCENE IN THE FORUM—THE POWER OF ONE GREAT SPIRIT AMONG
MEN—THE CASE ON THE TABLET—THE ARCHON, PATRICLES—SOLO-
NAS—ARTIMOS—A STIRRING SCENE—MAN WILL BE MAN THOUGH
TEN THOUSAND LAWS FORBID IT!

WHILE the strange and thrilling scene, narrated above, transpired in the peaceful solitude of the grove, another, of a different order, was passing in the Forum. The crowded audience, and the bench with its three hundred Judges, sitting in solemn judgment, indicated an unusual degree of interest in the proceedings of that morning. Anxiety was depicted on almost every countenance. The result seemed important to all. A naturalized citizen, of great note, was the object of the suit, and the matter involved the highest legal considerations. The talent and eloquence of that classic age, was ranged on either side. The utmost jurisdiction of the Heliaian Court—the Court of the multitude—could barely reach it. The Archons had, however, referred it to that Court, and a decision must be given. The hour for the appearance had arrived. The buzz of the multitude—as each little cluster of heads, or man to man discussed the merits of the case, the probable issue, the consequence, the justice, the evidence—that buzz seemed like the falling of a thousand waters. Attention was suddenly turned towards the en-

trance to the Forum, and the noisy buzz sank into a low, murmuring whisper. The Archons, appointed to this office—who were called Thesmothetæ—in their official robes, walked with the dignity of Princes toward the place assigned them, in view and hearing of all the Judges. Having taken their seats amid the deathlike silence of the Forum, one of them, rising up, stood for a moment; and surveyed the living scene by which he was surrounded—and he was himself, in turn, the object upon which every eye was fixed. He was a man of a noble bearing,—in height, a little above the average. His tranquil eye assured the multitude of cool and steady judgment, not to be swayed by the passionate impulse of a moment; while, in the generosity of an expression, full of benevolent feeling, the very depth of commiseration and sympathy, the defendant could not do otherwise than rest with unqualified reliance, even though he rose as his official accuser. There was no restless anxiety, either in his manner or expression. There was interest enough in both to show how deeply he felt the importance of his office; beyond that, there was nothing to disturb, in the minds of the Judges or the audience, the coolest and most unbiassed spirit. The dignity of justice, in her most simple form—that form the most terrible to the guilty, the most fascinating to the true—sat upon his brow; and even in his silence, all felt assured that his words would be sincere; his conclusions just; his eloquence truth.

How strange is the power of one great spirit in an assemblage of men! The gravitation of hearts is a law as inexorable as that of atoms. Mind lays hold upon mind with the mighty grasp of the same omnipotence.

By a look, by a gesture, a word, the world of human hearts or human mind, is subdued! Drawn from their countless paths, varied by the diversity of human pursuits, the wanderings of human life, the roving elements of this sentient world, are ever gathered into clusters—centring around some heart or mind, whose attractive influence goes forth and gathers from the mingling chaos of life, of being, of thought, of sentiment, all within its range, pertaining to the order of which it takes the lead. It is this clustering affinity of mind, this inexplicable but inexorable sympathy of sentiment, this irresistible combination of spirits, recognizing some great truth, leaping impulsively into some deep fallacy, or, bound together for some great end, be it right or wrong! It is this which constitutes the orders of society,—the diversity of schools,—of sects,—of party,—of caste. Every atom of matter seeks, and clings to its counterpart. Every idea of thought flies restless through the ideal worlds, until it grasps its fellow. Mind seeks mind as matter matter. Hearts pant for reciprocal hearts. Being loves its like—flies to its embrace—blends into one, the two or the many—binds, in eternal compact, the elements of like! and thus is being eternally asserting its unity in the midst of variety: its oneness embracing its countlessness; and the seeming confusion of its disordered existence rolls onward to the vast ocean of ultimate harmony!

The Archon, whose name was Patricles, having coolly surveyed the surrounding multitude, as if to impress more deeply still, upon his own mind, the great charge committed to his keeping, of which he was one of the constituted guardians—the rights, security, and happi-

ness of the society in which he lived—turned those truth-searching eyes of his upon the Judges, who sat, in seeming reverence, before a man pretending to nothing but truth and justice!

“Ephesian Judges,” said he, “chosen by the invisible decrees, in the manner assigned therefor, by the laws and constitution of Ephesus, to your impartial judgment we commit the case inscribed upon the tablet. Since the founding of this tribunal, no case more important has been brought before it. It reaches to the highest jurisdiction of your authority. It embraces within itself most of the great principles of our commonwealth, and by your decision upon the evidence, liberty and right will be either established upon the rock of immovable truth, or left still to tremble upon an infirm foundation. The cause of action has sprung from the temple. From the sanctuary of peace has issued a dart, destined for the heart of a man who has come to us from the distant land of ancient wisdom. But with you, Judges of the Ephesians, it will rest to say whether he may live among us, and be a man reflecting upon this age that ancient knowledge which is imputed to him, or shall pass through the dim vista of the judgment of this Court, into the shades of unknown futurity! He stands not alone in the peril which threatens him! He only stands first in order. Your nearest neighbors and fellow-citizens—your own children, it may be—or, perchance, yourselves, will follow in the track marked out by his fate. The case is not that of an individual; it is a question of human right, involving even the right to think! It is whether man is for ever stationary at a certain point, or progressively

tending onward and still onward—whether the son is at liberty to venture a step beyond the exploration of his father without incurring the danger of extirpation through a third party—whether, in a word, an Ephesian is bound to believe, and comply with, every dictation of the temple, however repugnant it may be to common sense; however incomprehensible to the clearest philosophy; however contradictory to the simplest truths of nature; however violent towards the unknown God of whom we can know nothing, much less aught that is evil! He is to us, Ephesians, unknown. But what if we should seek to know Him! is the temple thereby wronged? Is the Pontifex less the Pontifex for those who please to regard him as the Pontifex? Was it ever known, since the world began, until these latter days, that a man could not think but through the mind of a Pontifex? What if the Pontifex refuse the right of way! Must the world stand still until it please him to throw open his mind to all faithful comers? Where, then, is man? where is thought? where identity? There is but one mind in all Ephesus! but one man! but one thought! but one Pontifex! and we, Ephesians, we have less personality in our separate existence than the dogs which run at pleasure through our streets. To you, Judges of the Ephesians, we do in this case commit the most sacred charge! Be firm in your duty, and may truth and justice guide you!”

The Archon stood a moment after he had ceased to speak; and, again, with a calm and benign eye, surveyed the Bench of Judges; after which, he looked round upon the audience, as if again to assure himself, that he was surrounded by men. The silence was profound.

Every eye rested upon him. Every ear waited, with anxious anticipation, to hear what more he had to say. He had performed his office. He had committed the case. He had introduced the action. And could add nothing more, without violating the custom and constitution of the Court,—and he sat down.

The witnesses were called, to stand at the altar in the midst of the Court, and take the solemn oath, administered as usual. The advocate for the accusation found his first witness, upon whom he depended much, did not appear—and he prayed a short delay, which, after some conversation on the bench, was granted, and the Court proceeded to other causes. There was a momentary silence.

A sanagoros or advocate arose and begged the attention of the Court:—

“Most worthy Judges of the Ephesians,” said he, “it stands upon the tablets of this Court that one Solonas was, upon the suit of my client, condemned to pay a fine, which he did not pay; wherefore, he was imprisoned. This day he has died! and I, now, in accordance with the law, demand that his son, Artimos, be delivered up, to satisfy the fine, for the benefit of my client.”

“Make proof thereof,” said the first Dikastas, or Judge, “and such is the law according with your demand.”

“Most worthies, the record is its own sufficient proof.”

“Very good! it is admitted; we have it here.”

“Of the death, I have the jailer and his aids.”

“Call them.”

And the jailer having been sworn at the altar, de-

posed that Solonas, who was imprisoned for the non-payment of a fine, had died that morning in his cell.

"It is enough," said the Judge; "such is the law. Bailiff, summon and bring to our presence, with all despatch, Artimos, the son of Solonas."

"Most worthies," interposed the sanagoros. "Artimos is already here upon a special writ, under which authority I had him apprehended, fearing his escape before your judgment."

"On whose authority? hand us the writ."

"May it please you, most worthies, the writ is lost."

"We would see your authority for arrest."

"I can prove by the bailiff."

"Call him, Kletore."

"Bailiff!"

The bailiff appeared, and proved the authority.

"Such is the law," said the Judge; "stand forth, Artimos."

And Artimos was led forward by the bailiff. On sight of him the audience uttered a groan of commiseration. And Artimos, trembling with agitation and exhaustion, stood before the Judges of his father. He was a lad of about sixteen years, and sorrow, and care, and disgrace, seemed already to have extinguished in him the latest spark of buoyant life. Want had seized him with her sinewy claws, and left upon his countenance the indelible marks of suffering. His sluggish eye expressed the wearisomeness of his existence. His dishevelled hair told the carelessness of his life. The tattered robe, which barely covered his emaciated limbs, claimed a more respectable acquaintanceship in its palmier days. Every

thing about him indicated one of those melancholy chapters unsparingly introduced throughout the history of human life—beneath the sky of the sunny East, no less than in the chilling blast of the shivering North ;—in the primitive past, the classic subsequent, or the darker and the brighter ages which still roll onward !

“Are you the son of Solonas ?” asked a Judge ?

Artimos did not hear.

“Are you the son of Solonas ?”

Still, the lad did not seem to understand what was passing, until the bailiff shook him rather roughly by the shoulder, on which his heavy eyes glistened with a sudden wildness, and he stared around as if he sought some object in the crowd.

Again the question was asked, “Are you the son of Solonas ?” His wildness brightened into an expression of fierce, mad passion, and the question yet remained unanswered. It was thought desirable that he should identify himself to save further trouble ; and the Court, thinking he refused to answer from stubbornness, still persisted in asking him the question :

“Are you the son of Solonas ?”

He turned his wild and restless eyes toward the bench, and, for a moment, seemed to comprehend the question. The wildness of his expression vanished, and left, in its stead, a look of deep and intense penetration. The Judges themselves, seemed now to quail before the penetrating, searching scrutiny of his eye, and the Court was held in breathless silence as by a spell !

“Where is she ?” he whispered, leaning towards the first Judge.

"Where is she?" he repeated again, in a louder tone. "Where is she—where is my sister?" he cried, in a voice terribly shrill; and it seemed as though a thunderbolt had fallen on the ears of the audience.

A feeble voice among the crowd, at the farthest end of the court, responded, "I am here, Timy—I am coming to you;" and the excitement among the crowd, from whence the voice proceeded, showed that there was a reality in the promise.

"Who is she?" said one.

"His sister," answered his neighbour.

"She ought to be taken care of," said a kind-looking man, laying his hand upon her arm.

"Oh take me to my brother; he is calling me!" she cried; "take me to my brother, and you are a good man!"

"No, my little girl," he replied; "your brother could not speak to you now—but stay here with me, and I will take care of you."

"Oh!" she cried again, looking around her with anxiety, and distress choking her little voice; "will nobody pity me, and take me to my brother? Timy, where are you? I must go to my brother. Will nobody take me to my brother?"

"Yes!" said a sturdy artisan, who was standing near, and whose manly countenance well expressed the kind sympathy he felt in the child's feeble though natural request. "Yes, my little dear, I will take you to your brother!" and he caught her round the waist, and set her upon his left shoulder.

He was moving through the crowd, toward the Judges,

to fulfil his promise to the child, when a bailiff threw himself before him, saying, "You must not go farther!"

"Stand back, minion!" he muttered between his teeth, and his kindly countenance assumed a darker aspect.

"I tell you, you shall not pass farther!" returned the bailiff, still obstructing the way.

The sturdy artisan, without further parley, grasped the bailiff by the arm, and hurled him behind him with his right hand, then strode forward, proudly, and placed his little charge by the side of her brother; after which, he retired to his former position, among the crowd, as though nothing had transpired. The half-suppressed plaudits of the audience, however, told how deep was their admiration of the manly fellow, who could thus nobly sympathize with and aid a helpless child.

But the picture was now one of the strangest minglings of dignity, wildness and beauty, disorder and innocence, ever thrown together in one group. The delicate beauty of the little girl attracted all eyes. The sweetly beseeching expression of sorrow, which rested upon her countenance, was irresistible in its silent appeal. Her pretty innocence, combined with her warm and artless devotion to her brother, could not do else than touch the finest chords of the human heart, and vibrate the soft and winning tones of the profoundest pity. Oh, there was, in that soft look of innocence and of love, enough to charm the writhing serpent of revenge; to satisfy the merciless laws of a hundred tyrants; to subdue the utmost rancor of human passion; and yet, it was not enough to penetrate the cold and heartless logic of a bench of Judges.

"Take away that child," said the first Judge, addressing the bailiff sternly.

The little girl had thrown her arms tightly around her brother's legs; and he stood with one hand resting on her head, while he looked around him in inextricable bewilderment.

"Bailiff, remove that child," said the Judge again. And the bailiff moved towards Artimos, who let fall upon him the full glare of his wild eyes, muttering in a threatening tone, "Beware! beware! beware! She is my sister; and our father is gone—to the shades! to the shades! to the shades!" Then, as if suddenly awakening from a reverie, he cried, in a shrill and deepening voice, "beware!"

"Oh, no, no, no; he is my own brother; he is Timy," sobbed the little girl, "do not hurt him—and I will give you all my toys, and I will make you pretty things."

"Take away that child, bailiff, as you are commanded," cried one of the Judges, in a gruff voice.

Again the bailiff approached, and again felt himself repulsed by that fierce glare, which now, in silence, but still more terribly, commanded him to beware!

"Oh," said the little girl, as if musing sadly, "what shall I do, if they take away my brother too? they took away my father, and I will never see him again; no, no, no," she cried; "you must not take him away. I will go with him; he is sick, and has nobody to take care of him but me; and I have nobody to take care of me but him;" and as the bailiff approached again, to fulfil his office, she screamed, "No, no, no, go away, you man, you shall not touch my brother Timy."

The excitement among the audience was intense. Cries of "Do not touch her!" proceeded from amid the sturdier portion of it. One hardy, weather-beaten veteran, distinguished by his costume as recently returned from the daring exploits of war, was edging his way from the remotest part of the Court, swearing by Hercules, that he would see the child get no harm. Several manly forms threw themselves around this warlike champion, determined to aid him in the rescue. The bailiffs were speedily rallying their forces. The Judges began to look uneasy. The audience rocked to and fro, with the rivalling exertions of rescuing parties, endeavoring to force their way towards the object of their sympathy. The tumult grew. The officers of the Court, scattered through the crowd to preserve order, found themselves wholly impotent against the popular sympathy. A few sharp cracks, followed by suppressed rage, muttering revenge, told how near at hand was the gathering tumult. The timid were flying towards the outlets. The excitable, the curious, and the pugnacious, were struggling towards the centre of the commotion. A burst of popular passion and violence, for which no adequate preparation had been made, seemed inevitable. The bench, itself, was moving. The spirit of commotion seemed to hover over that assemblage of human heads, rocking the very elements into passion; flinging threat against threat; darkening, as it seemed, the very atmosphere with the blackness of human passion.

All this passed within the space of a few moments. The first bailiff, now surrounded by the nearest aid he could command, was about to seize the little girl, and

tear her away from Artimos. In another minute, the crowd would have rolled itself upon the bailiffs and the bench.

Just then, Patricles, who had hitherto sat as a silent observer of the passing incidents, arose, and in the tone of authority, cried, "Stay, bailiff." His voice seemed like a charm thrown over the raging tumult. And he stood and surveyed the subsiding commotion, while the dignity of truth and benevolence rested again upon his fine countenance, as in triumphant composure. Order was restored. The Judges looked to Patricles as of necessity their defender. Silence again prevailed, save as it was momentarily disturbed by the sob of the little suppliant, or the scarcely smothered indignation of the bolder spirits among the crowd.

No sooner did the noble Archon see order fully recovered, than he addressed the benches. "Judges of the Ephesians—mercy has not yet forsaken the habitations of human hearts. Such as the law is, it must be executed; or order ceases. But, censure not this outbreak of generous sympathy. Man will be man, though ten thousand laws forbid it. Hedge him as you will, he will leap the barrier. Fetter him with the manacles of ages, he will burst them. To breathe the air of purer regions, he will expire. To enjoy the liberty of his own thoughts, he will shake the social fabric to its base. To save a child from the fate which his humanity deprecates, he will subvert the state, and overturn every law which the invention of ages may have interwoven into the existing order of things. I honor the impulse, which has, even now, threatened to withstand your authority. But,

I shall endeavor to advise it to better purpose. Deem not, Judges, that the sufferings of a child is too trivial a matter to arouse the sleeping passions of a multitude ; nay, to hurl the whole state into revolution and anarchy. Matters in themselves the most trivial, are often the direct incitements to the mightiest results. Objects in themselves deemed by the wise contemptible, are often the causes of mightiest effects ; whose influence rolls on through unseen ages. But innocence is never contemptible. Injustice is never trivial. Suffering is never beneath the sympathy and the assistance of the noblest, the best, the greatest of earth. Censure not, then, Judges, the manifestation you have seen to-day. But learn from it a fact, necessary for all to know, but more especially those in rule and influence. Man is not a machine. If to-day he appears such, to-morrow he will bound into life. He will grind the grinder, and give the dust of his carcass to the passing breeze. The machine of another's power to-day, will become the engine of terrible destruction to-morrow. And he who put together its parts, to serve his own ends, will be crushed by the very power which he has himself invoked. Enough ! I will, in this case, prevent further collision between the law, such as it is, and humanity, whose voice ought ever to be heard. I will pay the fine, under the weight of which Solonas has sunk into the shades,—and to satisfy which, Artimos his son is also demanded. Here is the pledge of my word, and I demand from the benches a full discharge in favor of Solonas, and his heirs for ever."

As Patricles concluded, he handed up his ring, as a

pledge. There was a loud, full burst of applause throughout the Forum. The frenzy of delight seemed to have taken possession of the living mass, which now filled the spacious Court, and the madness of joy seemed now to threaten no less than that of anger which had just passed away. So impulsive and uncontrollable is nature in man, when unbridled by the checks of art, the restraints of education.

Patricles arose, and waving his hand, held them again in silence. "Citizens of Ephesus," he said, "if ye deem what I have said worthy of applause, bear it in silence, as best befitting this Court. I have uttered words which ye have heard. Yet, remember, the ears are, sometimes, the inlets to the heart. If my words are aught worth then, rest them there, and cast them not forth again so speedily in boisterous applause.

This rebuke, so sternly administered, was received by the crowd with the profoundest homage, evinced by the deep silence which ensued.

The Court adjourned the previous case to another day, and the Forum was soon left nearly empty.

CHAPTER V.

ARTIMOS AND HIS LITTLE SISTER.—TOO SOON A CYNIC.—TWO SIDES OF THE PICTURE.—GOOD AND EVIL ALTERNATE.—LIFE MINGLES WITH THE SHADES.—THE POWER AND PROVINCE OF FASHION.—WORTHY SPIRITS.

PATRICLES sat for some time in silent observation, regarding the unrestrained affection of the little girl, in her vain endeavors to recall the usual attentions and recognition of her brother. She would embrace his knees with wild affection, then look up to meet some mark of approbation. She would seize his hand and kiss it, pull him by his time-worn robe, and call him by his name. But all in vain. His eyes were restlessly rolling in their sockets, resting in turn upon every moving object in the court.

It soon became evident to the noble Archon, that Artimos had lost his reason, and was, at that moment, agitated by an undefined fear of every human object that moved before him. Poor boy! thought he, it is too soon for you to enter the lists of the Cynics. Sad is thy fate. Thou hast had knowledge too soon. The sun, but scarcely risen above thy horizon, is already dimmed and darkened. The bright and cheering side of human life has been hidden from thee; the dark and gloomy reveal-

ed. Thine eyes have lost their power. The dismal has bereft thee; and now, the light itself is to thee darkness. It pains thee, because thou dost not comprehend it. Thy sightless distrust of all the world is to thee most agreeable. Thou hast forsworn thy race. Crushed by the unmitigated selfishness of thy fellows, thou art doing all thou canst do. Thou dost fear and hate. Thou dost curse their heartless selfishness, whilst thou dost fear the combination of their power. Poor boy! I know thy mind, if yet it may be called a mind. Thou hast had both heart and mind; but the withering blight of oppression, and misfortunes not of thine own getting, have fallen upon thee. Poor boy! I will find you a hiding-place from the peltings of thy misfortunes. I will show thee the other side of the picture; the brighter—the purer. There are two sides. There are two powers—two places—two ends—two classes. In man, there are two tendencies. In the universe, there are two principles. In existence, there are two states. In thought, there are two conclusions. There is light and darkness. There is truth and error. There is height and depth. There is heaven and hell. Beauty, in human kind, is mingled with deformity. Fragrance rises from a bed of thorns. Hope and despair change sides in the dance. The good and the evil alternate. Life itself mingles with the shades!

Patricles, as he gazed upon the objects of his meditation, had not noticed the shuffling around him; and when he looked about him, found the court adjourned; and all save a few loiterers were gone. Two of his attendants, noticing his attention fixed on Artimos and

his sister, awaited his orders as to how he wished them disposed of.

The Archon arose, and advanced towards Artimos and the little girl. The former noticed the movement, and his eyes lit up again with that terrible glare which had appalled the sturdy bailiff. Patricles still approached, his steady and benign eyes resting upon the glaring balls of the poor boy. The latter clenched his fists and ground his teeth fiercely. The little girl clung to her brother's legs in evident alarm, and the Archon's attendants feared for the safety of their beloved master. He still advanced, slowly however, without diverting his eyes for a moment. And as he came near to Artimos, he said in a kind and soothing tone, "Do not fear me, Artimos—I am your friend." Again, the charm of Patricles' voice was like oil poured on the troubled waters. The wild rigidity of the poor boy's features relaxed into an expression of unmeaning bewilderment.

"Who is he?" he muttered.

"Your friend," answered the Archon.

"I don't know him."

"Come, Artimos, my poor boy, I will take care of you and your sweet little sister; come with me."

"Ha! ha! ha! to the shades, to the shades! he's gone to the shades!" said he, as he laughed wildly.

Patricles laid his hand in pity on the head of the little girl, who now began to look up at him with more confidence; which Artimos no sooner perceived, than he leaped with the fury of a tiger towards the Archon, and would, doubtless, have inflicted on him serious bodily injury, had not his attendants, fearing such a consequence,

been ready to seize him on the first symptom of violence. The little girl was thrown down by the violent effort of her brother, and as soon as she arose she ran in alarm to Patricles, while his attendants secured Artimos from attempting further violence.

"Now, my little one," said Patricles, kindly taking her by the hand, "come with me."

"Oh no," said she sadly, "I don't want to leave my brother Timy."

"But he will come too."

"Will he come too? Oh, you are a good kind man! you won't take me away from Timy, will you?"

"No, my little innocent, you and Timy will be together whenever you wish."

On this assurance she was quietly proceeding, when, as if suddenly recollecting something which had escaped her, she stopped and shuddered for a moment, then said rather timidly:

"I don't like to go, for you will put me in that black house where they put my own dear father; and Timy says he's dead. Oh, I am afraid to go."

"No, indeed, my little one," answered the Archon, "I would not allow any one to put you in that black house. I will take you and your brother Timy to my own house, and I will give you every nice thing that is good for you; see, yonder is my house, on the mountain."

"That pretty house with trees?"

"Yes, and there are little birds and little fishes, and a great many pretty things there."

"Oh, I like that pretty house. It is not a black house."

"Yes, and you will see your brother Timy, when you get there."

"Oh, you are a good man, I like you,—you won't go away, will you?"

"Would you like me to go away?"

"Oh no, I would like you to stay; for I have nobody to be kind to me now; my own mother used to be kind to me until she got sick, and then, one day, they carried her away, and I cried, but they would not bring her back again, and I never saw her any more."

"Were you as big a girl then, as you are now?"

"Oh no, that was before they came and took my father away; my mother did not cry, for she was asleep, but my father tried not to let them take him. But a great many big men got round him, and took him away, and I only saw the black house they put him in."

"And did you never see your father any more?"

"No, never any more," said she, shaking her head sadly.

"Well now, tell me how you come to be in the court, where I found you to-day."

"Oh, some bad men came this morning, and told my own brother Timy that his father was dead, and that he must go with them to take his place, and Timy cried first, and then began to fight them all, and I cried too, and was frightened. Then they carried Timy away, and one of the men told me I must stay there, and I was afraid they would kill me,—but I followed them into the crowd, and when I heard Timy calling me, I tried to get to him but could not, until one good man took me on his shoulder, and carried me to my own brother; was not he a good man? I like him too."

"My poor child, you like every body that's kind to you," said the kind Archon, touched by the artless and interesting chatter of the lovely girl. "And," he soliloquized, "who could be unkind to such an emblem of heavenly innocence and beauty? Thy happy heart has not yet learned the deep woes and wickedness of man. Oh, the witchery of artless innocence! I love thy guileless prattle. I melt beneath thy simple words. The tenderness of nature in her simplest truths, woos me in thy gentle speech. Fair child, thy loveliness is only equalled by thy innocence. Thy beauty and thy truth are twin sisters; may they grow and bloom together, shedding their happiness on their protector, called to the pleasing office by a strange destiny."

The Archon, with his companion, was by this time ascending the rising ground, on the top of which stood his stately residence, looking down upon the city, as it receded to the level beneath. They passed through a portico, with its pillars of the purest marble, and its surmounting of the finest sculpture, deemed by the citizens one of the most chaste ornaments that decorated their city. The space between it and the house was covered with the living green of the eastern hills, while to the right and left, the clustering trees presented to view a full and bursting mass of the richest foliage. On entering the mansion, with its plain but stately exterior, the eye fell in every direction upon the urban luxury of the age, and announced Patricles, its owner, to be a patrician of wealth and taste. The latter, however, was sufficiently evident in his person, without the aid of silent sculpture, or interesting ornament. These, however,

mingling with the comforts of repose, and such things as were deemed essential to ordinary life or social intercourse, the pleasures of hospitality, or the demands of health, forbade, in their own silent but practical eloquence, the conclusion that the noble Archon was either a Cynic or a Stoic. Yet even that was unnecessary, for the cordial recognition with which he greeted his fellow man—alike cordial, whether his fellow walked in rags or gathered around him his shining purple, so that he carried a right eye, undaunted in the presence of truth; and reciprocating the gratulations of generous thought, gave assurance already, that his heart was true, as his name was noble. And no citizen of Ephesus needed to partake of his hospitality, in order to be assured of his generous and social sentiment. Nor did any need to see the interior of his residence, to judge of the inexhaustible worth, the charity and great-heartedness, which flowed spontaneously ever from his hands or his head.

When he entered, holding his little treasure by the hand, he bade a servant announce his return to her mistress, and say he waited her in the library; and he and his little wondering companion passed on through the first peristyle to the vestibule, through the great hall into the great peristyle, in the eastern portico of which the spacious library was situated, the windows of which looked out upon an expansive and refreshing landscape. He was amusing the child with some of the ancient hieroglyphics, which lay piled up upon an elegant stand near the light; and, while thus engaged, the door flew open and a lady entered, in her morning attire—light, loose, and airy. She was one of the comfortable class—evi-

dently no descendant from the lean kine of discontent. Happy good nature rested it upon her well developed face—peace and plenty, the happiness of an empire, looked out from her eyes. It evidently mattered little to her how the world went, so that it did not trouble her with its details of misery; or, at least, not in greater numbers than she might be able to alleviate. But, deem her not wholly regardless of the miserable; oh no! she took great pleasure in relieving distress and comforting the miserable, when they were brought under her especial notice. Philosophy was to her a word of mystery; a thing with which she would have nothing to do. “Indeed,” she sometimes said, “it does not concern me to trouble myself about such hard things—and, after all, it does not make much difference.” And, as to the wisdom of the temple, it was amply sufficient for all her purposes if she offered an occasional sacrifice, according to the ancient custom, and joined in the passing ceremony of an especial fête. What had she to do with the history of the goddess? whether her statue really came down from Jupiter or not: that was a matter for the priests to decide; and moreover, her father and mother had never objected to it; why should she? Was she going to set up her judgment against the wise doctors of Egypt, who had written the early history of the deess? Could she withstand the priests of the temple, whom she knew to be men of profound capacity? True, the noblest men of her acquaintance treated the temple with utter neglect, if not contempt; and Palidorus, that strange compound of fun and philosophy, laughed outright at the “doings in the temple,” as he was pleased to style its solemn ceremonies.

But what of all that? it was an ancient custom, and all ancient families ought to sustain it. Their fathers had lived in ancient times, and their mothers had fallen before the altar, and why should not they? But, above all, it was fashionable among ladies of her rank to countenance the temple and its doings occasionally; what further argument was needed? All the world argued that all the world could not be wrong; and, therefore, all the world could not be wrong. So it goes, whirling in a circle, the last for ever following the first, round and round and round: my father did so and therefore I. The first is last, but round we go—don't know why, but so it is: round we go, till, giddy-headed, we fall into confusion, and break the circle to begin again.

It would be decidedly wrong to censure the happy wife of Patricles on account of her superficial logic, when countless ladies, of far deeper parts and more restless inquisitiveness, have been as easily satisfied; following the empty customs of the past, or the still more absurd inventions of their times, for no better reason than an empty sound called "Fashion." There is a province where fashion is the legitimate queen. The absolute monarch of all her subjects—from whose stern, and irresponsible, and even unreasonable—nay, absurd, or, may be, tyrannic decision, there is no appeal. Such is the province of sleeves, and skirts, and head-covers; of bows, and courtesies, and coquetries; of fops, fandangoes, and folly; of Sumatra, and Borneo, and Barbary. There is an imitation of that which is worth; and it pertains to the province of men and women; of taste and beauty; of mind and heart; of pleasure and comfort; of sons of freedom and daughters

of nature. But, higher still, there is a glorious realm of thought and soul; sincerity and love; nature and truth; being and adoration; sentiment and vision; idea and God! and the spirits, who ascend thither, acknowledge no supremacy intervening between them and the fountain of honor and of truth—the majesty of the universe, speaking through the whispering zephyr, or the rolling storm, or the noiseless leaf, or silent worlds, or the written volume of His will. Worthy spirits! Glorious height! Once attained it needs no other motive than its own effulgence! no sweeter cup than the nectar of its own excellence! no long-faced scare-crows to frighten them from the plains beneath! no dismal howling, to terrify them into sudden flight! Their tendency is ever onward and upward. Escaped from the giddy circle of revolving dogmas, and the poisonous breath of intolerant systems, they breathe the life of being; they inhale the expanding air of nature. None prevents the other, nor draws. Companionship is pleasant; but if there is no companion near, then a solitary flight craves no company; light in its own life! ever renewed, as it bathes its pinions in the sea of truth's immensity!

CHAPTER VI.

CRESUS AND HIS FAIR SYMPATHIZER—AN ANGEL OF EARTH—EUDOCIA—
THE POTENCY OF ONE KIND LOOK.

CRESUS and his fair sympathizer, from whom, in their silent and unconscious solitude, our attention has been called away to the Forum,—did not long remain as we left them. She recovered in a few minutes from the faint in which she had fallen to the ground. Her bewilderment, on finding herself so strangely situated, was very great. First, the wild confusion of a passing dream flitted before her;—all vague—uncertain—undefined. Her memory of previous incidents had vanished. The present seemed to her strangely disconnected from the past; or was there any past? Had she, indeed, lived before? When? Where? How? “Who am I?” said she; “Or what?” “Or where?” She raised herself upon her elbow, and looked around wildly, evidently alarmed by the vacancy of her own thoughts. At length her eyes turned in the direction where Cresus was still lying insensible. The past came rushing onward like a returning flood;—the tide of thought! She leaped to her feet and bounded through the grove like a frightened fawn.

On reaching the gate which opened into her garden, she stood a moment, undecided how to proceed. But her resolution was instantly taken, and she hastened

toward the mansion. In repassing through those fairy walks, where so lately she stepped like the personation of tranquillity, caressing, admiring, or reproving her silent subjects or her buzzing attendants, what different thoughts and feelings held possession of her mind and swayed her heart! Or could they be called thoughts?—Or were they feelings?—Was it not, rather, the confusion of a revolution, sudden and unexpected, produced by an event unlooked for, and producing consequences beyond the control of the governing power of the mental realm!—She now said nothing, heard nothing, but an undefined noise within, like the distant roar of falling waters, or the hurried sound of rolling chariots. Thus impotent at times is the strongest government—the most tyrannic discipline. And thus suddenly is the tranquillity of a life disturbed;—the current of being turned;—the object of existence transferred, by an incident in the path of life—awaiting our first step onward, and yet unseen! So strange—so erratic—so uncertain is the course of human life!

As she hurried toward the mansion, she was met by a pale and interesting girl about her own age. Modesty and melancholy marked every feature of her artless countenance; and her habit, with its plain and scrimped folds, told at a glance her true position;—no higher than a menial,—a slave! She came, as usual, to attend upon her young mistress, if she needed her attendance. That, however, was seldom the case; for her mistress did not often resign the trophies she plucked in her morning walk, to other hands than her own, until she deposited them in their destined vase. Yet she did not re-

ject the company of Eudocia, because she was her slave. She sympathized with a being, born to a station equal to her own, but reduced by a train of sad vicissitudes to the humiliating grade to which she then belonged. Hers was the misfortune, not the blame. And the kind one, and the generous, whom she served, had a tear ever ready for a tale of misfortune ; and a heart ever responsive to the call of pity ; or the voice of sympathy. Oh, angelic Nature ! that which delights in kindness,—smiles in commiserating sympathy,—not supercilious scorn, nor patronizing pity, upon the unfortunate ! Oh, loveliness, unearthly !—ravishing !—bewitching ! A fair daughter of Eve, bending her soft, and genial, and warming, and spirit-raising regard,—her eyes of truth, and love, and nature, upon some oppressed, or spirit-broken being, from whom the light of other days has parted, and the joys of happier hours have fled, and the hopes of young and ideal visions have disappeared. Is there on earth a sight so intensely touching,—so irresistibly captivating, to the heart of man ! Is there on earth the thing in human shape that could resist the captivating influence of an angel of earth, thus shedding the light of her benignant nature upon the surrounding darkness ;—teaching the gloominess of misfortune, that there is a sun in the firmament, whose light may be obscured by the passing cloud, but not extinguished ;—teaching despair to smile with the broad grin of forgotten sorrows ;—teaching the stricken to look again toward the East, and the fallen to rise and walk forth, strengthened by the oil and wine of kind forbearance—the deep sympathy of truth and love ;—that

duplex power, which reaches the profoundest depths of the manly soul, and penetrates the hardest coatings of a manly heart. In the presence of such, man's pride is baseness, man's wisdom folly. He flings aside, as an ancient figment, the motives of his previous action;—the objects of his untiring aim; and sighs to consummate the great desideratum of his earthly existence in love!

Eudocia, in the company of her young mistress, often forgot the humiliation of her position, and always, in her presence, felt the relief which weakness feels, as it leans upon the arm of the strong. Out of the presence of her who had the right to command her services, the timid slave was miserable. Left to herself, she felt that she was the slave of a slave! Her life became oppressed with dark and troubled vapors; and she sank inevitably into deep and dreary melancholy. The appearance of her mistress was to her, at such times, like the bursting forth of the sun from behind the dark and threatening clouds, which seemed to vanish at his appearing. Strangely unaccountable as this might seem, it was nevertheless an inevitable result. The *idea* of her slavery was to her oppressive, while yet the *reality* was her essential life. Or, was it so? Perchance the more binding cords of affection and gratitude,—of admiration and confidence in her mistress, held her bound, mind and heart, by their mighty power; and in the presence of this mighty spell,—the complete subjection of her mind and her heart,—she forgot those visible ties, which asserted over her liberty a tangible right, whether she would or not. Nor is this by any means to be wondered at. There is ever a waywardness in the human

will which renders it impatient of restraint. It needs no profound knowledge of the maxims of jurisprudence, to enable the individual to understand his or her right to personal liberty. The bird, encaged, feels it as it vainly flutters to be free. The beast, uneasy behind its bars, throws itself in discontent from side to side. Is man less free? Is humanity less endowed with the first principles of animate existence? Freedom is ever his destination. The toils may be strong, but nature is stronger. And the reaction is ever equal to the resistance. If there is truth in proportion, and in science, there is retaliation for the slave. Injustice rebounds from the object to the actor. Generations may intervene; but on the heads of the children, most assuredly, descends the vindication of the general truth. Eudocia entertained toward her mistress that strange mingling of feelings, which was to her unaccountable; drawn, on the one hand, by the irresistible attractions of the kindest heart, and the most exalted sentiment; repelled, on the other hand, by the voice of nature, which spake within, asserting her liberty, despite the universe. With that quick perception, ever characteristic of the most sympathetic spirits, her mistress perceived upon her countenance,—in her eye,—her speech,—the internal and unceasing struggle, which wasted her life away—casting over her most joyous smile a moving shadow of melancholy;—intermingling with her sweetest words the plaintive sadness of the unresisting prisoner—the unoffending captive.

What the kind heart of the young mistress could not prevent, it endeavored to its utmost to alleviate.

Instinctive nature revealed to her those elementary principles of the human heart, which philosophers demonstrate through labyrinths of logic. With the finest appreciation, she could perceive the under-currents of a sensitive nature. While the stream seemed smooth and unruffled on the surface, she could see in its depths the result of some fearful irruption, which had thrown the bed over which it so silently flowed, into the wildest confusion. She had marked, at times, the varied spirits of her slave. She had come upon her unexpectedly in her solitary hours; while a lonely tear stood out upon her cheek, as if to indicate the solitude from whence it sprang. She had marked on such occasions the rapidity with which that pensive countenance changed its aspect;—clad in its gayest smiles;—and seemingly forgetful of the inward sorrow so recently suppressed. Nay, all this was not lost upon the lovely daughter of Nature, who now found herself placed in a relation to a fellow, fair and frail, which nature never contemplated; and, hence, left unprovided for. It thus became her business to soothe the troubled waters,—to relieve, if possible, a spirit writhing in the toils of captivity;—to anoint and heal the lacerations of misfortune. How was this to be done? Skill was necessary. It was not to be accomplished by the healing art. There was, indeed, a panacea, but it was not the ostentatious bustle of would-be charity,—the plaudit-seeking goodness,—that blows itself out with godly maxims, while the venom of a hundred asps lies ready for present use beneath its tongue. Oh, no! It was the silent sympathy of sincerity and truth. It needed not words to express its

meaning. It spake in a holier, and a loftier language, —the language of spirits,—the sublime conceptions of unclad intelligence! Eudocia caught the sentiment, as it shot from the expressive eyes of her lovely mistress. It seemed to her like the bursting peal of a thousand thunders. It reverberated with a hundred varied tones, through the recesses of her heart. It penetrated the profoundest depths of her soul. It filled her mind with harmonies of infinite variety. It awoke the sleeping blood congealed around her heart, and sent it dancing, through its thousand channels. It mantled her cheeks with life; lit up her eyes with light; and the timid slave was thus transformed, by the magic power of one kind look, from a pale and pensive captive to a being of life, of beauty, and of happiness! Oh, the power of kindness! The potency of one kind look! The magic of one spirit touch, of this elixir of being! Is it not the panacea of life? Avaunt, ye hydra-headed monsters! ye quackeries and rostrums of pernicious drugs;—ye brawling parasites for the gewgaws of the temple;—ye selfish demonstrators of man's cupidity;—ye polite ones, who skin your fellows with a smirk of pleasantry;—ye sober ones, who fleece the helpless, mumbling your prayers! Avaunt! Or, if still ye tarry,—learn the potency of kindness, when it springs from sincerity. Learn the magic of an eye, that speaks from heart to heart,—the oneness of humanity,—the sympathy of truth. Learn, that Nature has a voice as ancient as the temple;—sweet as the music of the spheres;—and kindly, as her constant tendency to good.

CHAPTER VII.

EUDOCIA LOVED HER MISTRESS—WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE YOUNG
MAN?—CRESUS, CONSUMED BY FEVER, RAVES—THE PHYSICIAN—
MYSTERY—HAPPINESS.

THUS drawn, by an invisible but irresistible influence, it is not surprising that Eudocia loved the company of her mistress; and availed herself of every opportunity for enjoying the only pleasure she had in life. She had permission to attend upon her in her morning walk; but not until after a certain hour. On this morning, whereof we now write, her mistress had gone out earlier than usual to enjoy alone the pleasures of the morning air. And Eudocia, having busied herself with the duties assigned her, waited impatiently for the time to arrive, which it had no sooner done, than she sallied forth in quest of her. She had not gone far from the mansion when she perceived her mistress coming up the walk; her step, hurried and confused, and her appearance indicating great agitation and bewilderment. Eudocia, alarmed, ran towards her, and she threw her arms around the neck of her slave. The repeated inquiries of the latter, as to the cause of the excitement, were in vain. She could only say, "Wait, wait; I will tell you." And Eudocia, for the best of all reasons, complied with the request of her mistress.

After she had breathed awhile, she became tolerably tranquil; and, in as few words as possible, related her adventure, or as much of it as she was conscious of, to Eudocia, who stood wondering, and somewhat in alarm.

"But," asked Eudocia, "what has become of the young man?"

"Oh!" answered her mistress, "he is still lying there.—I left him lying on the ground."

"And what are you going to do?" asked the slave. "To do? that is what I am just thinking about."

It will not do to leave him there alone, perhaps to die," said Eudocia, in a half questioning tone.

"Oh dear me, no," said her mistress, starting at the same time, as though struck by some sudden thought. "Did you say he would die, Eudocia? Oh, what shall we do! I will wait here while you run and bring Haustanes; you will find him in the peristyle; run, Eudocia. If you love me, haste!"

Eudocia fled, as it were on wings, and soon returned accompanied by Haustanes, who saluted his mistress with profound deference. She informed him, simply, that there was a young man lying evidently ill, in the grove, whom she wished conveyed to the house, and taken care of.

Haustanes, having received his directions, proceeded direct to the place, where he found Cresus, still lying, but now breathing heavily, and evidently in a burning fever. He lifted him as gently as possible, and being a strong athletic fellow, carried him through the garden into the house. There Cresus was soon surrounded by every attendance. Conveyed at once to the best apart-

ment in the hospitalia, he was laid upon a couch, luxurious as desire could wish. Around him lay, in rich luxuriance, all the evidences of taste and plenty, characterized by that regard to hospitality which distinguished the times, not merely as a social pleasure or a reciprocal benefit, but as a religious duty also.

Cresus, however, was insensible to all the comforts and attentions by which he was surrounded. The delirium of a burning fever was now upon him, and he raved continually in unintelligible, disconnected accents. "There is a higher!" he would cry, "go! go! you deceive!—It will come!—it will come!—stand by—there—there—there—brighter—brighter!" and as he reached this apparent climax, his countenance seemed relieved by a passing light, which for a moment played over his manly features. But in a twinkling, the scowl of disappointment and vexation swept away the flitting light, and the fever burned again, consuming as it were his lurid brow, before the blast of a hundred forges. The physician was sent for with all dispatch, and his appearance was hailed by the intensely interested household with delight.

The physician was a man of advanced years, of sage-like appearance. His tall figure was enveloped in the profuse folds of a long robe—a style of dress always worn by mysterious functionaries, for what object it is hardly becoming to inquire. It may be it is intended to envelope, beneath its mysterious folds, the mysteries which the savans deem it unnecessary or unprofitable to communicate to the vulgar crowd of the uninitiated. And why not so? Vulgar man loves mystery. The crowd will have

it. Plunges to find it into the mystic labyrinths of mythical regions. Starts from the plain and palpable truth, which it spurns as a naked deformity : a thing unfit to be seen, until covered with the heavy folds of an artificial robe. Well were the sages aware of this ; and they said, " Give him mystery clad to his taste ; and deep beyond the plummet of his shallow pate." And they gave it him,—threw open the mystic doors, and laughed to see the myriads in herds leap into the sombre shade, and grovel in the mistiness of artificial incense. Man himself is a mystery ! and he loves his like. But as he comes to know himself and his habitation, the petty mysteries of art vanish like spectres before the sunlight. He stands upon the mountain-top, plummet in hand, to measure the soundings of the retreating waters. He acknowledges but one great mystery, in which all others are absorbed—the mystery of the great Unknown ! And he commands back again, to its pristine impotency, the officious interference of any fellow-mortal who dares to intercept his communication with the great source of being, and of thought : the great mystery of all time, and of all greatness !

The physician, as he looked upon the noble brow of Ctesus, now crimsoned with a consuming fever, shook his head—or rather rolled it from side to side, in expressive mood, indicating doubt and danger most imminent. He evinced at once a deep interest in the fate of his patient, and desiring to be left quite alone with him, after the servants or slaves of the household had withdrawn, he seated himself by the couch of Ctesus, or busied himself in the application of his remedies undisturbed, unless

when he called in a servant to assist him for the moment: when Eudocia tapped gently at the door, and in a low whisper asked, with the compliments or for the information of her young mistress, how the patient was. By the manner of the gentle slave, it was easily seen what was the purport of the answer she received. If favorable, she skipped with the lightness of a sylph, through the mesaulean court and the great hall, and ascending to the apartment of her mistress, was, in less time than it has taken to write it, breathlessly communicating to her the welcome news. But if the bulletin was dark and doubting, then she turned from the door with a dejected look, and proceeded with evident reluctance to the presence of her mistress.

The intense anxiety of the mistress was sufficiently apparent in the manner of her faithful and devoted slave. Eudocia, whatever might have been her own interest in the fate of a young stranger she had never seen, smiled and wept with her mistress. It was to her a sufficient reason to awaken the most tender sensibilities of her heart, when she saw in the deep feeling of her beloved mistress so intense an interest in the fate of another. She did not wait to inquire into the reason; but living as she did in the smile of her mistress, she, by the same sympathy, wept in her sorrow.

It was, indeed, fortunate for the mistress that she had on this occasion an attendant so truly sympathizing with her in every variation of her feeling. The stern usages of the times rendered it imprudent, if not altogether out of the question, for her to wait upon, or even visit the young stranger in his apartment; and moreover,

her own sense prompted the utter impropriety of her doing so,—while at the same time, a secret influence seemed to carry her by an irresistible force to gaze upon a countenance, once seen, never to be by her forgotten. Her excitement was, therefore, of a nature the most painful : and the more so, from her complete inability to conceal it. She was unused to concealment in any shape. From the purity of her heart she reflected nature ; her simple truth ; her artless love ; her unstudied beauty. And now, less than ever, could she restrain the throbbings of a heart touched by the deep sympathy of a new and undefined interest. She yielded herself up to the overpowering sensation of this new sympathy, unconscious of the insidious power which lurked within its wily folds. Already some secret potency seemed to have bereft her of herself. Some invisible hand seemed to hold her in a spell she would not break for worlds. Some strange and stirring reality seemed to have penetrated her inmost soul. Her previous life seemed to her now like the isolation of a blank existence. What had she done ? What had she known ? What learned of life and its relations ? Of pleasure, and its charms ? Of love, and its enjoyments ? Of sympathy, and its exquisite and ever varied delights ? As she thus questioned herself her mind, vacated by every other thought, gave back her answer as it received it. “ What ? ” And the echo grew as it rolled over the lovely valley of her soul, where gentle peace had wreathed the fading flowers in endless variety, and, hitherto, had chirped with the bounding grasshopper, or gambolled with the sportive insect ; or sat in silence, brooding over the silent beauty of the scene.

How relative after all is happiness! The infant is happy in its unconscious helplessness. The child is happy among toys; troubled neither with the history of the past, nor the hopes or fears of the future. The youth is happy in having escaped from the helplessness or the trifling of receding days; happy amid the poetry of nature; beneath the sublimity of truth; in the excitement of present pleasures, or the anticipation of coming joys; happy under the instinctive influence of love, yet undeveloped or undirected. And, moving onward, happy in the object which first reveals to its own heart the latent fire, the consuming element of its nature; which commands it to love, and demands for itself in turn to be loved. Thus onward, and still onward, is youth impelled. Passing from the cradle of inactive and unconscious being, through the varied pleasure-grounds of nature's domain, quietly and gently as the sighing breeze; softly and soothingly as the gliding stream. Suddenly it stands upon an eminence, and sees stretched out beneath it a valley of bewildering attraction; interminable delight; beauty—love—being,—all that the soul desires. Mystery itself, personified in the boundlessness of the living scene;—the concentration of all earthly goodness;—the type of ethereal perfection;—beauty and love;—cause and effect;—man and his motive;—the ultimatum of all ambition;—the incipient absorbent of man himself! Who can measure the potency of this scene? Its influence upon the human mind? The dread fascination of its attraction? Youth looks upon it once from its eminence, and only once! It waits not for a second sight;—forgets the happiness of the past;—the

contentment of childhood ;—the warblings of nature ;—the invitations of science ;—the solicitings of art ;—the appeals of the temple ;—the mysticisms of the gods. Forgets every thing but the scene before it ;—beauty and love ! And it plunges, with one unhindered bound, into the valley of living beauty !—and rages in the mad passion of its wild enthusiasm !

CHAPTER VIII.

MENEPHRON, A MAN OF COURAGE.—A FEAST OF FRIENDS.—AN OBLATION
UNDER THE ROSE.—AN ATHENIAN STRANGER.—CASSANDER SPEAKS.

THE evening of that day of incidents arrived. Troilus, whom we met with Cresus at the magnesian gate, repaired at the appointed time to sup with the Athenian stranger at the house of Menephron, one of the Archons, to whom Cassander, the Athenian, had letters.

The party consisted of eight, beside the host, who was an Archon, distinguished for his blunt and cordial hospitality, no less than his ready and fearless opposition to the craft and knavery of public functionaries, either civil or religious.

Menephron was a man known to be of undaunted courage. He had led a band of his countrymen against a large body of Persians, during the recent campaign, and had returned laden with spoil and glory. The deeds of personal valor which distinguished him before the enemy, had secured to him the devoted homage of the brave men who followed his fortunes in the field. Returned to the enjoyment of his luxuriance at home, he held, by his urbanity and hospitality, the worthy hearts he had won by his bravery. The Ephesians regarded him as one of their most worthy citizens. He was not himself remarkable for any great intellectual strength or origin-

ality ; but he possessed that which is often more needed : the power and the will to patronize and protect it. He loved the brave in all its departments. Well aware that the field was not the only place where the spirit of the brave could manifest itself, he looked for it daily among his fellow-citizens, pursuing their varied and civic employments. He honored it wherever he found it. "There is a nobler courage," said he, "than the courage of the battle. There is the courage of truth, which withstands the falsities of established dogmas. There is the courage of manliness, which opposes itself to the degenerating fashions of the times. There is the courage of love, which bridles the selfishness of human hearts, and reveals the spirit of man's better nature. Aye," he would say, "to be, and to do good, is harder and more honorable than to slay a thousand Persians."

Thus, Menephron, who had proved himself a noble warrior on the field of battle, always extolled the courage of the moral above the physical man ; and the noblest spirits of Ephesus delighted to rally around him, either at the festive board or in the forum.

The guests were all punctual to the time appointed, at the setting of the sun ; and as they entered the great œcus or banqueting room, a scene of easy luxury lay before them. The table, covered with the rich and costly vessels intended for the occasion, was decorated with garlands of sweetest flowers. On three sides of the table were luxurious couches, leaving the fourth side open to the servants. These couches, covered with fine tapestry, and heaped with soft pillows for the guests, were highly ornamented with ivory sculpture, the carving of which

displayed the purest taste of those classic days. The host assigned to each his place without regard to rank ; and, as they reclined at ease, three on each couch, a group of the most beautiful slaves entered the hall, clad in the light and easy dresses of the times, and adorned with the richest wreaths and garlands of flowers. The aggregate beauty of this group, as it advanced toward the table, each bearing the burthen assigned to her, was, in itself, a feast. And from their hands nothing could lack flavor. The two first bore in their hands vessels containing water, for the necessary ablutions, previous to commencing the repast. After that ceremony a slave, younger and still more beautiful than the rest, advanced with the elegant krater containing wine, and from it filled the cup of each guest. Menephron, as host, then held forth his cup, saying, "Drink, friends ! to the gods, shall I say, as is our custom ?" and he looked inquiringly at the countenance of each of his guests, as he asked the question. Each, in turn, looked toward Cassander, the Athenian, who reclined toward the bosom of Menephron.

The worthy host perceived the reference made by the eyes of his guests to the Athenian stranger, and, in an audible voice, he said, "Speak, Cassander ! give us your light !" As he said this, he held his cup between his thumb and second finger, and continued pointing with his first finger to a rose, which hung in ominous solitude over the table—indicating that whatever passed in conversation under it was, if necessary, secret. So, "under the rose," friends might meet, and exchange at the festive board sentiments, and opinions, and information, not de-

signed for the public ear. In the sweet fragrance of that solitary flower, friendship mingled its varied sentiments; and, in looking upon its unrivalled beauty, every breast felt that there was at least one object upon which all could look and love. Here, then, was one lovely and visible truth of nature—one blushing rose, capable of holding together, in honorable compact, a company of minds, moved by the varied incidents of human society! And has this atom of nature's realm so great a charm over the minds of men, when rightly viewed? What then will be the influence of the great Arcana, when seen by the multitude of minds—when nature throws out her universal charms before the eyes of the world—when the great Unknown reveals himself, in unmistakable form—speaks in a voice of universal language, and utters a sentiment applicable alike to all ages and climes and conditions of human life! Such was the question which Cassander, at that moment, was endeavouring to solve in his own mind. On hearing the first words spoken by Menephron, he seemed suddenly absent from the company of his friends. His eyes looked inward, with that absent expression which indicates internal thought. When his name was mentioned with the accompanying request, his vision seemed as suddenly to return; and, looking toward the extreme of the hall, opposite to where he reclined, his magic eye seemed to penetrate the remotest distance—looking far beyond the precincts of his own times, down through the circling ages, ever widening as they recede from the narrow centre whence they sprang.

Cassander, in appearance, was a handsome Athenian, of manly proportions. His countenance was, in general,

open and frank, and, at first sight, he was not likely to be remarked for more than a fine manly person with a dash of bold and joyous spirit. There was a nervous mobility, however, apparent in all his movements—a pliancy of motion which denoted great activity, and this principle of his temperament characterized him mentally no less than physically. Hence the suddenness with which his mind seemed absorbed with a word, and the intensity of thought which, in a twinkling, shot through his dark gray eyes, and seemed to fly, with lightning speed, forward and ever forward, piercing, alike, adamant or ages!

In this abstraction he remained for a few minutes, while around him reclined his fellows, mutely waiting to hear his words, as though he were an oracle. The beautiful young slave, who bore the wine, stood near the open side of the table, and seemed unconsciously wrapped in the abstraction of the Athenian, and evidently forgot she was a slave! The fascination of a hundred beauties seemed at that moment concentrated in the interest of her gaze! Her bosom heaved with some strange emotion. With a stealthy motion, as if unwilling to disturb the silence, she circled the wine krater with her left arm; and it looked like the swelling roundness of some Phidian model, on which Prometheus had breathed the warmth of life. The lively Troilus, turning his eyes toward this living portrait of beauty, felt a secret thrill of ecstasy pass through his veins. Again he looked; but still her eyes beamed full upon the abstracted Athenian. Nor could Troilus for another moment resist the silent command, with which, by her own wrapped attention, the lovely slave bade him attend to the voice of the living

oracle! He turned his eyes upon Cassander, and, with the rest of the company, waited for the sentence which was about to fall upon the customary oblation to the Gods!

"In Ephesus," said Cassander, without at first removing his eyes from their distant gaze, "the Gods prevail—at the name of Cynthea the vulgar herds cry out, 'Great is the Goddess of the Ephesians!' and her gentry of the robes tell, every day, new wonders of her power. Her miracles are made of the flimsy stuff of human cunning, yet are they daily devoured by the ignorant crowd, who hunger for the mysterious and the wonderful. Satisfied with the magic jugglery, they crowd around her altar, and on the highway cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' Who is this Goddess? Shall I be bold to tell you? The vulgar herd would not understand me were I to speak it in their ears. The base crowd of unthinking mortals would snarl and growl were I to lay my hand upon the robe, assuming to be sacred; were I to dismantle the petty mysteries to which they bow; or should I make known to them the deceptions of the temple, the priests would stir themselves, like angered vipers, disturbed in their nest by the foot of some careless pedestrian. But to you, my friends, I may speak; to you I may unfold the essential difference between man and man—measuring him by that which he is—by the depth and height of his comprehension."

Cassander seemed now to be fully recovered from his abstraction; and, as his penetrating eye scanned, in turn, the countenance of each of his companions, he saw, portrayed on each, interest and expectation. The lovely wine-bearer became restored to herself, as the Athenian

came back from his abstraction. The intensity of her interest seemed to have reacted into a slight timidity; and, as he turned a half-careless regard upon her, the color rose, in floods of vermillion, and mantled her soft and dimpled cheeks. Her eyes fell modestly on the table, near which she stood; and thus again did she, in silent modesty, command the uneasy Troilus to suppress his lively spirit and give ear to the new oblation.

The Athenian, pointing expressively to the rose, which, in its silent beauty, hung over the table, continued: "To you, my friends, I will speak, as man to man. I will doff the semblance of what we are not, and tell you that I know. There are godly men, and there are manly gods, and there are neuters: these three include the world. The first embrace the common herd of worshippers. The second, are the worshipped, who, under the semblance of some godship, the patronage and name of some block of carved wood, or sculptured marble, exact the homage of mankind. The third will neither deceive their fellows nor be deceived. And yet, again, from the third there is a fourth, who are neuters verily, for they are nothing. Take these away, and you have the third; few, few indeed! But, these few are the growing light, — the burning element of consuming truth. There is fire in every atom of universal matter; there is truth latent in every object of being. There is the truth of being, else it could not be! and, that truth links to another, and another, and another, on, and on, and on, until you have the chain complete of universal truth and universal being; and, following that endless chain, it leads you up, and up, and up,

to the regions of invisible existence, to realms of purer natures—spirits unclad in the forms of matter,—and onward and upward you ascend, and ascend, until you are lost in the invisible glory of the Great Unknown! the consummation of this universal chain—the Father of this visible universe, from whom proceeds all being and all thought; to whom alone all worship is due from created being, and in whose essential greatness centres all good. Such, my worthy host and friends, is the light I would throw upon you. The manes of Socrates bathes itself now in the effulgence of this glory. The mind of Aristocles ascends thither. Plato laves his broad brow in the boundless flood of light and of truth. If, then, it please ye, offer your oblation, in silent homage, to the Great Unknown!"

CHAPTER IX.

**SILENT HOMAGE—TROILUS AND HIS "PRETTY ONE"—A PRETTY STORY BY
MENEPHRON—PLEBEIAN PRETTINESS ROSE TO THE PROPORTIONS
OF PATRICIAN BEAUTY—A PRINCESS FOUND—TROILUS—WIT AND
WORDS—A CHARACTER.**

As Cassander concluded, Menephron again raised his cup, and, holding it up with a resolute but quiet expression, cast a glance around him, which was instantly understood. The guests all followed the example of their host—and each, exchanging glances with the other, turned his eyes upon the rose, which seemed now to be magnified to the vast and beautiful proportions of universal truth; and thus each quaffed his cup, in silent homage, to the great Unknown!

"My pretty one," said Troilus, relieved from the silence imposed upon him, and addressing the beautiful wine-bearer, who had now resumed her animated and joyous expression of countenance, and waited, with a bewitching smile, to hear what he had to say—"My pretty one, I will pray the Archon to send you to the Temple, that you may learn not to disturb the good disposition of young men like me!"

"Nay," she replied, with a winning grace, "I disturbed you not; I neither spoke nor looked at you."

"All which I know, and do not thank you for; but why did you not cover that lovely face of yours?"

"Why, sir, should I cover my face?"

"True; why, indeed, you nymph! while that round form of yours stands before the eye."

"Oh fie, sir! I am but a slave."

"So am I, and you my mistress. By Hercules! I would not be any thing else."

The lovely girl, in return for so bland a compliment, flung toward him a bewitching smile of artless incredulity, and hastened out to replenish her store of wine.

"Ho, ho! Troilus as usual;" said Opheas, in a laughing voice. "Troilus and practical philosophy inseparable! good, Troilus—you are right; but what says our noble host?"

"A fig for his say; I speak for myself," said Troilus.

"Good, again, brave Troilus," said Menephron, whose ear caught the two last sentences. "I like that; be at home—always at home."

"So he is, worthy sir, and likely to be, if you desire it;" responded Opheas.

"Right, my friends; my house is yours while ye rest."

"Softly, worthy sir; dost know that Troilus eyes thy lovely slave of the wine?"

"Aye; go gently there, my good friend Troilus," said the Archon; "she is more to me than treasures."

"Nay, nay, noble Menephron," interrupted Troilus, gayly, "you have passed your word, and bade me be entertained; pray thee go not back; I'll swear you learned no such lesson in thy Persian campaigns that do thee such honor, nor yet among the Medes."

"Gently, gently, my boy," replied Menephron; "you are right, and I will not curb thee too tightly, but let me tell you all; it is a pretty story.

"You know that when the Persians threatened our shores from their most distant dominions, I proposed to divert their attention, and divide their force, by appearing suddenly, with a band of able fellows, among their most unprotected regions; and speedily executing my plan, I reached the scene of my design by long and circuitous marches. Before they were aware of any danger I was among them; the utmost consternation prevailed, and rumor magnified my faithful band a hundred times; while I by stratagem, keeping my followers in detachments, which appeared suddenly in different parts, fed the rumor, and thus increased the panic daily.

"It was at the height of the panic that a herald came in sight one day, bearing the emblem of peace; and being brought in, he assured me that the prince of that region wished to surrender to me the jurisdiction of the country, and acknowledge himself my vassal.

"I commanded his appearance, and in a shorter time than I had deemed it possible, the prince, came surrounded by the most gorgeous cavalcade my eyes had ever witnessed. Plumage and purple, and linen of finest texture, and gold, and diamonds, and steeds, and every thing that could add luxury and magnificence to the scene, came rolling toward me. I went forth to meet it, feeling well protected by the fear of my reserved power, which I knew existed in every mind; I waved my hand to the cavalcade to halt, and to the prince, whom I recognized by his gorgeous robes and apron banner, as well as the trappings of his splendid steed, to approach. He dismounted, and approached me. He was a fine looking fellow in the distance, but as he approached, I could see effeminacy marked on every feature

of his countenance ; and at the moment I would not have feared a hundred such, single handed. He quailed and trembled as he approached me. But when I reached forth my hand, and smiled on him, a new life seemed to brighten up in his eyes ; and if he dared, he would have fawned upon me like a dog. There was about him so much artless innocence, and seeming ignorance of any thing like manly spirit, evidently regarding me as a superior order of being, that my contempt ran into the channel of pity. He made homage to me with the air and humility of a worshipper, as sincere as any in the Temple. I suffered, it and said I would come and sup with him.

“ At evening I went, taking with me my guard ; and, arrived at the palace, found every thing in a state of luxury surpassing belief. The prince received me with the evident affection and deference of one honored beyond his most visionary anticipation. He would himself wait upon me, unloose my sandals, lay aside my helmet and my broad girdle, and do for me all the offices of a menial. His enthusiastic devotion to me, like the capers of a thoughtless child, disarmed me of all dislike ; and the soft and easy manner which characterized every action made me regard him as a harmless and innocent thing, which it would be wanton cruelty to injure. If I looked on him he could not keep his seat, but must do for me some office which would enable him to approach me and resume his attentions, until at length I had to assume authority, and command him to rest. Then, like a child denied some desired pleasure, he would regard me with a supplicating eye.

“ After we had supped a delicious repast, he bade an

attendant bring in the princess. In a few minutes the door was thrown open, and the loveliest being my eyes had ever rested upon entered, clad in a profusion of splendor, but herself dimming the brilliancy of that unsurpassed splendor by her rare beauty. Oh, that surprise! I remember it as yesterday. I advanced to meet her, and had scarcely addressed her, when I felt the power of her beauty, and her artlessness. She was in her girlhood; I in full age. Her extreme timidity, combined with the soft elegance and grace which dwelt in every lineament of her person, commended her to me as a captivating child, and I sought to gain her favor as I would have done with a prattling innocent. But her artlessness soon displayed itself, wreathed with the garlands of nature's instinct. Whether it was the admiration of my character as a warrior, or my person as a man of passing comeliness, or my manner, which was certainly peculiar toward her, I could not say; she very soon, however, manifested a decided regard for me. So captivated was I that I quite forgot the passing time; and I confess that once in my life, at least, I was in danger of falling a victim to my gallantry. The discreet moving of my guard, under the orders of my first captain, reminded me suddenly that my paradise was in an enemy's country, and that my duty was to fight, not to love. I rose hastily to depart. The princess seeing my intention, burst into a passion of grief. My heart was beginning to melt before the influence of that consummation of woman's eloquence, a silent tear, when the officer on the look-out hurried into the banqueting hall where I was, and whispered me that the enemy was approaching.

I bade the father a hurried adieu, seized the hand of the princess, kissed it warmly, and looked again into her eyes, and I thought I read there no common destiny, and I felt in her no common interest. It was an interest deeper than the passing interest of wanton love. I would have given treasures to possess her for the sole delight of mine eyes. On hearing the signal, however, I leaped upon my steed, and very speedily was leading my brave companions toward the main body.

“The rest is brief. A message arrived the next morning, with information that my services were needed at home :—and that Patricles, my junior in command, was on his way to supersede me in that region, and would be with me at sunset. I received the intelligence with sorrow, and somewhat vexation. I could not now conceal from myself the fondness I had conceived for the lovely princess, and yet I loved her as a child. On reflection, however, I saw the danger of yielding to an attachment unwise under existing circumstances ; and I hence suppressed all rising feeling against the orders of the Archons.

“I resigned the command to my successor and returned to Ephesus, where I found sufficient to occupy my thoughts and time in providing for the general order of the army.

“Two moons after, a herald arrived, announcing a complete victory obtained by Patricles over the Persians, who had risen against him ; and shortly afterwards Patricles himself appeared with his triumphant band, and the captives and trophies of victory.

“I went with others to hail his return ; and judge my

surprise when I saw among his captives the princess—the dream of my fancy since the evening I had seen her in the Persian palace. I learned that her kindred had been slain on the field. Patricles had found her in the palace, and, struck by her uncommon beauty, determined that she should grace his triumph.

“She was kindly treated ; every possible attention was shown her ; but the terrors of her situation appalled her ; and by the time she reached the distant city, she was worn by grief and fear, and the fresh beauty in which I first saw her was drooping sadly. Nevertheless I instantly discovered in her the princess who had captivated me ; and she no sooner cast her eyes on me than joy lit up her countenance. She seemed, as she has told, me to have found one friend whose countenance bade her trust him with her very existence. Through the generosity of the noble Patricles she became my slave. Yet, in presence of you all, I do aver that I would make her free, and stand to her in any relationship which might agree with her consent, so she be mistress of my house and joy of mine eyes.”

The pretty wine-bearer had returned during the progress of this narrative, and stood blushing in unrivalled beauty at her former post. But a strange phenomenon was apparent to every eye in that company of intellectual men. As the identity of the princess became established, the pretty slave seemed to grow into the beautiful and accomplished lady. The plebeian prettiness rose to the proportions of patrician beauty ; points unnoticed in the pretty slave, were in the lovely princess certain indications of regal descent ; not that they admired the

slave the less, but they admired the princess more. And now that she was likely to be a lady of Ephesus, the varied incidents of the few past moons threw over the simple beauty of the slave a finely and mysteriously woven film of romance, which, while it dimmed the immediate lustre of a too dazzling beauty, gathered around that beauty charms of untold depth, and mingled with the tangible idea of beauty before the eye, the unknown history of its past radiations.

As Menephron concluded his narration, and reached the climax unlooked for and somewhat startling to his companions, the slave laid her wine krater upon the table, and the princess was about to give her hand to the noble Archon; slave and princess were about to be blended in the one endearing name of wife, when, as if by an involuntary impulse, she cast a look on the dejected countenance of Troilus; then, with an instinctive quickness, she seized again the wine krater, and proceeded to fill the cups according to her office.

The lively suitor for the favors of the lovely slave had listened, as had all, to the narration of Menephron with the deepest interest. He was appropriating to himself, with miserly care, every word that developed the illustrious history of his "pretty one." He saw nothing in it all, but one vast treasure of priceless worth, steadily accumulating for his possession. He became impatient at the length of the story, and was on the point, more than once, of crying "enough,—I will hear it from herself." Pleasure and impatience danced by turns in his roving eyes. He thought himself upon the confines of Elysian happiness, and just about to

step across the boundary of unexplored regions of pleasure, when the conclusion fell upon his ear like the death-knell of hope. His countenance fell suddenly, to an expression of unmingled disappointment; and, for a moment, he seemed to have changed his character or his countenance for that of some wretched devotee of the Temple, ever grasping, in vain pursuit, some unattainable good.

Troilus was not one, however, who would inflict upon himself serious injury, by reason of a disappointment. Before it was much perceived, he rallied his lively forces—wit or words, it mattered little to him at times which—and entered fully into the uproarious mirth which succeeded the announcement of so primitive a wedding. He did not altogether understand the import of Menephron's conclusion, nor of the actions of the princess, until a second look towards him, as she filled his cup, bade him hope on. Now, however, in the house of his friend, it was necessary to be circumspect, as well as honorable. With all his life and gayety on the surface, Troilus was at heart a young man of profound thought and honorable intention. He was direct in his manner—disliked circuitous labyrinths—and one might justly conclude, that he was fully convinced that a straight line was the shortest distance from one point to another. The existence of this simple axiom in his mind was probably the great secret of his continuous gayety. He had no subterfuges to guard; no counterplots to work out; no schemes of curious depth to fathom. If he was at times too blunt, it was because he was too sincere. Open as the noonday, he seemed

ever to throw light upon his own path wherever he trod. Where a more sombre mind, of greater depth, would group in mysticism, he would flash with the sudden brightness of truth, revealing, in a word, the depths of mystery, whose hollow soundings awed the more sluggish spirit. Hence it was, that wherever he went, he was a commanding mind. He was loved, rather than feared, among his companions. Each mind saw in him, by turns, the reflection of its own thoughts. The sudden flashes of his wit, thrown out in the midst of the dark and heavy thought, that labored to some end in the social converse, was like those sudden streams of electric fire, which reveal at intervals to the benighted travellers the dangerous chasms which lie beneath their feet, and the safest path to the resting-place to which they toil. For every errant sally of his wit, he had an ample pardon. His peal of ringing words was the unfailing signal for a merry round. His presence was, in a company of his fellows, the antidote to dullness, and the prompter of wit and thought. His company was courted by all, except the mystic-priests, who felt themselves to be like dead fish in his presence; and they ventured to pronounce him dangerous to the community, because his life was ungenial to theirs—more open, candid, unreserved, honorable; a light in which their darkness became visible to themselves; a fire, before the heat of which the waxen gewgaws of their smooth-faced sanctity melted into shapeless nonsense, unfit even for the plaything of a child.

Troilus had cast off the shackles of a degrading education, and stood beneath the canopy of heaven a free-

man of nature, and a worshipper of nature's God. He sought to honor nature, and thus, through the child, to show his reverence for the Great Parent, whom he could only know through his fair and varied offspring.

CHAPTER X.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT—I WOULD BE YOUR SLAVE AND WINE-BRABER—
SHE LEARNED THE LOFTY PLEASURES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND—THE
BOLD ARE EVER GENEROUS—POPULARITY—A CHALLENGE AND DE-
FEAT—THE CASE OF HEGMAN, THE EGYPTIAN.

THE princess-slave had before this evening often listened to the evident truths which sprang like invisible warriors, ready armed, from the lips of her master's lively guest.

Soon after her arrival at the house of Menephron, Troilus had entered, and was received by the worthy Archon with a warmth of affection which was always unbounded toward his lively friend. The princess-slave at the time was in the hall, amusing herself with something of curious mechanism. She saw the animated countenance of Troilus, and heard his joyous speech, however, and as she listened and looked, her soul went out from her and she was no more herself. She had seen her counterpart! The destiny of life had laid its inflexible hand upon her heart, and there was henceforth only one subject on which her mind rested with perfect satisfaction. That subject was a youth to her unknown—yet fully known; his countenance was to her as familiar as the Persian moon, beaming through the ethereal blue—as familiar as the green fresh foliage of her native plains, and she loved the one at a glance, as

she would the other; and thought of the one with artless love, as she thought of the other. Yet, in her artlessness, there was a depth of instinct which, in one more conversant with the world, would be deemed cunning. She determined to see this youth again. Having ascertained from a servant who was passing through the hall, that the name of the stranger was Troilus, she began, as soon as she had retired to her own apartment in the upper part of the mansion, to examine all the devices she could invent; but after a fruitless effort of hours, gave it up almost in despair.

That evening Troilus supped with Menephron; but he went away, and the princess-slave had not seen him, nor heard again his joyous speech. The next morning a slave of great beauty, who was in the habit of waiting upon the princess, came to her apartment, and while she busied herself in the arrangement of the room, endeavored to amuse the princess by narrating all the details of the evening previous; the conversation of Troilus, his wit, and life.

"Oh," exclaimed the slave, "I am sure you would like Troilus, he is so lively and so wise."

"How came you to be there?" asked the princess.

"Why, I am wine-bearer."

"What's that?"

"Oh, do you not know?"

"No, how should I?"

"Well, I will tell you; it is the highest honor that can be conferred upon a slave in the house of her master. It is to bear the krater with the wine, and fill the cups for the guests."

"And are you then present, and hear all that is said, and see every one there?" asked the princess.

"Oh, yes, and very pleasant it is too, I can tell you," answered the slave.

The princess had learned enough. The rest of that morning she was silent—reserved as she had never been before. She ruminated a device, and began to hope that she would soon see Troilus.

When summoned to descend to the hall, where Menephron waited her company, she hastened to meet him. He no sooner saw her, than he remarked an unusual expression of care upon her countenance.

"What," said he, "my daughter, has care or sorrow found its way to your happy heart?"

"No, sir," she replied, "my heart is not happy."

"Then say, my pretty girl, what grieves you? can I make you happy?"

"Oh yes, sir, if you will; I am more miserable than your slaves! pray let me be a slave."

"What has happened? tell me all. You will be my daughter. I will be your father; or it would please me more to be to you still dearer than a father—speak, my lovely one—say what you will."

"I would be your slave, and bear the wine at supper," she answered.

"Nay, nay, you will be the mistress of my house, will you not? nay, let me call thee so."

"I would be your slave, noble sir, and wine-bearer, and call me as you please," she said with some resolution.

"Are you serious?" he said, "or have you good reason for it?"

"I am serious, and have sufficient reason," she replied; "I would be your slave and wine-bearer."

"Be satisfied then, strange girl; I cannot sound thy depth. But, I do confess, I would that thou wouldest be my mistress rather than my slave; but I will not hold thee to my purpose against thine own will. Be free, and in that understand thou mayest be what thou wilt. I am thy slave; make me, if thou wilt, thy master, for therein will I show myself your slave in acting against mine own will."

"Then shall I be thy wine-bearer?" asked the princess.

"As you say," replied Menephron.

The princess clapped her hands in unrestrained delight. That evening she bore the wine to Menephron alone; and two evenings afterwards, when Troilus supped with the Archon, her heart bounded wildly in the felicity of his presence.

Troilus marked the great beauty of the slave; and, more than once, as he cast forth some random gem of intellect, he turned and caught her full bewitching gaze fixed upon him.

Thus did she ever look forward to his discourse when he supped with Menephron: and he, by imperceptible degrees, began to look for the approval of her eye, the witchery of a scarcely-suppressed smile, on any sentiment he deemed worthy of her notice. By this means, a silent communication was established between the princess-slave and her master's guest. Evening after evening passed in this manner. The light of Troilus's wit burned brighter and brighter, replenished by the elixir

of a hidden love. He saw with a keener vision than ever before, the mystic falsities of passing systems. He scanned their height and depth at a glance. And his soul, at times, beneath the influence of an unknown power, plunged into the vast ocean of illimitable truth—bathed it in the waters of transparent life,—and, returning earthward, laughed again in joyous mirth. Nay, who could better laugh than he who had, with the boldness of a hero, thrown off the mystic falsities of superstition, and invoked in stead thereof the friendly counsel of wise and joyous nature? Who, with more joyous mirth, should ring the merry peals, or mingle in the bursting chorus of a sunshine hour? Thus the lively wit of Troilus would, at times, rise to the sublime conceptions of vast, unbounded truths; and having carried the mind of his companion up to such height, he, with the suddenness of an arrow in unseen flight, would dart down again to the nether sphere, and revel, like a playing child, in the wit of words.

The princess sped with him in spirit in his most errant flights,—rose as he rose, and with him descended to the pettiness of earthly words. The visions of the past flitted before her eyes in bold realities. Amid the mystics of Persia, her wayward thoughts had risen to a higher sphere. She had explored the fields of science, had learned the strange knowledge of the Magi; and, dissatisfied with their unsound conclusions, her spirit had separated from their ungenial company and wandered, in endless roamings, through the regions of the Great Arcanum. She feared not, therefore, to follow Troilus in his loftiest and most rapid flights. Accustomed to the

rare atmosphere of intellectual existence—where in solitary thought she had wandered for hours together—it was to her as a native element. But in the company of a spirit so congenial to her own, her happiness was unbounded. Never before had those higher chords of her nature been touched. Never had their power been fully elicited. She knew not until now the lofty pleasures of the spirit-land,—where invisible being soars and revels in undying love,—where thought strikes hands with thought,—where eye meets eye in instant knowledge,—and spirit, on the wings of vision, flies to the embrace of spirit-friend.

Menephron had often observed the ideal beauty which played around the countenance of the princess when wrapped in the sublime conceptions of his guest, and the evident pleasure of Troilus on observing that his speech was appreciated by the lovely slave.

The Archon was pleased, however, in observing the pleasure of these two favorites, in whose society centred all his enjoyment, and lost no opportunity within his power of availing himself of a pleasant and profitable evening thus spent. He had never contemplated any attachment growing up between the beautiful one, who chose to appear under the character of a slave, and the merry Troilus; and, therefore, until the evening upon which he invited a few friends to meet the Athenian, the evening on which the reader was introduced to the princess-slave, Menephron had never thought of the growing attachment which now threatened to dispossess him of his lovely slave, or that which most he prized—her innocent affection for him.

The incidents of that evening, however, awakened

his suspicions for the first time, and led him with the boldness of a soldier to announce the incidents and consummation of the history of the lovely slave.

He marked the princess-slave's resumption of the wine-krater, and her glance at Troilus. His countenance was expressive of deep displeasure, with a mingling of half smothered chagrin.

"I thought you were going to give me your hand," said he, looking steadily at the princess.

"Give me your hand," he said, commandingly.

The slave looked at him softly; the color in her cheeks came and went. She trembled for a moment; then, with a strange and sudden self-possession, which astonished every one present, she approached the Archon, and in a subdued voice of plaintive melody said, "I am your slave, sir," at the same time holding out her hand towards him.

He started in surprise, and said with much warmth, "Nay, I will not take the hand of a slave."

"I have no other to give you," she replied, mildly.

"My child," said he, suddenly subdued, "in the presence of these, my friends, I give you liberty to do as you will. My house is your home, and so long as you suffer me, I will be your father and protector."

The princess looked bewildered at this unexpected relief, granted her by one whom she knew possessed over her liberty, or even her life, the most absolute authority. Soon self-possessed, however, she threw upon him a sweet and winning smile, saying, "Worthy sir, you have always been kind to me, and it wounds my heart to occasion you the slightest pain."

The guests evinced in murmuring conversation their

high appreciation of this interchange of good will between the master and the slave. The manliness of the soldier was apparent in the generosity of the man. Had there existed in the minds of his guests any previous doubt as to his character, both as a soldier and a citizen, there could be none now. The bold are ever generous; the good are ever kind. The man who could do a wrong to a frail and unprotected woman, be she slave or princess, is at heart a coward, though on the battle-field he may have cleft the helmets of warriors, or raged like a tiger at bay; were man a beast he would not be man. A lion is bold, yet a lion is not a man. Physical strength is an admirable thing, yet it does not of itself make an admirable man. There is a principle above it—the principle of manhood—the essential spirit of manliness, the combination of his varied parts, fitting him for those varied enjoyments which spring spontaneous from the triune essence, which makes its oneness—the body, spirit, and soul—which together in essential bond, and not otherwise, constitute a man. He is but the third of a man, nay, the passing, diminutive, and, in itself, the worthless third, who only lives as the animal devoid of the great essential elements of manhood. It is the spirit of man which distinguishes him, the head, the summit of the visible universe. And that spirit is itself distinguished among its fellows as prince stands among princes—by its loftiness and its goodness; its power, and its practice of every art that tends to promote the substantial happiness of its fellows.

The momentary cloud which threatened the bursting of a storm among that accomplished company of intel-

lectual friends, passed speedily away. The supper came in successive courses ; pungent herbs with olives, honey, and wine ; oysters and eggs ; afterwards, dishes of substantial dimensions, in the discussion of which all seemed fully to participate. When these were removed, and as the lighter condiments succeeded to adorn the table, conversation regained the ascendancy. The inner man, well satisfied with the treatment he had received at the hands of his host, began to speak out in sentiments of noble thought or quiet converse, as the subject demanded.

"Know you, Cresus, Cassander?" asked Leucones, one of the guests.

"Nay," replied the Athenian, "I do not mind me of him ; who is he?"

He is in himself a right worthy fellow as any in Ephesus," answered Leucones, "and he is, moreover, the son of the Archon Patricles, of whom our noble host can tell thee much that is great."

"Aye," said Menephron, on hearing the allusion to himself, "a soul more free from the vile trash that afflicts humanity, than the soul of Patricles, is not within the walls of Ortygia. Had you seen and heard him, to-day, in the Forum, Cassander, you would tell them in Athens to come to Ephesus and hear a man."

"And, I doubt not, Athens would listen to a man with as many ears as Ephesus," returned Cassander ; "but I heard the name of Patricles passing in honeyed speech from mouth to mouth, as I sought the Forum, to hear the case upon the tablet. One said, "Didst thou hear Patricles? a man, by the gods ! a man, more than all Ephesus." And another said, "Noble Patricles, he hath

ransomed the poor boy, and taken care of the little girl." A third cried out, "I would like to send an enemy of his to the infernals, if he had one." And a broad-shouldered smith, moving like a Colossus among the crowd, raised his huge fist, and swore by the temple that Patricles was the first man in Ephesus, and he dared any one to say nay; while the buzz of sweet names by which they called him made me fear for him, the sun would turn all this sweet to vinegar."

"You read well, Cassander," returned Menephron; "it was only a moon since they were going to throw this same great Ephesian into the *Ægean*, for withstanding their fury against an unprotected alien."

"I like the man already," said Cassander, "and hope to make the friendship of his son."

"I bade him to sup this evening with thee, here," said Troilus; "our host desired it;—but Cresus, I fear, is endeavoring to untie the knot he ought to cut; and, before it is done, he will be dragged by its coils into the shades. I tried to tell him so this morn, but he feared me, as a thing he dare not touch without infection. Poor Cresus! a noble fellow, and a true; he'll love me yet for that very infection he now fears. A great mind is ever most fearful of consequences beyond its vision; but, once committed to the deep, it ploughs the fathomless profound with majestic strokes—nay, laughs at the puny ones who lured it from the unwholesome land, and challenged it, first, to strike the rolling wave. Once, I thus challenged Cresus to plunge with me into the *Ægean* waters. He urged me from it, but I would not be refused—nay, would not. I dared him strike toward Sa-

mos. He bade me be content, and he would call me victor. I chafed at so much odds without my deserving; and I dared him, as he valued my friendship. We leaped into the sea, and he played around me in circles; while I, vexed with my own tardiness, wearied, and would have sunk, had he not lent me his support."

"Bravo, Cresus!" cried Menephron; and his guests, at his request, held their cups to the honor of Cresus.

"But, tell me, good Menephron," said Cassander, "if thou knowest, the import of the first case upon the tablet to-day? I have heard of it in part, but I would know all. It concerns the Temple,—does it not?"

"It is a case, Cassander, of deep and daring import," commenced Menephron. "Such another case as that you have told me of the noble Socrates, who, holding up to the mind of Athens the silly nonsense of the Sophists, raised against himself the learned herd, who fattened and grew proud upon the ignorance of their base followers, who, with one mighty rush, o'erwhelmed the tranquil spirit of the great philosopher, and drowned him in a bowl of hemlock! The case you saw upon the tablet to-day, is only intended for another scene in the tragedy of the Temple. But, if we are true, we shall defeat the villanous plot, and hurl it back upon its sanctiform projectors. The action is brought, on the application of the priests of the Temple, against Hezmen, an Egyptian by birth, but now an Ephesian, by residence only."

"I would know somewhat of Hezmen," said Cassander, inquiringly.

"Hezmen," continued Menephron, without seeming to notice the remark of Cassander, "Hezmen being known

to come from Egypt, is supposed, without the Temple, to know somewhat of the history of its gods; and, because he refuses to substantiate every foolish story told by the priests, he is pronounced by them an unbeliever, charged with treason against the powers of the commonwealth, and is to be tried, as an alien enemy to the religion and laws of Ephesus.* I would have you know him, Cassander. In five days more will be the first day of the second decade of June. Come, then, and sup with me here. I will have Cresus and Hezmen. Troilus, be you here also, and each and all of you, my friends, I would see you all. And if the noble Patricles be not better served with some good work or entertainment, he will honor my hall, and swell the pleasure of our company. Be in mind, my friends, and to our friendship, and the Great Unknown, again add this."

And the archon, as he concluded, held forth his cup, as did all his guests; and the lovely wine-bearer, now trembling from the excitement which the incidents of the evening had thrown her into, filled each cup.

Troilus looked with an expression of meaning tenderness, and met its meet return clad in the blushes of detected love. The princess wine-bearer filled his cup, and tried to smile amid her confusion, as she now retreated from the hall.

The guests again held their cups in silence—looked to the suspended rose before them—felt again the strong cement of friendship, which bound together, in a single flower, the hands and hearts and intellects of men—tossed their cups upward—returned them empty to the table—and rose, in joyous friendship, to depart.

CHAPTER XI.

A SOLITARY PEDESTRIAN.—IT WAS HEZMEN THE EGYPTIAN!—THE FATHER OF IO THE BEAUTIFUL.—THE DISCOVERY.—CRESUS THE SON OF PATRICLES.—DEAD DID YOU SAY?—IO COULD NOT REST.—THERE IS FOR ME SOME OTHER DESTINY.

THE light of a glorious moon was falling softly on the Ægean waters, and glimmering through the scarcely moving leaves of the green adorning of the mountain.

A man of good proportions and thoughtful brow gave the password to the night-guard of the Magnesian Gate, and passed on. His manner, as he walked, was moody. When he gained the open scene of the mountain road he took off his hat, and pressed his right hand tightly on his brow, as though he would relieve its aching. Apparently relieved, he threw up his head, and the moonbeams fell in their fullest brightness upon a countenance of noble thought. He was evidently a man of more than forty years; the vigor of youth stood out in every feature, notwithstanding the deep traces of care and thought which intersected the region of his eyes. These latter were expressive of no ordinary penetration. He turned his glance toward the moon, and seemed as though he would read, like the handwriting of a friend, every lineament of its phase. He looked with a stern and piercing look into the clear blue sky, as though he would scan some distant object, lost in the immensity of space.

He looked around upon the mellowing moonlit scene that lay around and underneath him ; then he seemed to have attained the consummation of his intense regard, and the sternness of his features relaxed, and his countenance spread into a genial smile, over which the moonlight played, as it may be seen upon the smooth surface of some placid lake.

He revelled thoughtfully in the silent beauty before him, but moved on, in a slow and careless step, in the direction of the mansion where Cresus lay. He turned off the road, and followed the winding pathway through the trees which led to the spot where Cresus fell. He passed through the gate from which the fair preserver of Cresus had skipped forth. He stooped over the favorite flowers, watered by the soft hand of their fairer mistress, and the pleasures of some strong associations seemed to hold him in unresisted bondage, as he lingered over those tender plants, and scented the fragrance of their fair but fragile offspring. "Too like," he muttered—"too true!—too true! Oh, Io, may heaven protect you, my own—my Ophilia's daughter. Heaven save thee, if aught should happen to me. The Invisible One will guard thy beauty and thy innocence, and thy mind of Nature's own luxuriant truth. I fear no more!"—and, saying so, he raised himself to his full stature, and stepped, like the master of the sod on which he trod, to the entrance of the mansion. It was the master himself—it was Hezmen, the Egyptian—it was the father of Io! Io, the beautiful! the mistress of that charming spot. Hezmen loved his daughter Io. It might be because he thought in her he still preserved a living likeness of her

mother, Ophilia; or, it might be because Io was, in herself, lovely and loveable. He would have loved a being like Io—a being of nature, of beauty, and love—though she came from the antipodes. How much more his own sweet daughter—Ophilia's child, and only memento.

He rapped upon the door with his well known rap, and it seemed instantly to fly open. His servants loved his appearance, waited to throw themselves in his way, and demonstrate their happiness and their affection by anticipating his commands, saving him even the trouble of speech. Nor were their voluntary attentions thrown away upon one unable to appreciate the fountain of human affection in the slave, the domestic, any less than in his equal. He made them happy with a look of contentment. Without even the labor of a word he made them to bound with the spirit of delight. It cost him nought to give, and yet it made them happier than the possession of fortunes. Oh! rare economy! when will proud man, born to command, or thrown by some fitful accident into the master's shoes, when will he learn thy powers and thy pleasures?

As Hezmen passed along to his study he observed a light in the hospitalia, and asking what was its occasion, he was told the story of the stranger youth from the city, found senseless in the grove, and conveyed by the orders of the mistress into the house, and cared for. Hezmen was well satisfied with the hospitality observed in his absence, and went to see the sick youth.

On entering the apartment softly, he found the doctor slumbering on a couch near to the door, and his patient still breathing heavily, as he lay upon a couch at

the farther side of the room. He approached the youth, whose countenance was still flushed with a consuming fever. In a moment, however, he recognized the son of his friend.

"What," he exclaimed, "the high-born son of the noble Patricles! from whose hospitality I have just now returned."

His voice aroused the slumbering doctor, who frightened by the sudden noise of speech, cried out, "Dead! did you say? for what? I killed him not! good youth—he thought too much. Sir, sir; good Hezmen—oh, 'tis you, I have waited for you—wearied in watching—poor youth, I feared that rank congestion; dead; ah! 'tis the decree—beyond the skill of man—well, so goes mortality; alas! dead, did you say, sir?"

"Nay, doctor, I said not so; he breathes; but burns in fever; yet he lives—aye, good doctor, he lives to be a man. I have supped this even with his noble father. This offshoot of so great a star must not perish in the flooding sap of future greatness; mark you, doctor, how he burns! good Heaven! fan his spirit with the breeze of thy soothing power. Can I aid thee, doctor, in any useful office?"

"No, worthy Hezmen; take thy rest."

"Then I will leave you; but bear in mind, good doctor, my house is at thy bidding on the instant; spare none if you need assistance; and send to me if there be aught occasion."

Hezmen retired to rest, and the mansion was soon wrapped in the repose of silent night. The stillness of the midhour brooded over the sleeping world without.

The solitariness of non-existence reigned. The insect myriads had couched themselves in nature's lap, slumbering away between the setting and the rising sun one-half of their existence. The clustering trees presented only the appearance of dark and uninteresting masses. The beds of varied flowers lay wrapped in a shroud of undistinguishable beauty. The moon, retiring in the west, seemed also sinking into the repose of a slumbering world; and the still waters of the sea grew shadowless and black as the islands now indistinctly seen. The silent hour grew deeper in its silence. The thought went out, and seemed to wander on and on, yet never find a resting-place.

Io had sought in vain to sink into that sweet repose which captivated busy nature, and bade all beings rest. She had turned her head upon her pillow in restless anxiety, and turned again and again, but vainly. She heard the approach of her parent whom she loved intensely; but now a new feature manifested itself in her feelings. She was in no wise anxious to speak with him as usual before retiring, and bid him, with a kiss, good night.

Another object occupied her thoughts, another feeling pervaded her soul; a feeling new and somewhat strange. In her soul, mingled now the elements of all past thought; conjecture, wonder, doubt, hope, pleasure, pain, strangely were they melted by the fire of love into one undefined compound. It mingled with the coursing blood; it thrilled her heart with its loud pulsations; it painted on the tablet of the brain a thousand blissful images, each one displacing the other in quick succession; and all indistinct, unrealized. The dream of those wa-

king hours surpassed in ideality the visions of her life. Dissatisfied with her shadowy thoughts, alarmed at finding herself cast upon the bosom of a shoreless ocean, she arose from her couch, threw open the window of her room looking out upon the shrouded landscape, and sought to cool her throbbing temples in the cool air of night.

"Oh," said she, in a faint whisper, as she threw herself half out of the window, "what would I not give to be that pale moon sinking to rest in the western sky; or were I even an unconscious flower, I would breathe away my fragrance on the passing breeze, and care for no other love than His who gave me being. I would live in his light, sleep as do my pretty flowers yonder, beneath His spangled canopy; and return to Him in the sweet fragrance whose wings invisible He has strangely formed. But I am not a flower, nor unconscious of the moving world around me. My heart is kindred to others. There must be a heart kindred to mine. I am not the moon, made to revolve in solitary rounds—in endless silent solitude; ever looking down into the same dark scene, unless when lost in the ocean of daylight. I would not be the moon, nor yet a flower. I would not be unconscious of passing life; I would not be free from pleasure and pain, if they must go together. Oh, no. I have been like the flower, breathing my life away in aimless pleasure; living to live. Then, I was unconscious of the pleasures of life; I would be so no more. I like better the sharp and stinging incidents of living which vary the monotony of existence. I have found, at last, something to hope for, to live for, to think about. Hitherto, like the passing

flower, I have had nothing to live for. Had I been asked why I lived, I could not tell. I suppose I lived to live. But why to live? Then, I suppose I lived to die! That cannot be all; there is for me some other destiny. My heart now tells me I have some other end. There are pleasures of life; there may be pains of life; but I am assured, now, that the activity of life demands my thoughts."

She returned to her couch, threw herself carelessly upon it, and, somewhat calmed by the reflections and the coolness in which she had indulged, fell into a light but placid slumber.

CHAPTER XII.

IO STARTED FROM HER SLUMBER.—HOW DID HE SPEAK ?—IO BLUSHED, AND ANSWERED “HE IS SICK.”—THE DESTINY OF PROGRESSION.—WHAT IS DESTINY ?—CRESUS RECOVERS HIS CONSCIOUSNESS.—IO WALKS AS USUAL THROUGH HER GROUNDS.

THE gray light of the morning had brightened into the still soft fulness of the growing day. Life was again moving in its buzzing activity. The gayety of animated being called upon man, the head of its countless columns, to awake, go forth, and refresh his thoughts with the freshness of young life ; and regale his eyes with the silent beauty of unfolding nature, and hear the universal praise which rose in one unbroken hymn of humming melody.

Eudocia tapped gently at the door of her mistress, and Io started from her slumber, fresh and beautiful as the stirring scene without.

“Come in, Eudocia,” she said in a sweet and silvery voice ; “what news do you bring me ?”

But, as Eudocia threw open the door and entered, the question might have been deemed as unnecessary as a wordy answer would have been tedious.

Io read upon the joyous countenance of her devoted slave the welcome answer to her anxious question. “Oh,” she exclaimed, “he is better, I know he is better ; tell me, Eudocia, have you seen him ?”

"No," replied Eudocia, "but I have heard his voice, and the doctor says he is very much better."

"You say you heard his voice—how did he speak, and what did he say? tell me, Eudocia."

"His voice was soft and full; and he repeated, 'brighter! brighter! I know it.'"

"And the doctor said he was better? Has my father risen?"

"I met him going to the hospitalia to see the stranger."

Io hastened her simple toilette, to meet her father at their morning repast. As she descended to the triclinium, or breakfast-room, she met Hezmen returning from his visit to the invalid; the doctor accompanied him, and they were soon partaking together of the wholesome and substantial food which covered the table.

"You tell me he is the son of the noble Patricles," said the doctor, addressing Hezmen.

"Yes," returned the latter; "I know him to be so called, though I have not personal acquaintance with him. His noble father spoke to me last evening concerning his great promise, and he thought him gone to sup with some friend. I have seen him with Troilus, a sprightly Ephesian of good parts and independent character."

"Know you Troilus?" asked the doctor.

"Nay, but I desire his acquaintance. Menephron has bade me to meet him, but I have been hindered. I hope, however, to meet him on the first of the next decade. The worthy Menephron asks me to sup with his friends on that evening."

"You say the name of my patient is Cresus," remarked the doctor.

"So I have heard it," returned Hezmen.

"He is doing well; he was almost himself before he fell into that heavy sleep wherein you saw him. When next he wakes, I hope to see him fully recovered."

"Then," said Hezmen, "it is useless alarming his fond parent, until he is himself again, if you deem him so near recovery; what think you, doctor?"

"You are right," he answered.

Io sat in thoughtful silence, less interested in partaking the repast before her than in hearing the passing conversation.

Hezman marked her great thoughtfulness, and smiling on her, said, "Well, Io, my daughter, is aught the matter, that you wear the garment of care upon your face?"

"Only, sir," she replied, with artless innocence, "I hope the stranger will soon be well."

"Does he cost you so much thought, Io?" asked the father.

Io blushed deeply, as she answered, "Oh, you know, sir, he is sick."

"True, Io, you always commiserate the suffering; but let me tell you, my daughter, there is more here than suffering. There is greatness, and goodness, and truth, and right; a youth with the universe upon his shoulders; a mind bursting with the volume of its thoughts, consuming with the fire of its innate elements. I have his history, and I know his malady. The destiny of progression has laid its silent finger upon his heart, and

pointed him onward. He fears to move, and yet the destiny is inexorable."

"Tell me, sir," said Io, "what is this destiny?"

"A question, my daughter, of deep significance," Hezmen continued; "would you know its answer fully, you must stand in the temple, and feel the cords of a base and degrading superstition circling your limbs; you must fall upon your face in abject crawling, and wait the bidding of a fellow mortal before you dare arise. Thy mind, that noble element of divine similitude, born to the liberty of light—the beauteous light, the varied light, that paints ten thousand shades of varied oneness—thy mind must feel itself hedged in by gloomy dogmas, by barbed spears, by sharp-pointed and unyielding errors; by denunciations of powerful orders; by the sword of the commonwealth, seized in the ruthless grasp of a spiritual tyranny. Yes, Io, my daughter, you must feel all this, ere you can know, fully, the answer to your question, 'what is destiny?' It is the stern principle of right in man, urging him against the rough, the pointed, the death-charged walls of his prison! It is the growth of nature, as when a tree, confined in a narrow casing, swells and bursts its confines, or else grows into a distorted monster of the vegetable world. It is the voice of the Great One, speaking through the mind he has formed, as he has created the tree, commanding it, in the tone of irresistible Omnipotence, to increase and grow. May heaven spare thee, Io, the full knowledge of this dread destiny! But it is not a matter for human option. If it comes, it comes! and man, the rougher being, must yield to its influence, and ad-

vance onward and onward! And the lovelier mind of woman, with her soft and gentle nature, touched by this stern element, throws off its accustomed timidity, asserts the truth in the face of a thousand dangers, and advances not a whit behind the rougher spirits of her race.

"Io, my daughter, never shrink from the straightforward, honorable course, when it lies clearly before you. In doubt, wait until the mist disperses. In certainty, hesitate not a moment. In decision there is safety. Parley, and you are lost. Should aught occasion arise, wherein your own judgment alone is to guide, then take this rule, and weave it well in thy thoughts—truth and honor before life! A true heart fears naught. A mind, reaching boldly towards the great destiny of its being, sees no danger, though arrows thicken the storm, or spears in myriads glisten in the sun! Fear is the attribute of the hypocrite! Sincerity fears naught—is ever brave—looks to the end from the beginning, and cares not how short may be the road that leads it there. This courage pertains to woman as to man. The mother, sincere in the preservation of her offspring, braves terrific dangers—mounts the unexplored height—scales cliffs, deemed by prudent man impassable—sets her lacerated foot upon the overhanging rock—reaches the eagle's heights—hears the young eaglets cry for the vengeful aid of the birds of power—snatches her infant from their midst—rescues it from a fate deemed certain—descends the fearful height, hanging from rock to rock, until, safe again upon the plain, she fondles her little treasure in unbounded joy, and shudders at the dangers of her

daring, dangers till then unseen by her. Thus, Io, I have seen a mother face danger the most terrible, for her offspring. It was her destiny, had she perished in it. Thus will every mind, sincere in its own being, rescue from the vultures of human selfishness and human error the offspring of thought given it by the Great One, in whom terminates all destiny."

"Thank you, sir; you are kind to my dullness; I think I comprehend your meaning," said Io; and the beauty of ideal perfection seemed at the moment to bathe her glowing countenance in its bright halo. Her soul looked forth from its rolling orbs, in love and resolution strangely blended. The inspiration of her father's words had recalled her wandering thoughts, had laid a new foundation for the floating elements of her unsettled being. Her mind, before tossed upon the waves of changing thought, now steadied by the weight of proper ballast, felt itself righted in the breeze, and answered again to the helm as of old.

"Doctor," said Hezmen, "I will, if need be, rest me to-day with your patient, and thus relieve you from your watching, provided it please you."

"As you will, sir," replied the doctor, "if we find him as I trust we shall."

"Then let us to the test," returned Hezmen; and they arose and went to the apartment where Cresus still lay.

As they entered the apartment, the doctor's expectations were fully realized. The fever had passed away; the heavy slumber that succeeded it had proved a salutary symptom. Cresus lay, rolling his eyes from object

to object around the room, endeavoring, if possible, to recognize some clue to an explanation of his position—where he was, or how he came there.

“Leave him to me,” said Hezmen, softly, to the doctor. The latter retired, while the Egyptian advanced to Cresus, holding forth his hand, and saying, “I bid you welcome back again, son of my friend.”

“Where am I? Where have I been? What is the matter?” said Cresus, wonderingly.

“You are in the house of a friend of the noble Patricles, of one who would be your friend also.”

“Oh! I mind me now of your appearance—are you not Hezmen?” asked Cresus.

“I am.”

“How came I here? Is this your dwelling?”

“This is my dwelling, and I am happy in entertaining a youth I so much honor without personal acquaintance with him.”

“I am puzzled! How came I here, worthy sir?”

“I came from thy father’s house, where I supped to mine honor and pleasure yestereve; and, arrived here, I found you as you now are, but consuming with a fever, and the doctor by thee. For the rest, it will be told to thee as it was to me.”

Cresus lay some minutes in silence; then, seeming to recollect himself, on a sudden he said, “Now I do remember somewhat strange coming upon me before the night. I did not come here of mine own will. But I thank you, worthy Hezmen, for your care and hospitality.”

“Pay your thanks where they belong, my friend; I

would have done so much for you, but it was not mine to do. I came and found thee here," returned the Egyptian. "But strengthen yourself with such wholesome food as you may relish, and at even we will talk over the past. I have engagements of import in the city, and I will see your father, the noble Patricles, whom I shall set at rest for your absence. My house is yours, so long as it please you to rest, and the fresh air of these grounds will profit your health more in hours than the hot city would in days ; so rest you in peace."

"I thank you, again," said Cresus, "and shall be holden to you in honorable service for the great kindness of your house ; and if you speak with my father, whom I would not occasion anxiety on my behalf, I will rest me here in easy contentment.

Hezmen parted. Cresus lay endeavoring to remember the incidents which preceded his long sleep, but he could not get far beyond his meeting with Troilus. While thus engaged, a servant entered with light refreshments suitable for him, and evidently prepared with much care, and happily agreeing with his palate, as appeared by the manner of his relishing.

Io, much composed by the manner and sentiments of her beloved parent, went, as was her custom, to visit her little kingdom, in which busy, bustling life marshalled its myriads and demanded the whole attention of its lovely queen : while the silent beauty of unfolding loveliness seemed to languish, hurt by her inattention, if she passed them by without observation.

CHAPTER XIII.

IO READS THE LIVING PAGES OF NATURE.—CREBUS, REGAINING STRENGTH, WANDERED ON AND ON, UNTIL SURPRISED, HE STANDS BEFORE THE LOVELY IO.—A SCENE OF INTENSE DELIGHT.—“OH!”—THE EFFECT OF AN INTERJECTION.—NATURE, THOU ART GOOD.—A CONVERSATION AND A SCENE.

THE scene was the same—the morning similar to other mornings of bright and joyous sunshine, whereon Io had skipped from flower to flower, or insect to insect;—the same as when like a sylph she glided through the living scene, thoughtless in mirth, happy in innocence, beautiful as nature in her multiform rays. The scene was the same, but not so Io. She was as beautiful, but not so mirthful nor so varied. She was as innocent, but not so thoughtlessly happy. A new era had opened itself out to her view. She read more deeply from the book of nature than she had ever done before. The vast volume of being lay before her, and she strove to penetrate its deep profounds. She looked upon the painted flower, and thought how short was its duration. She heard the buzzing insect, and said, it is but the requiem of its forgotten being, now waiting for the end of that tiny buzz to envelope it in invisible nonentity. The wondrous mechanism of a leaf attracted her attention; she scanned its veins, the arteries of its unconscious life, and she

traced, in every branching line, the strange destiny of development. Two feathered lovers hopped before her, and chirped to each other, in the language of the grove, some tale of love. They had never met before; yet some stern attraction bade them love each other; some unforeseen fatuity had brought them together perchance from distant regions.

Thus Io read, from the living pages before her, lessons of profound wisdom. Not the dusty and oft distorted wisdom of libraries and philosophers, but fresh, living, palpable, seen and felt, as it filled the mind with a flood of light, or enlivened the blood with some stirring thought!

Io seated herself upon a grass mound under the shade of some trees near the end of the garden, and resigned herself to those varied reflections. Cresus, finding himself alone and much better, arose, and being soon attired, passed out of the mansion to enjoy the fresh and exhilarating morning air in the garden. A servant would have accompanied him, as he appeared weak when he walked, but he preferred his own company, and bade him stay. Having paced around some of the walks near the house, he felt so much strengthened that he ventured down the winding path to the end of the garden. He soon, among the trees which thickly skirted the path, lost sight of the mansion; and his thoughts, much subdued by the violence of the fever which had just left him, resumed the great subjects wherein, on the previous day, he had lost himself.

He thus proceeded, until turning a corner in his path, made by the thick clustering of choice roses beneath the

friendly branches of an acacia, he stood, in undisguised astonishment, before the lovely Io! who, in turn, was no less surprised. But there he stood, and there she sat! both, apparently, bereft of the power of motion, or of speech; bewilderment marked on either countenance—confusion rather. The color of the roses mantled both their cheeks, as they gazed into each other's eyes;—consuming each other's spirit;—drinking in as it were in a silent gaze the elements of each other's being. Neither thought of speech; neither thought of apology, as they gazed upon each other in silent ecstasy of pleasure. Words would have palled upon their tongues. The noisy language of the base crowd would have frightened the mild spirit of love that hovered o'er them, shedding its captivating rays on either countenance—blending, as spirit blends with spirit, the two beings known to the eye as Io and Ceresus.

How long they stood there, is a matter of no consequence. It was but a unit of time, of idea, of thought, of being. There was no division in it. It was an indivisible idea,—hence, there was in it no time. It was love, not time. Had it been a thousand years, it were still but a unit; an instant, unperceived in its passing! Its length, as much unknown when gone, as though it were the twinkling of an eye. So relative is time!—so fictitious is duration!—so strange is our humanity!—so wonderful the essential elements which surround us!

It is hard to say how long they might have thus remained, looking at each other in silent admiration, had not Eudocia come tripping along as it were on the wings of joy, to tell her mistress the good news: that the young

stranger was then so much better as to be able to walk in the garden. She had gone round by another path, and came in sight of Io and Cresus, at a little distance. She was near enough, however, to catch their attention, as, in wonderment, she cried, "Oh!"

With that eager anticipation of the wishes of her mistress which characterized Eudocia, she turned and skipped away again, more happy than she had ever been before, because she had seen the lovely Io, her adored mistress, and the young stranger together. And yet, the innocent slave could not tell why she so delighted in that simple sight. She had witnessed the agitation and the deep interest of Io in the stranger unknown; and now, perhaps, she thought, all the cause of that agitation and interest would be realized.

Be that as it may, Eudocia speedily disappeared through the trees, leaving Io and Cresus now recalled from the fascination of each other's eyes. Cresus advanced a step toward Io, as she still sat on the green mound, and with much trepidation in his voice, said, "Will you pardon me for this intrusion on your solitude?"

Io's confusion became almost overwhelming on hearing herself addressed by the youth who had awoke in her heart its first knowledge of the sensation of love. But through the deep blush that suffused her cheeks, she threw upon him a smile of assurance, which instantly banished from the mind of Cresus the slightest tendency to that uneasy fear which often reacts upon an anxious mind, after some unlooked for incident has given occasion to a bold avowal to the object of its love.

Cresus felt answered. No second fear clouded his

brow. That silent smile, like the bursting sunbeam through the dark summer cloud, dispelled the momentary shadow ; and the gay beauty of his lovely companion seemed to reflect its brightness upon his countenance. And thus, again, did they reflect each the other's joy—the other's life—the other's happiness. He, in his fine proportions, stood, wrapped in the comeliness of his manhood ; she, with her feminine grace, rested upon the rich ottoman of Nature's handiwork—and one congenial atmosphere wrapped in its soft and pliant folds these two forms of living nature—wooed by each other without words, and won without art.

Oh, Nature, thou art good—and thou art great ! Happiness is the portion thou dost deal out to thy creatures—bliss to thy sons and thy daughters. Who follows thee follows truth—for thou art the offspring of truth ; who reflects thee, reflects beauty—for thou art essential loveliness ! Man, nurtured in thy lap, grows to the full stature of manhood ; woman, softened by thy graces, controls the world—holds in subjection to her will the fiercest spirits of humanity—melts into love, and charity, and goodness the reckless sons of earth—satisfies, with one fond look, the great spirit of the towering aspirant—and redeems from the desolation of hopeless insanity the noble intellect of ascending man.

"It matters not your name—but I think you are Io, the daughter of Hezmen," said Cresus, as he fell upon one knee by her side, and took her lovely hand in his.

"I am Io," she answered sweetly ; "and I know, now, that you are Cresus, the son of Patricles. But I knew not who you were when I first saw you lying in the grove."

"Oh, then, you are my preserver! It is to you I owe the thanks I would have given your father this morn. Happy—thrice happy am I. I need not tell you how I thank you—the devotion of a life may hardly prove it. Io, fair one, who cared for me in my unconsciousness, I would hear from your own lips the story of my finding. I am yet almost a stranger to myself; but heaven has sent me you to make me know myself. Oh, strange delight!—why am I thus blessed? I sought knowledge, and have found happiness—bliss unthought of! Tell me, fair one, of my finding."

Io listened during this burst of passionate love and gratitude, and her countenance beamed with the radiant ecstasy of her own joy, in the interchange of love which passed between them. She raised Cresus from his position, which implied supplication, and, moving slightly, bade him be seated beside her, while she repeated the story of his finding.

There, side by side and hand in hand, seated on the grass mound, beneath the clustering foliage of overhanging verdure, and surrounded by the fragrant beauty of countless flowers, Io and Cresus sat, themselves the all-absorbing picture amid the loveliness of surrounding nature. And why? Because fair Nature herself seemed in them to have assumed a concentrated form of loveliness—of sincerity—of truth. They had never heard of the "Art of Love." There was no pretence of modesty covering the deep designs of a final capture. There was no prim fastidiousness, to give an impression of "genteel breeding," or "first society." No cautious weighing of words, in fear of a commitment. Neither

thought of better fortune in some new arrival. The heart of each was free of other love—was single, solitary in the world of hearts; had neither joy nor hope beyond the other;—and thus, as they sat, side by side and hand in hand, their feelings centred in each other, their happiness was one, and their hopes were interwoven in each other's destiny.

Who can estimate the noiseless, the unostentatious bliss of two beings thus finding each in the other the fulness of its desires—the realization of more than its dreams—exceeding beyond measure its most visionary transport.

Io heard with rapture the sentiment of devotion which fell from the lips of Cresus. No word was lost. Every syllable was an imperishable diamond, which she treasured in her memory, to be brought into the light at pleasure, and delight her in the varied colors of its import. When he spoke of bliss the word seemed to burn in her eyes like some spirit fire—its soft flame rising and curling in the breath of a zephyr. It was the fire of love—but the spirit of intelligence, of thought looked through the soft flame. Nay, it was that look, that spirit-look, which subdued the fierce element, softened its destructive fury, and bade it burn, yet not consume. But when the lovely one opened her lips, and, in accents rendered still more melodious than their wont by the emotions of love which then agitated her, began to relate the incidents of his finding, Cresus, in his turn, lost sight of every surrounding object. Time and place had vanished from his existence. What to him were ages compared with these vast moments of his life! What to

him were the fragments of beauty which lay scattered around him, when he had before him, in his eye, in his heart, in the beautiful Io, one perfect idea of loveliness ; admitting in his eye no improvement—incapable of any want—including in its round proportions all essential beauty. Nor was the place to him of more importance. With Io as his companion, no place could now be void of beauty—without her, no place could now be pleasing.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ASPIRATIONS OF MAN.—ETHEREAL BEING CONDESCENDING TO AN EARTHLY FORM.—IO AND CRESUS.—BEAUTY AND LOVE.—CRESUS INSPIRED WITH DARING THOUGHTS.—“AND I, TOO,” SAID IO.—HE LEAVES HER TO SEEK HEZMEN.

MAN aspires to something more than lifeless and spiritless beauty. His spirit craves the genius of its own order. He admires a Phidian marble, because it represents some nature of vast and expansive heart—whose spirit has passed away from its gentle form. But point him to the living, acting, thinking, sympathising model—the being who inspired the great artist by her beauty—and he flings aside, as useless rubbish, the cold stone representation of the life before him ; and he says to the lovers of fine arts, “Give me nature, and you may have the rest. Make, if you will, ten thousand models—but leave to me one clay-moulded form, whose heart beats warm to the pulsations of mine—whose spirit bears me company when I rise above the pettiness, the absurdities, the miseries of artificial life.”

There is a transport of joy in the congeniality of spirit-love, which beggars the wantonness of base and vulgar life. Once experienced, nay even dreamed of, the latter becomes an intolerable pest, which the mind rejects as the deep degradation of the heartless and spiritless myriads of human kind. The vast mountain of living

misery which rears itself before the eye of the philosopher and the statesman—demanding of the first the lowest place in the scale of animated being—of the latter, requiring penalties and prisons ; that dark mass, moving with the fullness of its innate life, is charged with the elements of this rare transport. It struggles for development—it gasps for life ; it groans, entombed amid the struggling mass ; it plunges in wild efforts to attain some undefined good. But it sinks again, in hopeless submission, into the moving world, and forgets for ever its destination to a lighter and a purer atmosphere.

The few who escape from this pestilence of ages are the really enviable ones of earth. Theirs is a life of joy ; theirs is a transport of living love ; theirs is a triune bliss ; theirs is an enjoyment varied as the endowments of full-formed man. Theirs is an endless pleasure of growing delight. Theirs is the life of ethereal being, condescending to an earthly form—to earthly habits, and earthly pleasures ! They are the gods of untold history—the humanities deemed by their fellows divine ; for that in their love there was spirit—there was the potency of towering thought—there was the element of invisible being, as well as the form of manliness.

Of that order of spirit-loving humanities were Io and Cresus. Between them, in electric current, that strangely assimilating medium, passed a succession of ideas, incomplete in each, but now, united, forming one great chain, reaching even to the unwritten joys of ethereal bliss. The vast riddles of the schools were told without a word. Time and duration were exploded. Eternity had an illustration. Perfection dawned upon the eyes of each.

The ultimate good, in the harmony of nature, was undeniable. Beauty and love had joined hands, and blended into one their two distinct but reciprocating elements. The Invisible was seen through the sensible organs of beauty and love thus combined. The voice of the Great One was heard as it breathed upon these living witnesses to his goodness—witnessing, each to the other, the vast fountain of interminable love. There was here no compromise to the expediency of art; no bargain and sale, for earthly trash, of the most sacred elements of human existence; no sacrifice of all that is of worth in man or woman to some idol of vanity—some petty ambition—some heartless cupidity—some transaction of convenience. Oh, no! It was a voluntary offering upon the altar of truth. It was beauty and love mingling in acceptable melody their voices of harmonious praise to the Great Unknown, in whom dwells all perfection of beauty and all boundlessness of love.

As Io proceeded in her narrative, and endeavored to describe the new and strange emotions which she felt on first seeing Cresus, as he lay unconscious in the grove, he understood more than she by words could communicate; he felt, beyond the depth of language, the sympathy of being which passed between them. Io felt that she was understood, knew that her deepest thoughts were fathomed; when language failed her, one look revealed the thought she would communicate.

“Is it not strange,” she asked, “that I should have felt, on seeing you, as though some sudden revolution of thought had broken in upon my mind, overwhelming me with its force?”

"Yes, Io, and is it not as strange," asked Cresus, "that the moment I turned that cluster of bushes, and came in sight of you, sitting here by yourself, wrapped in your own thoughts, I seemed in an instant to rend the darkness which was again gathering thick around me. By a miracle of light, as it were, I stood again in the sunlight, which brightens and glows around me. It lights up the obscurity of my thoughts; and I see, now fully, the mysteries that have hitherto crushed me. Yes, now I understand what I have been told, but could never comprehend. Again, Io, you have saved me. Twice my deliverer, are you not the good angel of my destiny, come to throw light upon my path, to whisper in my ears, forever, sweet and soothing words? to stimulate me in eternal joy? You are my angel! Io, you are the star of my hope, risen above the horizon of my life, never to set again! nay, words are but perishable things to tell the undying sentiments of my hopes and my joys. Did ever creation look to you so bright? was not this morning made for us, Io? Think you there ever was such a morning before? See! the Great One has descended! He has touched with new life all this surrounding loveliness. He has thrown a new robe over the worn garments of yonder flowers; I never saw such colors before, so bright and yet so soft; so varied and yet so harmonious; all seem like one, and yet they are countless! And see, Io, see, how the insects play and frolic in gayety; they seem to love as we do; who can measure their joys, their duration? I never thought before! I have lain under a mountain. Darkness has covered me. Now, I see! I see the

Great One in his works ! I can comprehend what love is. I can think, with you before my eyes, of angelic nature ; I can realize ethereal bliss, love undying, happiness untold. Nay, Io, is it not wonderful ; even this pleasant shade, formed by those green branches which hang over our heads, seem to me, now, like the mild canopy of his goodness. He has provided all this for us ! And made this soft ottoman, covered it with His own green cloth, which he renews with gentle and unconscious life, for us Io, all this for us !”

The melting loveliness of Io, as she listened to her companion, looking into his soul with her soft and swimming eyes, seemed to inspire him with a maddening rapture ; and nature might well appear to him clad in her newest and richest attire, when he thus, for the first time, viewed her through the halo of love ! Yet this was a natural medium through which to look. What is light, which gives such cheerfulness to the scene ? Or darkness, which envelopes in its mazy folds the varied beauty of the landscape ? What are these, but mediums of greater or of less degree, which give their own essential character to the objects over which they float. And what if the sublimer medium of love, with its own soft splendor, its living light, its harmonizing influence, its vast comprehensiveness, should descend upon some favored scene, where two solitary lovers sit, repeating to each other their simple tales, should wrap them for awhile in its ethereal softness and brightness ! Is it less natural, because less frequent, or less universal than the ordinary light of sunshine ? Nay, it costs not much more trouble to grow a lily than it does to grow a thistle.

In the pliant soil exist the elements of either ; and it much depends upon the gardener which shall grow. And in man—undistorted man—in man, before he sells himself, or barter away for some base indulgence, some vile avarice, the essential elements of life—in man there exists a vision, as natural for this sublime medium of love, as is the visible eye for the light of day.

“ Oh ! I see as you do, Cresus,” said Io, in a sweet and lively tone ; “ new beauty seems to rise from every object. Every fine morning, for years past, I have played or walked among these flowers, and along these paths. I thought myself happy ; I thought I had everything I could wish for. I was contented ; peace surrounded me, and kindness too. My father loved me, and Eudocia thought for me. Sometimes, it is true, my mind would wander into strange fancies ; but it always returned in peace to the duties and pleasures of my father’s house, and these pretty grounds, the flowers, the birds, the butterflies, and the grasshoppers. Yes, I was contented and happy ; but then, Cresus, I did not know you. I had not seen your face, as you lay in the grove ; I had not heard your voice, as when, just now, you told me of your happiness. Oh, had I known you were in the world, I should not have been so contented.”

“ And had I known you sooner, Io, I should have been saved from the dreadful ordeal of mental torture through which I have just passed. I have wandered alone, thus far in life, solitary in my own heart, with no companion but my own thoughts. They have led me on and on ! to the dread precipice where you found me ; and I should have tumbled headlong into the abyss of

mystery, which stretched itself before me, had you not so strangely been sent to my deliverance. Your eyes, by some unaccountable magic influence, have thrown the light of truth upon my darkness. And now my doubts and my terrors are absorbed in one great mystery—the mystery of the Great One.”

“Is that the mystery of which my father speaks?” asked Io, innocently.

“The same, I believe; for I have been told there are bold spirits in Ephesus, who dare to deny the doctrines of the Temple, and I have heard the name of the worthy Hezmen told with others.”

Io trembled with an inward shudder, as she heard the name of her beloved parent mentioned in opposition to the Temple, and yet she knew not why.

Cresus continued, “He is right, Io, I know now that he is right. Now, I mind me, I feared to listen to Troilus. But Troilus is wiser than I was. Now, I know it. I am, henceforth, one with Hezmen. Io, we have a great work to do. The destiny calls us, and we dare not disobey it. I must leave you.”

Io started as though the ground had exploded beneath her feet. She stood erect before Cresus, who was still sitting on the green-covered mound. She was more than beautiful. The daring of innocence and truth radiated from her countenance, as though it were already the centre, the warmth, the life of some moving system of minds.

“Why should you leave me, Cresus?” she asked.

“I would join Hezmen, your father,” he replied, as he rose to his feet.

"But can you not await him here? he will return early this evening, knowing you are here."

"Nay, Io, do not urge me to delay."

"Has my company then so soon grown tiresome?" she asked, despondingly.

"Nay, nay, my angel, my Io, it is for the sake of your company I would go. I would prove myself worthy of Hezmen's daughter, of you, Io; I would prove myself worthy of your company forever. I have yet done nothing—been an empty blank among my fellows—walked in my own thoughts—lived in my own life—well nigh died in my own darkness. Hezmen's daughter has saved me, and I will be one with the worthy Hezmen. I must find him, ere the sun sets, and claim his fellowship. I will see you soon again, Io. The memory of this glorious day shall ever be the sweetest and the greatest of my life—farewell," said he, and he kissed her tenderly. He was hastening towards the gate, which led out of the garden into the grove; he was evidently in a race with irresolution, deeming it still doubtful which would win.

Io stood a moment in thought; then, skipping after him, cried, "Stop, Cresus, stop;" he wheeled in an instant and waited for her.

"I would go with you," she said, as she came up to him.

"Nay, I do not think it would be wise," he answered.

"Is there aught of danger to my father?"

"If there is, I will be by his side," said Cresus; for he could not voluntarily deceive one, in whom now centred all his soul; and he could not say nay, for he was

aware of the action pending against the fortune, the liberty, and it might prove, the life of Hezmen the Egyptian.

"And I, too," said Io, resolutely, and her swimming eyes dilated, as though her bounding soul would leap from its dwelling-place, and hasten with Cresus to the side of her loved parent.

"Nay, hear me, Io," responded Cresus with earnest tenderness. "I would not deny you aught; my life is yours, my heart is already in your hands, and it is because I love you better than my life that I would now leave you. With honor, I dare not stay, though every feeling within me would hold me by your side. The voice of a stern command bids me act as becomes the friend of the worthy Hezmen. Io, my angel, so newly found, and so soon to be parted from, your spirit will go with me, will commune with my thoughts, will whisper encouragement and hope, and in triumph I will return to claim your love, your company for ever."

"But I would go with you to my father," said Io, looking at him imploringly.

"Your presence, fair Io, would only hinder us," answered Cresus, "for I could do nought but look at your sweet face; and your father would see in you more temptation to depart from his path, than all his enemies could throw before him. Nay, Io, content you here, and your father will come to you; and I will come again, and sit by your side, and we shall be happy."

"Well, if it is best so, farewell," said Io; and Cresus, smiling gratefully upon the fair one, thus sweetly submitting to what she deemed best, snatched another kiss and hurried through the gate.

In a few minutes he was on the road to the city. But how changed were the objects of his life, from what they had been when on the morning of the previous day he had walked leisurely and carelessly along the same road, wrapped in himself, blind to surrounding beauty, as though it lived not, or he were sightless. Then, his mind turned inward; there was for him no external world, no relation to fellow being; no duty beyond the indulgence of his own thoughts, no incentive to action, no aim in existence. Now, the scene was changed; his thoughts expanded, his revelations multiplied. Here was love, there was respect; yonder affection, around him duty. The attraction of human brotherhood now drew him into the great circle of life; he was now intensely interested in all that pertained to its grand tendencies. The beauties of the *Ægean* scenery were now to him like the massive volumes of some untold wisdom, laid open before his view. They told him, in palpable eloquence, the kind regard, the visible goodness of the Great One, whose oneness was itself apparent in the universal goodness which covers the external world, and animates the pliant particles of matter. They told him that one spirit presided over the varied forms of substance; that same spirit which had drawn his heart in resistless love to the heart of *Io*, and caused them to beat with one pulsation; that same spirit which hovers over the world of human hearts, commanding the selfishness of man to soften into the fraternity of social harmony.

But, we return to *Io*, who stood looking after *Cresus*, as he rapidly disappeared through the trees of the grove.

The sun had long passed his meridian; the hours of

the day were nearly gone; but what a day of mingled experience had it been for the innocent Io. The sweet experience of love was hers; but now she stood in the bitter loneliness of absence.

"He's gone," she said, "and perhaps I may never see him again! no, that cannot be, he will come again, and we shall be happy forever."

Thus, endeavoring to comfort herself, she returned to the seat where the past hours of the day had sped so sweetly, so unperceived. But how strangely real did everything now appear. A film of enchantment seemed to have been torn from every object on which she had heretofore looked. Reality was written on everything as it had never been before. A stiff and uninteresting reality, a meagre scantiness, seemed to contract every object, depriving it of its former beauty. The very atmosphere itself seemed void; the sunbeams were faded and worn as cast-off garments, and their varied tints were now, in her eyes, like the tattered and sullied remains of former brightness.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "how changed the world has grown; its brightness dimmed by overshadowing gloom; its beauty veiled by some unseen cloud. Nothing looks as it used to look; everything has grown old in a day; and I, too, I am growing old! Until yesterday I was a child. Ah, happy childhood! I would be a child again, since Cresus has left me. But why should he leave me? We were happy—happy as I had never been before; and so he said. Why did he leave me? Oh, I remember—my father, my own dear father—he has been my only friend—oh, my father!"

And in the confusion of her undefined fear, Io buried her face in her snowy hands and wept. Her sob was hysterical; it was painful; it was smothered; for she scarcely knew why she wept, yet she wept as though all the varied feelings of her soul were centred in that sad moment.

Nor, indeed, was her agitation, her boding sense of danger, without cause. Her very existence seemed now to hang upon two beings; the one, the prompter of all her respect and reverence; the other, the fire of that new flame of love, which now burned upon the altar of her virgin soul. On the fate of these two beings, in the degrees of father and lover, she hung her life. The former was the ancient stay of her life; he had watched her in her infancy, and guarded her in her weakness. She, with her pretty little arms, had clung to him in the hour of adversity and danger, and he had wrapped his robe tightly around her, and felt her breathing hard by his heart. It was no common tie that bound together the noble father and the lovely Io. Her mind had twined itself around his spirit, had thrown itself in careless ease across the huge arms of his sturdy intellect. Her graceful nature had become developed, and displayed, both in its mental and physical structure, a strength unusual to such gentle natures. But then, she leaned upon the ancient trunk of Hezmen, her father, who, though not himself silvered with years, was, nevertheless, a man of ancient sagacity. The wisdom of his fathers was his, and to it he had superadded the vigor of his own youthful vision.

Is it, then, wonderful, that Io clung to this ancient

trunk of manly intellect, with all the tenacity of life? A mother's care she had never known—a mother's fondness, a mother's love—terms imagined if unexperienced. The softening influence of a mother's words had never fallen upon the ears of Io within the time of her recollection, yet kind nature had whispered in her ears, from her earliest thoughts, the soft cadences of universal peace, of innocence and of joy; and Hezmen, from the living pages of creation, had taught her the alphabet, the elements, and some of the profundities of science.

She loved her father, Hezmen, but it was with the reverence assimilating to the devotion of a worshipper. The mystery of awe seemed ever to surround his words, and every sentiment that fell from his lips seemed to her like the voice of some deity of unsearchable goodness and truth.

Her love to Cresus was of another order, yet not less inexorable than that which held her bound to her noble parent. It was not the veneration of ancient goodness and mystery, so much as it was the involuntary affinity which spirit bears to spirit, and heart to heart—as particles fly to the embraces of their counterparts, and lose their separate identity in the formation of one new and salutary compound.

Nor is it in anywise wonderful, that Io should with such tenacity cling to the fate of a being whom till yesterday she had never seen nor heard of. It is the property of positive elements thus quickly to perceive and embrace their affianced counterparts. The negative, the complicated, require time to ascertain their nature and their disposition. The positive, the simple, see and

decide with the alacrity of actual existence. The lightning waits not to inquire into essential details, when once it feels the influence of some distant object ; it darts towards its destination with infallible precision, rending or consuming whatever would interrupt its course, else it expires in the vain effort.

It is an apt illustration of the affinity and action of human hearts. One exchange of glances, the twinkling of an eye, often binds together two beings in an eternal bond. Ages of friendly intercourse might not do more. It is not the length of time which constitutes the friendship of earth, so much as it is the strength of affinity. Time is nought in friendship more than the accumulated proof of an existing fact, which fact, if it at all exists, requires no proof ! Hence, in the congeniality of minds, the affinity of hearts, time is really unessential ; we see and believe. In spirit-existence there are no divisions of time ; Nature, God, discards all useless elements ; and Humanity, in so far as it partakes of the spirit-worlds, dismisses, as it can, the agency of time.

Io continued some time with her face buried in her hands, and a few tears trickled through her fairy fingers and fell upon a blade of grass, which seemed to spread itself into a broad leaf, then roll its cooling fibres around those drops of sadness ; and it looked like the germ whence should spring that lovely solitary known in after times as the lily of the valley.

Be that as it may, her grief retired like a subsiding shower, and a sweet and settled confidence rested itself upon her brow, as she turned her steps toward the mansion, where Eudocia, her faithful slave, awaited her with some impatience.

•

CHAPTER XV.

THE YOUTH OF EPHEBUS.—NATURE IS EVER KIND TO INNOUENCE.—CRE-
SUS, PROCEEDING TO HIS FATHER'S HOUSE, MEETS OLD ACQUAINT-
ANCES.—A DIALOGUE.—MEETS TROILUS.—HEZMEN IS IN DANGER.—
PATRICLES REFLECTS.—FATHER AND SON UNITE IN HAND AND SENTI-
MENT.—HEZMEN IS SAFE UNTIL THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN.—
THERE IS ONE MORE CHANCE.

WHEN Cresus re-entered the city, the sun was fast sink-
ing into the evening shades. The streets were animated
with young life, running wild without employment and
without instruction. The din of young voices rose in
every direction, as in rough and active sports the youth
of Ephesus killed the useless hours. Misery and squalor
clustered in repulsive groups. A state of almost nudity
was no uncommon sight. Here and there a decent tunic
appeared, which only rendered the surrounding naked-
ness more unseemly by contrast, and the sexes could with
difficulty be distinguished by their dress. The scene, to
the refined taste of a robed Ephesian, was shocking ; and
hence, they of the schools or the circle, seldom walked
through those faubourgs.

But, in the more courtly localities, a better seeming
only covered a deeper vice. Clubs of well-dressed youth,
the texture of whose robes told them to be of wealthy or
honorable parents, strolled about in listless idleness or
reveled in worse licentiousness. Bestial ignorance dis-

tinguished many a countenance. But the general expression of these sons of Ephesus denoted manly powers. Intelligence looked from many an eye : and genius here and there assumed the leadership in the vociferations of unmitigated vice which passed from their tongues, as when the grassy serpent shoots its head from the pestilential jungle, and hisses its dread note, the warning of its venom. Nature is ever kind to innocence ;—ever careful of the weak ;—and by her warnings, she often tries to save her children from their own nakedness. She, like an indulgent mother, loves to gratify their most trivial caprices. But when they transgress beyond the limits she has assigned them, then punishment becomes essential, as well to the good of the culprit as to prevent the evil consequences of a bad example. Her punishments are never unnecessary. She reasons while she lays on the rod. She ever points her erring child to the fault for which it suffers. Her wisdom is essential science. Her kindness is the benevolence of Deity. Her reproof is administered with the reluctance of a fond parent, who hesitates before she interferes with the pleasure of her child. But when inexorable truth and right demands that the rod be used, even then, it is in the hands of a tender mother ; who, if she slays her offspring, weeps over the sad but inevitable necessity which bade her be just though her child should perish for it !

Cresus hastened onward to his father's house, not having found Hezmen where he hoped to meet him. And as he met club after club of his young fellows, as they walked the streets or passed together to some place of licentious reveling, his heart expanded toward them.

He felt an overwhelming grief that such fine spirits, as some of them he knew to be, should drown themselves in every bestializing influence and forget the noble destiny of man:—the development of those vast powers which raise him above the stars, and carry him abroad through the illimitable regions of immensity.

“Ho, ho, godly!” cried a ringing voice, as Ceresus approached one of these groups while it stood deciding upon what road it would next take to pass the heavy hours. “I am glad to see you wear a better face than you generally carry.”

“I thank you for your joy on my account, ’tis more than my deserving;” and as Ceresus thus answered, he shook the hand of the lively wag who had so unceremoniously addressed him.

“By the gods, there is hope of you yet.”

“Not a whit the more for your saying so,” said Ceresus, in a lively tone.

“Nay, you were always a hopeful youth, Ceresus; but I mean to say, you are now going to begin and live.”

“That am I, as you have said; this day I have first drawn breath.”

“Hem!” exclaimed Diclates, the name of the wag who thus accosted Ceresus, “a new man found—worth any other man in Ortygia!” and the group, on hearing the triumph, sent forth a shout of victory.

“Come along, come along,” said Diclates, leading the way, impatiently, “we must show Ceresus the mysteries.”

“To the Baths!” cried one.

“To the Faubourg!” exclaimed another.

“To the Shades!” cried a third.

"Not so fast," interposed Cresus, quietly, as they laid hands on him familiarly to bring him along for the purpose of initiating him into the mysteries, as they were pleased to term their vicious pleasures; "not so fast. Where I go, mine own will takes me. When I need help, I will buy or ask it."

"Right, Cresus,—well said!" exclaimed Diclates. "A man without a will is an arrow flying without aim."

"I aim high, Diclates," returned Cresus, "and I will soon tell you of a mystery you dream not of. I am now on speed," and he passed on, leaving Diclates and his companions to pursue their pleasures.

He had not proceeded far, however, when he was met by Troilus, who seemed, for some reason, much agitated. The friends greeted each other heartily; and Troilus perceived, in the warmth of his friend's manner, something, of late years, unusual. It reminded him again of their early walks and conversations. While Cresus, on his part, feared that some dire calamity had happened to his early friend, whose countenance, more than he had ever seen it, bore strong marks of anxiety and trouble.

"Good Troilus," exclaimed Cresus, as they met, "I am happy thus to meet you;—but wherefore this change! We parted yesternorn in other seeming. I then wore sadness; you were gay. Tell me, my friend—for I have found treasures—tell me your wants. I am yours, as of old;—though not as of old, for we are both new made, or new seeing. I see, as you told me, of the great mystery. Troilus, I am holden to you in any worthy service you may command."

The countenance of Troilus beamed with its wonted

life on hearing the avowal of Cresus. He grasped him again by the hand, and the two friends understood each other by that firm grip. It was like some solemn vow, cased for safe-keeping within the mighty hands of young herculean manhood.

"Have you heard the news of this sad day?" asked Troilus.

"Not I," answered Cresus; "to me it has been the brightest day of my existence. What's the news?"

"What! hast not heard the news?"

"Nay, tell me it."

"What! hast not seen the tablet?"

"Nay, my good Troilus, tell me it," answered Cresus, now, for the first time, touched with apprehension for the father of Io.

"Oh, Cresus, where hast thou been? thou, a son of Ephesus, born to the noble name of Patricles;—thou, Cresus, with thy head and thy heart;—where hast thou hid thyself, whilst our native city has disgraced itself as did Athens, and condemned a worthy man who has offended in nothing except denying the silly dogmatisms of the Temple."

"What! who! Is it Hezmen?"

"Yes, Hezmen, the Egyptian."

"Great One, support me!" exclaimed Cresus, looking upward. "Know you, Hezmen, Troilus?" he asked.

"No more than a sight of him; but I desire his acquaintance, and hope to meet him soon at Menephron's."

"I come from the house of Hezmen, and more I cannot say than this,—my life for his!"

"Aye, this day, I fear, will cost Ephesus lives;—for

who indeed but the abject are safe? 'Tis better to die once as a man, than to live as a worm, and perish at last, if, perchance, you raise your head from out the dust."

"True," responded Cresus, "'twere better once to die, than to live a dying life. But as to Hezmen, I say, he dies not, if the arm of man can save him!"

"I am with you, heart and hand, Cresus; too glad to find in you a spirit of the order I love. Hezmen shall live; or the Great One is not his friend. And if not—why then—if not, wherefore is life to any mortal? I would forswear it—aye, plunge into the dismal valley of uncertainty, and know at once the truth, "to be or not to be."

"Then I may count you one whenever occasion may demand it, for Hezmen must not die."

"Count me as thou wilt, I am with thee to the rescue; or, if it must be, to vengeance."

"Nay, we will not talk of vengeance, for Hezmen shall not die;" and Cresus, as he spake, seemed inspired with the steady purpose of invincible heroism. The sleeping elements of his character were now brought out. A great crisis had arrived, and he felt himself called as by name; called by the strange incidents which had reflected a new light upon his path—called to stand forth and brave the fury of a priestly tempest; to rescue worth and innocence and truth from the fangs of the Temple; to dare the lofty pillars themselves, the ancient marbles, before which myriads had fallen in awful homage; to dare this vast and venerable power to its direst purpose against truth and right. "He shall not die! nay, just Heaven forbid it," he continued. "Tell me, Troilus, if you know where now is Hezmen?"

"He has been delivered up for safekeeping to the Temple, against whom, as the judgment ran, he had transgressed."

"And what power is given to his keepers?"

"Aye, there's the point; the power to take from him whate'er they deem their own."

"What! without confining?"

"Without confining!"

"Is there, then, nought respect to life, nor time?"

"None! the life of man is given to us, says the Temple; and time is only the vessel of its containing."

"Was arrogance so barefaced as to argue thus in open day; and before the multitude?"

"Yes; but in other phrase; in seeming, to the unlearned, it was just. The circle of the argument wrapped the whole world in mystic folds; and coiled and coiled, and narrowed as it coiled, until it caught its victim in its slimy tail, and the worthy Hezmen stood convicted of foul blasphemy against the Temple."

"Who argued thus?"

"It was Akim, whom you know as a doctor of the Temple; but a wilier priest never stood between Isis and the multitude."

"Good Heavens!" said Cresus, "I tremble when I think 'twas only yesternoon, in the early sun, he taught me deep lessons from his mystic fountain. I shrunk when he looked upon me with a dark and searching look, for I fancied then he read my doubtings, which I dared not utter. But, Troilus," and Cresus drew nearer to his friend, "I am free! and Akim shall know it! I have burst the bubble, or the Great One for me has touched

my eyes with the light of His knowledge. But enough ; it is time we act. Hezmen is in danger."

"What would you?" asked Troilus. "I am ready. Shall we to the Temple straight, and demand audience. Speak, and I am with you."

"Nay," we might but hasten calamity; 'tis better think and act, than act and think. Come with me to the house of Patricles, my father; and there, in quiet, we will mark what we may deem the shortest and the most insuring."

The friends were soon together before the noble edifice of Patricles; and Cresus had no sooner crossed the threshold, than in an unusual tone of hasty authority he demanded of the servant, "Where's your master?"

Being told he was in the library, desiring not to be disturbed, Cresus led Troilus to his own private apartments; and proceeded instantly to see his father in the library.

He found Patricles sunk in the abstraction of his own sad reflections. The decision of the benches had overwhelmed him with grief and disappointment, not unmingled with dread for the consequences which might ensue. He saw clearly through the sophistic arguments which had carried away the minds of the judges from the simple question of natural right to the more abstruse and doubtful one of present expediency; and he remembered that after all, the condemnation of Hezmen was only carried by a bare majority. "If he should die," thought he, "where, then, is safety to free-thinking man! 'Tis very true, I have not, as he did, accused the Temple in audible speech, nor told to mortal all I have felt and

known in that behalf. But, what, if to-morrow it so please me; or that stern impulse which waits not to ask a man his will; what, if it drive me onward; shall I resistless fall into the mystic pit, and like a lambkin, lick the knife that takes my life? breathe warmly on the the hand that seeks to rob me of that it never can restore? Is such the nature of great manhood? Was it to such an end that I was born, and taught to chase a hundred foes? Only, forsooth, to prove to all Ionia the dread power of wily Akim; a man whom oft in early days I have chided for his unseemly doings; and, now he would stop the liberty of speech; cast a dark pall of mystic nothingness on living thought, and set his foot on every rising germ of independent manhood. I'll to the shades ere I'll submit to it! This judgment shall be reversed, or I will lend my name, be it aught worth or not, to any fraction of brave spirits that will withstand to oblivion's self, such foul treason against the common rights of freeborn man.

Just then Cresus entered the library; and father and son embraced each other with the warmth of the most ardent affection. Their mutual attachment was indeed sincere and profound. Towards his father, Cresus had always looked as to an oracle. The decision of his father's eye had early taught him obedience; while the uniform kindness of manner which distinguished Patricles always encouraged his obedient son to come to him for information, advice, or aid, in the attainment of any object he sought, or the averted of any mischief that threatened him. The father, on his part, found in his son a companion whose conversation entertained, as his quiet docility pleased him.

On the abstruse subject of the Temple, its history, authority, rites, and obligations, Patricles had ever observed a marked silence. He wished not to involve his son in difficulties beyond his power of unraveling. Indeed, he deemed wisely, that it would be unwise in him to broach to one depending so much on him as a son, a subject concerning which his own mind was by no means fully made up. He had, therefore, left Cresus to the workings of his own mind ; knowing that he had always before him, as a presumptive evidence to guard him against a too ready compliance with all the dogmas of the Temple, he had before him the silent disregard which his father paid to what he felt to be absurdities.

Now, however, father and son had, each without the knowledge of the other, obtained a glimpse of the great sun of truth, the effulgence of whose light is ever the greatest source of delight to the sincere. Patricles, on the previous evening, had conversed with Hezmen, and the brightness of the great truth, the truth of the Great One of whom spake the Egyptian, commended itself to the sincerity of Patricles. Compared with the truth of unity, as it gradually developed and brightened before his eyes, the miserable contractions, the dark contortions of the Temple sank before him into the gloom of midnight, and became as the silence of idiocy ; its votaries but the puppets of its wily Akims.

Cresus, without so strong a contrast, had arrived at the same conclusion. Through the medium of love, he had seen beauty, diversity, and love, all centered in one vast idea of unity, of which the lovely Io was to him the type, the personation, the representative ; and he had poured out his heart on this living shrine ; sincerity asked

no more, and humanity had no more to give. He worshipped the Invisible One while he looked upon the visible beauty of Io.

Thus, within a few hours of each other, father and son were led by means widely differing in themselves, to the same great conclusion. Henceforth, the Pantheon had lost to them whatever charm it yet retained. Cynthea was a veritable trick, and Apollo was as deceptive as the Syren's song. There was but One, and He the Invisible, yet seen abundantly in His works of wonder, His universe of immensity; heard in the voice of nature, in the moving elements, the living dust, the speaking clay, the thinking spirit of unfettered man.

Again, the congenial spirit of the vast truth of Unity looked from the eyes of two distinct identities, and father and son, with simultaneous celerity, perceived each the other's transformation; and they were mutually rejoiced that no unequal stage in the progress of mind toward the great desire of all, sincerity, should now separate them.

Patricles spake:—"I need not ask thee where thou hast been, my son; for Hezmen told me of thee. Nor need I ask thee what thou hast learned, for thy changed aspect—even through thine apparent sorrow—tells me of the bright vision you have seen. But what of thy health? That, too, is a question already answered. I feared to see you somewhat ailing."

"There was reason in your fear, sir," replied Cresus; "but I have breathed the atmosphere of Elysia; I have looked upon the angel of my hope, and listened to the music of Nature's voice. Olympia, sir, in ideal fancy cannot boast of pleasure more exquisite than that from

which I have torn myself away, in obedience to an inexorable influence which laid itself upon me. And now, sir, I have come to throw myself upon your aid and counsel. I hear that Hezmen—a worthy man, as I deem I need not tell you, sir—Hezmen, I hear, is condemned.”

Patricles. “It is so, my son.”

Cresus. “And delivered to the mercy of the Temple?”

Patricles. “There was no word of mercy in the judgment. He was delivered to the Temple.”

Cresus. “But, sir, will there be no mercy to him?”

Patricles. “I do not mind me, Cresus, that you have ever sought to teach a viper kindness, so that if you should thrust your hand before it, it would but innocently lick thy fingers, and then, in harmless sport, rub its soft skin against thy hand. Yet there is nature in a viper; and if kind nature fails to woo the venom of the crawling reptile, what shall her fate be when that same creeping venom is grown into huge pillars—and manly forms, made peevish with years and blind with age, deeming the voice of young Nature an offensive sound, and the renewal of her youth a dangerous innovation!”

Cresus. “Oh, sir, you fill me with fear for Hezmen; I would give my life for his safety!”

Patricles. “Nay, my son, haste not. Two lives will insure Akim more safety than would one. You may die, too, and I may follow; and thus the universal peacemaker, doing good service to the Temple, may soon relieve it of the danger which knowledge ever is to tyranny.”

Cresus. “But can we do nothing, sir, to avert so dire an evil to Hezmen, and ourselves, and Ephesus?”

Patricles. "Oh, there you have it. If the hounds but taste the blood of the worthy Hezmen, their cry will hunt down every noble spirit within our walls, nor rest until they have reached the utmost limits of extermination. We must save Hezmen, despite the hounds. If Hezmen dies, then will the judges vindicate themselves from the charge of his blood, and the multitude will tremble at the power of the Temple, and stand upon its side. Then the few free spirits of Ephesus will be crushed, and priestly tyranny will raise its head higher than ever—if, indeed, higher it can ever be. But, leave me, Cresus. Hezman is safe until the going down of the sun. I find some further hope in the ancient archives of Ortygia. I will call thee soon."

Cresus left his father, as desired, and returned to Troilus, whom he had left in his own apartment. The two friends had remained some time, in vain efforts at invention of some plan for the rescue of Hezmen. To every suggestion, an insuperable objection immediately raised itself, and forbid even its trial.

The sun was sinking fast; and Cresus thought of the words of his father: "Hezmen is safe until the going down of the sun." He was satisfied thus far. But as he watched the rapid declination of the orb of light, and marked the lengthening shadows falling to the eastward, and thought upon the coming darkness, with its full charge of dangers to the father of the lovely Io; and when he thought, too, of Io and the bright morning—of Io and her probable anxiety—of Io and the closing evening—of Io and Hezmen—of death and distraction—of tyranny and innocence—of the Temple and the Great

One—his soul was moved with all the varied passions of brave, indignant, and sympathizing youth. He paced the room, impatient to hear the summons to his father's presence. Still the sun declined, and the space of half an hour would put an end to the certainty of Hezmen's safety. "Can it be," he said, in audible meditation—"Can it be that my father has failed?"

"If the wisdom of Patricles fails us," said Troilus, "then where can we look for counsel?"

Cresus. "Nay, but if his wisdom comes not before yon light goes down, it is too late for ever."

Troilus. "Then our arms must do what wisdom cannot."

Cresus. "I cannot longer bear this suspense." And as he spoke, he rushed into the hall, and hastened towards the library.

He found his father walking up and down in the library, greatly agitated.

"I need to ask no pardon from you, sir, for my impatience," said Cresus, as he entered—"but the sun is near his rest."

Patricles. "And so, I fear, is Hezmen."

Cresus. "Does the constitution fail you, sir?"

Patricles. "The point I thought of I have found, but it does not answer to the purpose."

Cresus. "Great One, support us with thy wisdom!"

Patricles. "That is our only hope, Cresus!"

Cresus. "But is there nought more that we can do?"

Patricles. "Yes, one more chance, and that the last, for us and Hezmen. The Great One has endowed our

arms with strength—has inspired our breasts with courage—has taught our spirits liberty. We must assert right above tyranny, and drag the dark cruelty of dogmatic man into the morning light. Bid the friends of Hezmen be here before midnight. There is for the worthy Hezmen one hope; mind that you spoil it not. Keep your own counsel. Silence is the secret of success."

Cresus. "Troilus is here;—would you see him, sir?"

Patricles. "I would pay him the courtesy of my house."

Cresus hastened to bring his friend to the salutations of his father. As soon as he entered, Patricles received him cordially, saying, "It is not the hour for too much courtesy, but I bid you welcome, worthy Troilus. When foul play screeches in the wind, freemen should stand together. And when law is made to favor tyranny, it commands bold spirits to act with decision, or bend their necks with kind submission to the blow. The latter may be gentle, but the first is brave. There are times when gentleness is a crime of deadly consequence; such a time is now. What say you, Troilus? Nay, I know your spirit already."

"Most worthy sir," replied Troilus, "I am with you; though it were to force the gates of the infernal regions, right gladly will I follow. Command me, sir. I would rescue Hezmen the Egyptian."

Patricles. "I have directed Cresus to assemble the spirits of Ephesus here before midnight, prepared for whatever our united counsel may direct. I would share

to you the duties of that doing, and ye can bear each other company."

Cresus and his friend bade adieu for the hour to the noble archon, and departed on the instant to fulfil their commission.

CHAPTER XVI.

A STORM.—SCENE ON THE ÆGEAN.—A MISERABLE CROWD.—DARKNESS
AND THE TEMPLE.—A SOLITARY PRIEST.—THE WILY AKIM.—THE
SACRED COUS.—THE PUNY RACE.—THE LITTLE MYSTERIES.—HE
SHALL DIE.—A WAIL OF RENDING TONE.

A DARK cloud rested over the Ægean waters. It had gradually darkened from a light and airy mist; but as the dimming rays of the sun sank into their untold depths of obscure repose, the mist grew darker; and the cloud grew broader and more dense. The spirit of the storm, brooding in silence over the sleeping waters, spread her broad wings in awful majesty, and seemed to move like some mighty bird, floating above the unheeding deep, whose bosom was so soon to heave in the violence of mad passion.

There was in that darkening scene a solemnity of mingling portentousness; yet it was not a scene by any means uncommon. The daily exhalations, produced by the strength of a burning sun, very naturally become first condensed above the cool waters of the sea; and the equal balance of the atmosphere being thus disturbed, the elements must be rocked with the commotion of irresistible affinities and repulsion. Mist dashes against mist; and where the dew-drop ought to rest it, in its noiseless descent, the torrent falls with the noise of sputtering waters; or, perchance, the moisture, borne by the

rushing elements to some distant spot, leaves its own garden, unwatered, to the lurid glare of the electric fire which mingles in the noisy elements.

A cloud, like that which on this evening seemed to shroud the Ephesian coast, had often before been seen. But as it seemed to raise its enormous head, and spread its huge wings toward the city, many a Grecian heart, which feared not the dark host of a countless foe, quailed with an involuntary fear, and invoked the protection of his patron deity. And when the angry elements muttered their growing rage in slow and distant tones, the untaught crowds huddled themselves together, trembling like the unthinking leaves, for they heard in it the wrath of offended gods—the mighty ones of Olympia—who came to avenge some public wrong—some crying sin, committed by the people.

It was a dread rumbling, and to the ears of superstition might well denote the wrath of Olympia, coming fast and steadily upon them ; and the miserable crowds, like stricken flocks, ran to the Temple of Diana, to hide them under the shelter of its sanctity. As they hurried onward, the heavens seemed rent by some fierce explosion, and poured forth a shower of lurid flame, which, for an instant, revealed the dreadful consternation of the flying crowd, and filled every heart with the fear of thousands. But in an instant it was dark as ever imagination made the shades of Erebus. Dark—and the multitude scrambled for the road, tumbling in indiscriminate confusion over each other. The instant was to many an eternity of misery. Another, and another instant passed, and then a sharp peal rattled in

deafening thunder, and ten thousand furies seemed to screech above the storm.

The temple was filled with the miserable multitude. All ages, sexes, and conditions of ignorant humanity, of vulgar and untaught mortals, of deceived and wretched men, crammed together within its walls, and around its portals; and hanging to its very pillars, crowds thought to screen themselves from the threatening vengeance of the gods.

The fury of the storm continued unabated; peal followed peal, and demons seemed to shriek in every blast. The pillars of the temple reverberated, as if even they were moved with the wild commotion which surrounded them. The temple itself, standing upon its ancient foundations, of which the memory of man dare hardly surmise the beginning—the ancient temple trembled amid the violence of the assault; and the elements appeared, at every vibration of the ancient pile, to grow more resolute, vociferously crying for its downfall.

A solitary priest, like a white spectre, passed before the altar; another and a third followed, and several voices from behind a lattice screen chanted an invocation to the goddess. Then the multitude fell down in one vast heap of living worms! base, crawling worms! and they writhed and wriggled in abject worship. And in all that vast assembly, there was but one who had the semblance of a man! and that one was the wily Akim! the proud docter of the temple, who now stood before the altar to assure the miserable crowd that Diana, the great goddess of the Ephesians, would shield them from the fire of offended Olympia.

The gorgeous robe of white, with its glittering spangles, which hung upon the priest, hid from view a person of deformed proportions. Akim was not seen, but his voice, which was deep and powerful, resounded through the multitude, as he bade them fear the gods, but trust in Diana; and he disappeared, leaving other priests to offer sacrifices and make oblations.

While the ceremonies of the temple proceed, we will follow Akim in his quiet retreat from the altar; and, leaving the base crowd in prostrate devotion before a piece of veiled marble, and its priestly representatives, we will pass with him through the private door, hid by a profusion of tapestry from the vulgar eye, and opening into a descending passage, which led away to subterraneous apartments of great extent.

Having reached the wardrobe, Akim laid aside his officiating robes, and assumed those of more ordinary appearance, and more portable convenience. He passed into a room of spacious dimensions, furnished with a luxuriance of taste unequalled in any mansion in Ephesus; this was the sacred Ocus, or banquetting room of the priests, where, in brotherly jollity, they religiously observed the eating of the share of sacrifices apportioned to their deess, and poured out free oblations, wherein they showed the fulness of their zeal. Then did they talk of the ignorant herd without, as miserable things made for the express glory of the temple. And there they talked of the higher and deeper mysteries, the mysteries of reason and of truth, buried with them far out of sight or hearing. "For why," said they, "should we deprive the puny race of the little mysteries it loves. It

would subvert the order of society; men would grow wise too fast, and we should find ourselves among the crowd; our counsel would be lost in the multitude of wisdom; and our power would vanish, like the mist when the sun arises.

Such sentiments were worthy of so superb a hall. The sophism seemed to nestle it in the downy couches of repose, and peeped through the heavy tapestry of finest texture which hung around; and in the deep cups, whence flowed perpetual streams of lively nectar, it hid it. Or, if perchance 'twas swallowed in the dregs, why then it came forth in words of truth on slightest provocation. But, truth or sophism, it was all alike, for the walls beneath the ancient temple had no ears.

Akim stood and cast his eyes around the walls, and read the ancient characters upon them. They simply told the genealogy of the goddess, her power, authority, and perfections. But Akim did not read these characters consecutively; he glanced from one to the other at certain angles, and, following his dark, penetrating eye, the sense stood vastly different. There was one sentiment formed by thus combining separate characters, and upon that sentiment Akim's mind seemed now to be fixed. As he turned from character to character, and deciphered over and over again that great sentiment, his bosom swelled with pride, and he pronounced it audibly,—“Mystery—of Being. Unity—of God.” “That is not for the base crowd to know,” he continued, “nor will I suffer it; he shall die who dares to teach it. Here, upon that wall, it will insure the authority of the temple through all generations. Pronounced abroad, it

would crush this Temple! leaving to man the broad canopy of heaven above for an arch, and the extent of earth's surface for an altar; while every heart would furnish its own incense. Then, I should find no more occasion, and no more reverence; for every mongrel man might be as great as I would then be. There is no greatness beneath omnipotence, but by comparison with the less. Were there not danger to our order I would spare Hezmen; but his knowledge is dangerous to our authority; he must —. And besides, *she* has no other protector; no one who can intercept my will. I can assert my legal guardianship, if need be. Beyond all doubt it is wise; the grounds are good; and my occasion demands it. He must die!

And unmitigated selfishness—the black selfishness of human passion—never found a more fitting personification, than when Akim uttered this arbitrary sentence, and stood in moody sullenness, his heavy eyebrows drawn together, forming one black line above his small but piercing eyes; a line which seemed to separate for ever between his head and his heart, between intellect and feeling, between selfishness and sympathy.

He stood alone, yet hardly alone; some demon-spirit whispered satisfaction in his ear, and it passed to the surface in a sardonic grin, which, in the dim light of the sinking torch, gave him the aspect of incarnate evil.

He passed from this superb hall through one of the many doors which seemed to open into it on every side, proceeded through a narrow passage, and stood again in a small apartment, being a miniature resemblance of the great hall he had just left. Here also were doors on

every side. He stood before one of them, and drew from his girdle a small and curious key, with which he unlocked the door, or rather, he touched a spring, on which the door flew open, and a wail of rending tone came from the further corner of the cell.

Akim stood in the doorway, and endeavored to address the object from whence the sound proceeded in a kindly tone; but, whenever he attempted to approach it, a shrill scream caused him to retreat again; and, finally, he seated himself in the apartment without, taking first the precaution to bolt the door leading into the passage through which he had entered.

While thus he sat and mused, and grew impatient at the violent grief of the miserable victim wailing in the cell, incidents of growing import were transpiring without. The doctor of the temple, exulting in the success of his dark scheme thus far, little thought of the glorious result to which the great destiny of human development was steadily rolling onward at that instant; even amid the storm and convulsion of the elements; amid the blind devotion of the base multitude; amid the wily schemes of the temple; and against the infidelity of the many, who, while they despised the temple of Diana, knew not, or thought not, of the glorious temple of the universe, and Him who fills it with his presence.

CHAPTER XVII

A NOBLE BAND.—MIDNIGHT.—IGNORANCE AND MIDNIGHT ARE BAD COMPANY.—“WE ARE READY.”—A SOLITARY STAR.—THE PEACE OF SUPERSTITION FLOATS ON THE ELEMENTS AND IS NEVER SURE.—A FRANTIC SCENE.—A STRICKEN MULTITUDE.—“PRESS ON.”

A FEW Ephesian spirits were assembled at the mansion of the noble Patricles; they were one in sentiment, though varied in ability and in general disposition. Determination was visibly marked on each countenance, yet a profound thoughtfulness presided over the group, as in consultation they discussed the plan most likely to lead them to success. “Look to your arms, my friends,” said Patricles; “if ye be of my counsel, we rescue Hezmen, or we perish in the effort.”

“Your terms are mine,” said Menephron.

“And mine,” said Cresus, “though I should stand alone.”

“And mine,” added Troilus, “I shall be taught or teach. Truth shall live in Ephesus, or I will know the truth elsewhere.”

“And mine,” responded half-a-dozen voices more, and ten swords pointed upwards, and ten pairs of eyes flashed with indignant fire, and ten hearts mingled in one bold resolution, and ten spirits clad in humanity bowed before the Great One, whose greatness and whose oneness

they were about to proclaim, by a daring act, in the city of their fathers

Midnight was gathering its boding terrors around the hearts of superstition. The solemn hour of spectres had announced its coming. The storm without, which until now had raged with unabated fury, was hushed, as if to hear the melancholy wail that floated on the darkness. The night birds ventured from their shelters, and whirled through the air in circling flight. The trembling multitude in and around the Temple, such was the dread awe that rested on their spirits, scarce dared to breathe; and yet they knew not why. Fear intense and overpowering came down upon the miserable mass; but none could answer why. Soldiers were there; those who had in fierce combat stood in the hot fight, had stared the grisly enemy of man full in the face, and heard the last earthly cry of many a fleeing spirit sent by the hand of his brother man into the shades unknown; yet, they whom one might have thought exempt, they quailed as other men; nay, quailed as women, and played cowards.

Ignorance and midnight are bad company. The silence of darkness sits heavily upon superstition, where there may even be no crime. Children, oft told the horrid tales of darkness, fear it as in itself an evil, and many good at heart, ignorant at head, and simple in their goodness, even yet tremble at the story of a ghost, and would not for a life, walk the whole length of "Cock-lane," at the midnight hour. Such will not wonder at the Ephesian multitude. Had they themselves been there, they would have cowered like the rest, and trembled with an inward dread at the nothingness, the vacant

nothingness of midnight. It is often the essential vacancy, the hollow nothingness of thought, that affrights mortals thus in darkness. The visible world has disappeared, and the mind, unaccustomed to aught but perception, has lost its ideas as its idols become wrapped in invisible shrouds. The idol worshipper will ever fear in darkness; while the spirit of manly thoughts walks by a spirit-light, fearless of aught save offence to the Great One who now clothes Himself in darkness, and now in light; throws the deep shadows of the evening o'er the declining scene; and in the morning, raises again the curtain for another act in the visible drama of life.

"We are ready," cried Cresus, impatient of the passing moments, while the father of Io lay in momentary danger, if, indeed, it was not already too late.

"We are ready," repeated Cassander, the Athenian, not much less impatient to assert by a bold stroke the manly and ennobling thoughts of Socrates and Plato.

And Patricles and Menephron together led the way. Cresus and Troilus came next, and the rest followed in order.

As this band of rare spirits proceeded steadily through the dark streets toward the Temple, they were met by returning bodies of the timid multitude, who, deeming the fury of the gods appeased by the interference of their great goddess, were retiring to their habitations, as when frightened hares creep stealthily from their hiding-places, to seek again their native burrows.

A solitary star peeped through two separating clouds, another and another looked gently down, and their numbers quickly multiplied beyond account. The trembling

crowd ventured to raise their abject eyes to look upon the nightly beauty, and they blest the gods for permitting them again to see the gentle firmament and its twinkling lights—the outlets of supernal glory.

Thus looking at the stars far distant from among the midnight darkness which surrounded them, the multitude began again to live, and dare to look upwards. The twinkling of a star, distant beyond the conception of their minds, had in it a power greater than all the sophisms of the Temple. Seen in its unclouded simplicity, it drew towards it the eyes, the hearts, the thoughts of even uncultured man, and bade him look through its bright circle into a higher and more glorious sphere.

In confidence, the crowd had raised their heads, and were fast regaining heart. But the peace of superstition floats on the elements, and is never sure. Two dark vapor masses rolled themselves upwards from the opposite horizons. Like two mighty tides, they seemed to tumble upwards; rolling their dark volumes over the spangled plain, whelming beneath their floods the very footprints of our vision. Thus, onward rolled the mighty masses above the heads of the multitude, and again the terror of superstition cast its dark shadows over their stricken hearts. The voice of thunder in low and groaning tones again moved along the vast arch. Stentorian voices mingling with the shrill scream of sharper tongues, cried, "let us to the Temple!" and the wild confusion of flight and darkness ran along from street to street, until it reached the very altar of the Temple.

Amid this frantic scene of superstitious terror, the friends of Hezmen and the truth he spake moved on in a

solid group, nor suffered one of their number to be separated from the rest, knowing that in unity lay their strength.

They had almost gained the spacious porch of portly and magnificent dimensions through which the crowd was now entering, when the dark volumes of clouds which had been gradually approaching each other, still rolling on their huge masses, plunged into one wild sea of vapor over the sacred Temple. Again the demons of the storm seemed to have rallied all their forces in the universe, and concentrated their fierce attack upon the ancient pile. Explosion followed explosion. The chariot of Olympia seemed to the trembling crowd to have mustered in full force, running to and fro in deadly conflict. Fire darted through the clouds, and its dread shafts, like Olympian missiles, flew over the Temple, and cast a pale green of light over the shrieking crowd.

It was at this moment the friends of Hezmen reached the Temple. The tremendous rush of the multitude to find shelter within the olden walls filled up the entrance, and rendered it somewhat difficult for any to reach its interior.

The little band, however, resolutely bent upon an object well defined, clung together in an unbroken block, and forced its way with steady perseverance, through the rough crowd. Having gained the interior, they, still, with the steady coolness of men not to be easily turned from their just purpose, pressed onward toward the altar. In vain did servile masses press between them and the point they wished to gain; on they moved, not for an instant resting to consider the living mass before them.

One object they had in view ; one point to gain ; one way to reach it ; and they only whispered in each other's ears, "Press on." None asked whither ? So, when a mass more dense and formidable than the general, stood in their course, one word was sufficient to break the obstacle, and in each other's ears they whispered, "Press on."

They gained the altar, leaped over the low railing that surrounded it, and instantly descended by the way that Akim went.

Amid the confusion of the storm and the terror of the multitude, the daring act of these bold citizens, thus profaning with their unconsecrated feet the ground on which it was sacrilege for any but a priest to tread, was only observed by a few. But even they, awed by the boldness of the act, and the unhesitating manner in which it was effected, supposed it to have been done under some sufficient authority. For aught they knew, it was a message from the gods. But so or not ; in any case they dared not to follow. There was not one among the miserable crowd who would not shudder at the bare idea of setting his vile foot upon ground made sacred to the goddess and her priests.

There was no priest there to raise his voice against the deadly sin of desecration. At the subsiding of the storm before the midnight hour, they had assured the multitude of safety, and bade them depart in peace, and then they had descended by the way that Akim went.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRIEST AT HOME.—“THAT EGYPTIAN DOG.”—A CONTRAST.—A YOUNG PATRICIAN PRIEST.—SOPHISTIC SELFISHNESS.—NATURE YET LIVED.—THE FINAL ORDER.—LET HEZMEN DIE.—THE VICTIM.—NATURE STRUGGLED.—“THE SAFETY OF THE TEMPLE DEMANDS IT.”—WHERE IS THY TREASURE?—I DEMAND MY DAUGHTER.—’TIS AKIM.—HEZMEN IS SAFE.—CRESUS IS NOT THERE.

STANDING in the great hall, the priests laughed in vociferous glee at the terror of the stricken crowd, and one in smooth accents said, pointing to the wall from side to side, “If we but guard these symbols well against the wisdom of the curious herd, we can hold them for ever in the toils of terror, and crush them at a word into seeming perdition.”

“’Tis so,” responded a second.

And a third with a countenance indicating all that is repulsive in insidiousness and treachery, leered toward the first speaker with a sinister look, that told at once how fit a man he was to execute the direst purpose of the temple upon a helpless victim.

“That Egyptian Dog,” said he, “lies in the farthest cell, and there is work for us before we rest.”

There stood beside this hungry looking priest, a fourth, and he was a young man of unusual appearance. In person he was tall and well formed. The symmetrical proportions of his frame denoted great muscular strength.

His countenance was naturally exceeding fair ; but was rendered far more so by the effects of close confinement, which had been enjoined upon him by his superiors. His hair, fine, light, and curling, hung in long ringlets over his broad shoulders, and was thrown carelessly off a forehead of a whiteness surpassing the finest alabaster. His features expressed the mildest refinement of Grecian nobility, and the soft language of his eyes denied the possibility of his taking any part in an act of cruelty ; at least until his nature should be overcome, and his heart remoulded in the marble of the Temple.

He had not long been received into the full order of the priesthood. To a certain extent he had been prepared for the position he then occupied. The extensive influence of his noble name and connections made it desirable, for the interests of the temple, that he should be drawn into the closest connection with the priestly interests. And, hence, they had hastened his initiation into the mysteries of their order.

Step by step the process of initiation had been carried on. The young novice had submitted, as best he could, to the successive shocks inflicted upon his noble heart by the explanation of these mysteries. But nature, in him, was strong. She clung, like a mother to her offspring, unwilling to yield her tender boy a sacrifice to the art of man. She arose and struggled to break the toils that wrapped her and her son together in painful bondage. But, art was ever ready to throw upon both whole webs of sophistry. Or, if that did not suffice, a voluntary abode within the narrow limits of a cell was enforced.

It was not, indeed, the physical force of the animal that was brought to bear upon the herculean youth of whom we are speaking. Oh, no, that would have defeated its own purpose. Had it answered the end desired, his strength would not probably have prevented it. But it was not the way to effect the purpose of the order in his case. Another means, more sure and lasting, recommended itself to the doctors. It was the creeping venom of smooth sophistry which passes lightly over the reclining body of inactive youth, and whilst they gaze in listless wonder towards the boundless infinitude above, it, creeping over them with smooth caressing, breathes the rank error of dogmatical poison and leaves its victims to inhale it with the vital air by which they live.

Of all the dangers, and they are many, which threaten to pervert the destined greatness of youth, there is none more dangerous than sacred sophistry. Perverted nature ever tends to assert her rights. And if the action of man be to wrong in any sense, the reaction will inevitably be in the contrary direction, even to an equal wrong. Thus, unnatural restraint reacts to unbridled indulgence: and sophistry, in sacred things, when detected, reacts to fanatic liberty, or settled infidelity; rendering it sometimes difficult to say, in view of the intricate relationships of man, which is best; while, at the same time, it renders one of these results inevitable.

It was this dread power of sophistic selfishness, which so often dries up the very fountain of human feeling and changes man from the glorious image of Supreme Benevolence to a base reptile, wrapped in the slimy coils of its own lengthened yet contracted form,—it was this

dread power that had been brought to bear upon the noble heart of the young patrician priest. But nature, in him, even at the time whereof we write, had not expired. She lay crushed and lacerated, writhing often in painful agony. And at such times, his great heart heaved with its deep emotion, and fountains, from a weak but heated brain, sprang from his eyes. They flowed in vain! The lessons of Akim stood out before his eyes, and he said, "he is wiser than I am;"—and with the violence of a fretted lion, he sought to crush the rising emotion.

On hearing the allusion of the leering priest to the impending fate of the victim lying in the farthest cell, he started, and unconsciously moved away from beside a companion, in whose sentiments he had naturally so little sympathy.

This was no sooner perceived, than the eyes of several of his fellows were turned upon him in a stern but silent rebuke. He cowered beneath that regard, feeling himself at once impeached for unmanly weakness, if not charged as a traitor to the temple,—and genial nature groaned within him in the agony of sophistic terror. Art was triumphant! A hard, unnatural smile crossed his features, and he stood prepared to pass through the last process of initiation, to prove that he was neither unmanly nor traitorous.

"Say to Akim, that we wait his company to honor the wisdom of the farthest cell," said the first speaker; and a young priest passed through the door leading to Akim's apartments.

He soon returned, and reported the final orders of Akim. "Trouble me no further on his account. Let

Hezmen die on the instant. If you can learn aught of his possessions, whether they be gold or personal estate, 'tis well,—but stay not."

On hearing the peremptory command, the leering priest grinned with an ecstasy of delight, and seemed now intensely impatient of an instant's delay.

A door, nearly opposite to Akim's, was thrown open, and the company of priests, numbering nine, passed through it into a long passage, dismal in the density of its darkness, unrelieved, save by the dim torches borne by two of the priests.

They turned a corner and proceeded down another passage, descending gradually, and again they turned, and at the termination of this third passage, they stood before a massive door which they unlocked and swung heavily back, and the dim light of the torches fell upon the stern yet kindly features of Hezmen the Egyptian.

He stood erect in the centre of his cell, his hands tightly fastened behind his back,—and as the ponderous door swung heavily backward, groaning with the unwieldiness of its motion, the eyes of the Egyptian looked steadily on the opening doorway. Each priest drew from his girdle a short dagger,—and thus they stood, trembling at heart before the steady eye of truth and sincerity which looked upon them from the dark cell, mingling, in its steady regard, the defiance of a hero and the pity of benevolence.

With a simultaneous movement they rushed upon their unarmed victim. They feared the magic of his eye. Their cowardly hearts quailed with even the vast odds of arms, of numbers, and unfettered limbs in their

favor. And, as he stood in their midst, each grasping him tightly with his left hand, while the right held an uplifted dagger, his unresisting coolness and the unrelaxed firmness of his features well nigh paralyzed their power to injure him.

The young patrician priest let fall the hand which held the uplifted dagger,—nature revived again within his heart, and gasped for a bare existence. He was about to raise the other hand from its hold of Hezmen, when the first priest, again perceiving his uncertain wavering, whispered in his ear some word of mystery. It brought before his eyes the form, and sounded in his ears like the voice of Akim,—and his fingers seized again their victim with the convulsive grasp of desperation,—and his right hand held again the uplifted dagger. And nature,—young and lovely once in the joyousness of youth ;—nature,—tender and sympathising nature ;—nature, the fond mother, laid her gentle hand upon the heart of her now deluded son. It was hard as the marble goddess of the temple, and cold as an ice-drop of the north. She lifted up her voice and wept, in the anguish of her undying love and pity for her offspring. But her warm tears congealed upon the icy heart of the young patrician priest ;—sensation had abandoned him ;—and he stood, with the rest, ready at a word to bury his dagger in the heart of innocence and truth ;—for, said Akim, “the safety of the temple demands it.”

“’Tis said that you have treasure ;” said the first priest, at length breaking the momentary silence which had followed the simultaneous movement of the company to lay their hands upon their victim.

Hezmen. "And if I have?"

Priest. "Say where it is, and —"

Hezmen. "Say on."

Priest. "Your life shall be yours."

Hez. "And my liberty?"

Priest. "Nay, that we dare not."

Hez. "Wherefore, then, is life?"

Priest. "If it be to thee so little worth, then we do thee little wrong in the taking of it."

Hez. "Hear me, ye priests,—and hold me with a tighter hand while I utter it. The Great One, whom alone I dare acknowledge, He gave me life, and with it liberty! Together in a living bond He bound them. When, in seeming, ye did rob me of my liberty, ye did miserably fail. The shell, indeed, ye hold ;—and I advise you hold it with a firmer grasp. But, ye cannot reach the essence of that ye would possess. My liberty and my life burn on one altar, and consume together. If ye seek to take the one, ye seek the other also. But neither can ye possess. They will escape ye though twice the length and number of your daggers should, in bloody search, transpierce my fleshy heart and separate each palpitating fibre of the abandoned clay!"

As Hezmen uttered this bold speech in an unfaltering tone, the priests would have shrunk from his dreaded presence. Their frequent side-glances toward the open door denoted their involuntary tendency to flight, still, however, they moved not.

The first priest, regaining courage, addressed him again. "Is there no earthly tie that would bid thee stay and count the coming days?"

Hezmen, on hearing this question, looked for a moment disconcerted. A tear started to his stern eye, and softened it into melting sympathy,—and the priests looked again assured in their own arts. “I have a daughter,” he replied, “the light of mine eyes. She is Ophilia’s child. On her, none but the gentle breeze of innocence and pleasure has ever blown. I would not leave her unshielded by a parent’s arm, or undirected by a parent’s wisdom. Alas, my poor Io! I have, in you, a tie that holds my heart to earth,—nay, almost tempts me to become a traitor;—to deny the Great One and forswear myself a man. But, no, Io; I would but bring upon thee the curse of heaven. I will be true, and thou shalt find protection in the Invisible power. Heaven guard thee, Io!”

Priest. “Wouldst thou not wish to see thy daughter here?”

Hezmen. “Man, tempt me no more.”

Priest. “Nay, but she is in the temple.”

Hezmen. “Oh heaven! protect her. Villain, tell me not that Io is in the temple.”

Priest. “I tell thee truth, she is.”

Hezmen. “Oh, then, if pity lives in your hearts, bring her to me, that once more I may behold her. Alas, poor Io!”

Priest. “Say only where thy treasure lies, and you shall see your daughter.”

Hezmen. “Take all my treasure—all—all I have but life and liberty—and give me my daughter, give me Io.”

Priest. “Say where your treasure lies, and all you ask are yours.”

Hezman. "In the library of my house, under a pile of ancient papyrus, there is a nicely fitting joining in the floor; beneath the window near it you will see a hole; insert the key that you will find here in my girdle, and the trap door will open. Descend, and in the farthest corner of the vault, raise a large stone, and you will find treasure enough to ransom me ten times from savage hordes. 'Tis so! were you barbarians, despised and homeless wanderers of the desert, then pity might move, or money buy your mercy; with such I have been safe—shall I be less with you? Not for myself I seek your grace—my daughter, my Io—it is for her I would live. Now I have told ye, and I demand my daughter."

Priest. Ha, ha! she is safe, and will in due time be taught the mysteries of the temple. Fear not for her, but for thyself; say quickly thy shortest prayer, for it is time thou didst rest from the weight of thy wisdom."

Hezmen. "What! does it become even ye, thus to deceive the victim appointed for the slaughter. Is there aught of manhood in it? Or, do I speak with men? End me, if indeed it be your purpose; but spare the lacerations of a father's heart."

At this moment an unusual noise in the distant passage caught the ears of the priest. It grew more audible, and evidently approached them.

"'Tis Akim, angered at our delay," observed he whom we have mentioned as the hungry looking priest.

Hezmen. "Does he command that I should die?"

Priest. "Yes, on the instant, and die thou must! Go! teach thy wisdom to the worms; or, in the Stygian

shades, tell them how thou wouldst deliver man from the tyranny of the temple. Go!

And the priests, at the significant words, raised their daggers high above the head of Hezmen. Another breath, and the Egyptian would have been pierced to the heart from every side. But the fates of empires hang on instants, so does the life of man.

Before one dagger had descended to the place for which it aimed, a wild shout rang through the cell and echoed along the passage. Another, wilder still, succeeded it, and instantly a number of armed men rushed through the open doorway, and stood petrified in the presence of the bound victim and the priestly assassins, who, on hearing the first wild cry, had relinquished their victim, and stood trembling in terror at the prospect of approaching vengeance.

They were the friends of Hezmen, the bold spirits of Ephesus, who had thus arrived at the critical moment.

"Speak, sanctimonious varlets!" cried Patricles, as he surveyed the cringing forms before him, "say, what would ye with this brave spirit? Aye, ye would quench the light of day, that thy dim torches only might be seen! Down! cowards, sycophants—down upon your knees, and ask for life from him whose life but now ye would have taken, while yet your base fetters hold him bound, beg of him the grace of his protection; or, if ye fail, ye perish on the instant. Down! down and beg!"

And the priests fell prostrate before their victim, and in abject fear begged for their lives.

It was a sight, redeeming from the sceptic sneer for-

ever, the foul calumny against Eternal Justice. Truth, standing in the fetters which despotic sanctimony had put upon it, triumphed over falsehood, and saw it cringe in servile baseness, begging of its own appointed victim the simple privilege of life.

Hezmen looked upon the miserable forms before him. He was brave, unmoved in danger; now, he could be generous, sparing in his power.

"Arise," he said; "ye have the forms of men, and I doubt not but ye once had the attributes of man. If ye are men, ye have a right to life. But, vipers are the enemies of man, and placed together in one house, 'tis an essential thing that one should die. But to me it seemeth proper that the man should live. Stand up, priests, and I will declare my mind. I would not take your lives, for ye have the forms of men. If ye will purge these most noble vessels of nature's forming, purge them of the wiles and arts belonging to a darker age, the age of Typhon, then ye may turn the influence of your office to the high purposes of man's great destiny. Look on your walls!—for I have learned the ancient mysteries—look on your walls, and from the characters seen there, descended to you from your ancient predecessors, ye will learn that the great truth, for the utterance of which I have been thus bound, is not of my invention; nay, it is older than the temple! Before the ancient pillars of this vast pile were reared, this very truth, the one great mystery of Being and the Great One, this truth, I say, lived in the breeze and floated on the wave, breathed from the flower, and spake from out the very stones that rise above us! Ye cannot bury it, unless, indeed, ye can weave a web of art sufficient to

wrap the whole universe in its dark and ample folds. Refrain, then ; seek not to quench the rising light ; for it will burn and burn, and growing it will grow ; and the old figments of your craft, dried up with age, and worn with constant use, they must be cast aside, or else consumed amid the spreading flame."

Hezmen turned to his friends, and was about to thank them, when Patricles, stepping towards him, cried, " Hold ! if you would speak to us, we will unbind thee ;" and he cut the bands by which the Egyptian was bound.

The first priest, seeing Hezmen's hands now at liberty, advanced timidly towards him, and handed him the key of his treasures, saying at the same time, in a subdued voice, " You have taught us ancient wisdom. Oh, that the Great One of whom you speak may forgive us our intentions toward thee."

" For that first dawning wish," cried Hezmen, " give me thy hand ; and may the Great Power, whom you have thus invoked, hear the first sigh of a returning spirit. Now, my friends," he continued, turning to his deliverers, " I will not lengthen time by words in thanking ye. My life is your redeeming ; but I have a daughter—her name is Io—and should aught befall her, my life is saved to little purpose."

On the mention of Io, Patricles, who strongly suspected the attachment begotten between her and his son, turned round, involuntarily, to look for Cresus. But Cresus was not among the company ; none had noticed his absence. The incidents and excitement of each mind since their entrance to the temple, had prevented their seeing the cause of Cresus' absence, which it will now be proper to relate.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DOORS WERE FAST.—CRESUS THOUGHT NOT OF DANGER.—
A WILD SCREAM.—THE RESCUE.—AKIM STOOD CONFOUNDED.—THE
JOY OF IO.—DANGER STILL.—“LET US FLEE.”—THE VOICE OF IO.—
“SPARE ME.”—WHERE IS MY FATHER ?—DECEPTION—I AM HERE.

THE friends of Hezmen had no sooner gained the general hall, where are observed the characters on the walls, than they ran to the first of the many doors which opened into it. But they found it firmly fastened, without any apparent way of opening it. The next was also fastened; and thus they proceeded, from one to the other, until they came to the one through which the priests had but just passed.

In the meantime Cresus, more impatient than the rest, had run to the other side of the hall, and in the same way, trying each door, came at last to the one through which Akim had passed.

With a lover's precipitancy, he dashed through the door and along the passage, without considering the danger of proceeding without his companions; or for aught he knew or cared, they were coming after him.

He moved on, in the darkness of the passage, until he reached the door leading into Akim's apartment's. He heard a melancholy wail, and it barely reached his ears, coming from some deep recess. He seized the

door, and at that moment a wild scream echoed through the walls; it continued in one long and rending note, and seemed quickly to approach the spot where Cresus stood, until nothing but the door separated him and it.

There was in that note, a tone which ran with electric force through the heart of Cresus, and aroused him to the madness of a fury. The door was fast; he tried to shake it, but it fitted with a nicety that prevented its moving. He kicked against it, but in vain; it seemed stoutly to resist all his strength; and yet it was one of the most flimsy doors of the temple.

With the momentary instinct of necessity, he drew his short dagger from his girdle, and with a furious plunge he pierced the door. Again and again he repeated the effort, and, at length, so weakened it, that a fierce kick made an opening in it.

Akim, who at first did not heed the noise without, supposing it to be some of his minions, to trouble him again about the Egyptian, no sooner saw the yielding door fall in pieces, than he concluded it could not be the work of any friendly hoof; yet what stranger dare venture into these sacred recesses of his priestly office?

Scarcely crediting the possibility of such temerity on the part of any common mortal, Akim cried out, with a voice deep and commanding enough to make a spirit tremble:

"Who are you that dares thus to invade this sacred place with violence?"

The victim, whose voice had, until now, continued one long shrill scream, ceased, as if terror-stricken by the dread voice of Akim. For an instant nothing was

heard but the hollow reverberation of Akim's voice, as it rang through the dismal passages, and returned to the ear from the massive walls which surrounded his apartment.

Another instant, and with one tremendous effort, Cresus forced his way through the door, sprang to his feet, and stood face to face before the wily Akim. A scream of joy rang wildly through the apartment; and Io, springing from behind the wily doctor, who had thrown himself between her and the door, threw herself into the arms of Cresus.

Astonishment and delight—fear and revenge—anxiety and desperation, in quick succession, seized the mind of Cresus, and for a moment he stood bewildered, unable to decide, while every instant was charged with danger to him and his lovely Io—now frantic with delight at her apparent deliverance, and that by the being of her soul.

Akim stood in blank confusion, no less bewildered. Such an outrageous sacrilege had never before been heard of in the Temple—and now he could scarcely believe it a reality. The previous excitement of his mind, and the suddenness of the violent entrance which Cresus had effected, completely unnerved the coolness of the doctor, and a tremor, such as never before within his recollection had seized him, shook him now with irresistible force from head to foot. The cold hand of fear seemed to be laid upon his very brain. The walls around him seemed glistening with the arms of vengeance; and the cries of terrified innocence, to which, for hours, he had listened with nought but the anger of selfish impatience, these cries seemed now to re-echo with accumulated

force, seeming to explode within his brain like the shrill peals of the elements without—while the quick fire of the storm seemed now to pass through the winding nerves of his system, consuming within him the courage and the coolness of manhood.

The wild delight of Io was completely beyond her control. For hours she had wailed in the furthest corner of the cell to which she had crept; and, keeping her eyes fixed upon the door, she had yielded to paroxysms of shrieking, whenever she saw the form of Akim approach it.

The doctor, thinking her grief would soon subside, had waited, until, his patience being quite exhausted, he rushed in, and seizing his intended victim he drew her from out the cell. It was at this moment that Cresus had forced the door.

The joy of Io may, therefore be imagined, to find herself not only saved from the power of the dark fiend, whose eye alone might terrify her, but now in the arms of one whom, though lately seen, was to her the perfection of all desire.

"I am safe," she cried—"I am safe. Oh, Cresus, let us fly from this dreadful place."

They turned to pass through the shattered door, when Akim, without having regained his reason, remembered that his will was always supreme, sprang toward them as they were about to pass through the door, and seizing Io, dragged her back. Cresus, no longer hesitating, leaped toward him, and dealt him a blow with such force that Akim fell to the floor. Cresus, with the other hand, was about to bury his dagger in the heart of the priest, when Io, seizing his arm, restrained him.

"Nay," she cried, in her gentle voice, "shed not his blood. Let us flee; let us flee."

"Cowardly dog!" muttered Cresus, looking down on the prostrate Akim, "thank your goddess, if thou wilt, that a greater and fairer than she has bade thee live. Were it not the voice of Io that commanded me, I would score the wrongs of a nation upon thy guilty heart."

Akim, now tolerably brought to his senses, looked up, and saw with terror the uplifted dagger held from his heart by the hand of her whose beseeching wail but ere now, he would not hear, and toward whom he had intended the greatest injury which base and fiendish selfishness could inflict upon fair and fragile innocence.

"Spare me!" he cried, "fair one; I sought to do thee wrong; yet, spare me—I will repent."

"Tell me where is my father, Hezmen," asked Io, anxiously.

Akim shuddered on hearing the question. He remembered his peremptory order, and doubted not but before then it was executed. He raised his head, choking from the agitation of excited feelings, which rose spontaneously from his throbbing heart. He feared to tell the truth, for he knew that instant death would revenge the innocent Hezmen, and he feared to utter a falsehood—not because he feared the falsehood, but because he knew the truth lay so hard by, and might redouble vengeance. "Yet," thought he, "if I can but reach the company of my priests, then we can make our work doubly sure, and this presumptuous youth shall pay dearly for his temerity."

As Akim thus thought, his eye grew visibly fiercer,

and the expression of his countenance was fast assuming its wonted aspect of command and supremacy.

The quick eye of Cresus caught, in an instant, the changing expression of his antagonist, and as he strove to raise his head, Cresus cried, "Down, coward! and hear from your only protectress the conditions of your life."

The head of Akim fell, as though a heavy blow had levelled it to the floor. And the lovely Io, standing with hair dishevelled and countenance burning with the excitement, the terror, the delight, the hope, the anxiety of the past and present moments of her existence—thus standing, intensely beautiful amid that wild bewilderment which surrounded her, she held the arm of Cresus still—and thus, in her gentle hand, she held the life of the wily Akim; and she dictated the terms upon which that life should hang.

"You lured me here," she said, "under the assurance that my father was in the Temple, and desired me speedily to his presence. I hastened to accompany you, not for a moment suspecting that any harm was intended to me. You told me that my father was condemned for speaking about the Great One, whom I had in your hearing solemnly invoked to his deliverance—that Great Spirit, whom from my infant days he had taught me to reverence. You told me, in a kindly tone, that there still was hope for my father, and if I would do my part you would do yours, and save him. I thought you kind, generous so to pity me when my father was taken from my side, and I had no friend near that could help me. I could not suspect your fiendish design until you led me into this apartment, and bade me be content, for I could never again see the face of my father."

"Villain!" exclaimed Cresus, as he heard this simple narration; and he would have stabbed Akim on the instant had not Io held his arm, and looking at him sweetly, bade him subdue his ire, just though it was. Then she continued:

"Now I have grown wise, and can suspect thee of any possibility. But I would not—unless thy deceit forbids my mercy—I would not have thy blood upon my hands, nor on the hands of my deliverer.

"If, then, you deem life worth the saving, tell me where I will find my father, and you shall lie here, bound with these ready cords, until we have found him. Then promise me that you will sign his liberty for ever; and that you, nor your order, will further, for ever, molest those who please to speak of the Great One."

"I will so promise," returned the trembling priest; "but Hezmen is——"

"Say it not!" roared Cresus, and his arm sought to free itself from the convulsive grasp of Io. "Say it not!" he roared again; and Io shrieked, and would have fallen to the floor; and Cresus' arm, now free, was raised, and the fatal dagger again glistened before the eyes of the prostrate priest—and his sight departed, and his blood rolled back upon his heart in one cold stream—and already the Stygian floods overwhelmed his soul, and Hecate scourged him to laceration, for the abominations he put upon her earthly nature.

But there was yet hope for the priest. At that instant Hezmen caught his falling daughter in his arms, and Patricles seized the uplifted arm of his son; and the life of Akim was saved by those he would have deemed his enemies.

Astonished at the sight of Hezmen, whom he thought dead, and more terrified at the appearance of the armed company, who now crowded through the dim light without, Akim sprang to his feet.

"Seize him!—seize the villain!" cried Cresus, as he vainly endeavored to break from his father's grasp. "The murderer of Hezmen!—will ye not seize him?"

"Nay, my brave friend, I am here to speak for myself," exclaimed Hezmen.

And Cresus, hearing again the voice of Io's father, turned in astonishment and incredulity to assure himself that his ears had not deceived him.

It was truly Hezmen, and Io lay senseless in his arms, her head resting upon his shoulder, while he wiped from her forehead the cold perspiration which the agony of that unspoken word had forced through her fair skin, and kissed from her soft cheek the undried tear that had relieved her burning thoughts.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNSEEN CORD.—IO OPENED HER EYES.—THE REALITY OF THE
SCENE.—THE PRIEST REPENTS.—SPEAK, IO.—A STRONG ONE IN HIS
LAIR.—FRIENDS OF BOYHOOD.—ANACREON.—THE NAME OF AKIM.—
A GREAT DISCOVERY.—“WHY SHOULD IT BE HID?”—A CHARTER.—A
WAR OF THE ELEMENTS.—A PILLAR FELL.

Who knows the tenacity of that unseen cord which binds together in inseparable oneness the spirits of parent and child! Its elasticity may render it seemingly slight, but when the final separation comes, or but threatens the rending of this bond of Nature's twisting, it is then its real strength is felt. Io sank, overwhelmed, in the anticipation of it. And now, as Hezmen looked upon the insensible form of his lovely daughter, he shuddered at the bare possibility of such a calamity.

But nature, ever good to man, if man is only a friend to himself, designs that that cord should imperceptibly grow brittle and attenuated by years before it becomes necessary to snap it asunder; and such was the benevolent design towards the beautiful Io and her worthy father.

Io slowly opened her eyes, saying, in a melancholy tone, “Oh, they have killed my poor dear father!—what shall I do?—what shall I do?”

“Nay, my daughter,” said Hezmen, soothingly, “I am not killed. Look at me. You are in my arms.”

At the voice of Hezmen, Io leaped up hastily, saying, “What is the matter? have I been dreaming? Oh, I

had such a horrid dream!" Then, looking around her, she shuddered and clung to her father with a wild delight, mingled with much confusion.

Soon, however, she called to mind the reality of the scene before her, for Akim still stood motionless in the position to which he had risen, awaiting, in silent dread, the fate that might be intended for him. An internal instinct meanwhile prompted him to hope that the fair one, whom he had sought to injure, might pronounce his sentence. He had already witnessed her disposition to clemency, and on her depended all his hopes.

Nor was such a hope unworthy of the deep discrimination of human nature which distinguished the knowing priest. He knew that woman's heart ever leans to mercy; and he felt, moreover, that Io's voice, in its winning melody, must command if kind nature lived in the heart to which she spake.

"Akim," said Patricles, in a stern voice, and looking fixedly at the doctor, who stood unmoved save by the involuntary tremor in which he trembled, "when last we met, it was in the Forum,—and I thought that we must meet again. What think you now of the judgment?"

"I repent it," he answered submissively.

"Aye," observed Menephron, "you repent the consequences it has brought upon you; but do you repent the judgment?"

The priest hung his head in silence.

"He shows some respect," said Troilus, "by his silence to that question; for he dare not lie to us, and he dare not tell the truth."

"Speak, Io!" cried Cresus, "command his fate!"

Io, now recovered, called to mind the promise he had made when he begged for life, and she said,

"He did promise me, when I held the hand of Cresus from his life,—he did promise me that never more he, nor his order, would molest those who pleased to speak of the Great One."

"Wilt thou promise this?" asked Patricles.

"I will," replied the priest.

And every heart beat full, and every eye beamed with a new light,—and Cassander, the Athenian, raised his hand and in solemn words invoked the witness of the Great One. And Akim bowed his head with a reverence he had not felt before.

"We will have thy sign for the answering of thy promise," said Patricles.

"True, thy sign," added Menephron, "and the sign of all the order of this temple."

"Come this way," said Patricles, as he and Menephron led the way into the great hall.

Io and Hezmen followed, and the rest came after with Akim in their midst.

"Go, you three," said Patricles, addressing Cresus, Troilus and Cassander, "take this key and bring hither the priests whom we have confined in the place of Hezmen."

They took the key and were soon before the door which closed upon the priests. As it groaned upon its hinges the priests retreated in affright to the farthest corner. He whom we have known as the hungry one, impatient for the death of Hezmen, now crouched behind the rest, and all, save one, thus shrunk into the dark recess.

There was one who stood before the door with a manly fortitude to which the rest were strangers. His large form seemed grown in its dimensions. The mildness of his features was transformed into cynical hardness. A scowl of vengeful anger ruffled the smoothness of his brow. The ferocity of human revenge crimsoned his cheek with rage. The fever of wrath was upon him, and the venom of human passion was rankling in his blood. His hair fell wildly over his features, and through the dim light of the approaching torch he looked like the lord of the forest fiercely staring from his lair.

The consciousness of his own strength seemed now for the first time to have awakened within him. And, first, he cursed that destiny which had led him to disregard the high dictates of undistorted nature. And, next, he cursed those who had, for the moment, bereft him of his liberty and shut him in, in darkness ;—and he vowed revenge upon mankind in general.

As the door swung open he was about to rush upon these who appeared, when, recognizing the countenance of Cresus, he suddenly stopped and looked upon him with an intentness which, at first, caused Cresus to think he meant an attack upon him.

In the wild and reckless countenance of the young patrician priest, Cresus could not recognize his early friend and companion.

The sight of one he had not seen for long, long days, recalled to the young priest a thousand early pleasures and innocent delights, the sports of boyhood, the roamings of fancy, the unfettered mind of innocence, the soft voice of nature, the tranquillity of social joys, the dreams

of early youth. "Oh, Cresus!" he at length exclaimed, "I am not mistaken,—it is your countenance, as bright and joyous as when we roamed and bathed and talked together, and mingled our hearts in one lofty dream."

"It is surely the voice of Anacreon," responded Cresus, as he advanced, and with the cordiality of an early friend, embraced the manly young priest. "Is it thus we are again to renew our friendship? They await us in the hall. Akim and the Archons command our instant attendance."

At the name of Akim, an involuntary shudder passed over the huge frame of the young priest. But he, with the rest, proceeded to the hall where they found Akim, the two Archons, and the company, awaiting them.

Hezmen was looking intently upon the wall. Io was standing by his side, and Cresus stood beside her with her hand held gently in his. Together their eyes rested upon the written characters,—and Akim looked upon the three as intently as they looked upon the writing. Hezmen's eyes passed from side to side, and Io followed him.

Suddenly her eyes brightened with an electric power, and she pointed to the wall. Her lips parted, and Akim sprang towards her with his hands upraised,—but he was as suddenly arrested by the grip of one of the friends of Hezmen. "'Tis there!" exclaimed Io, "it is there,—here in the temple itself! Unity of God! why should it be hid?"

And the question "why?" was echoed from the surrounding voices, among whom the young patrician priest most loudly echoed "why?"

"I have here," said Patricles, "prepared the writing,

and there it lies for who will to sign it,—what say you, Akim?"

The doctor advanced and read upon the tablet, "Hез-
men the Egyptian is free. Whoso henceforth speaks of
the Great One, shall be unharmed. And they who deem
it pertaining to their duty, may, in all coming time, wor-
ship the UNKNOWN GOD.

Given at the Temple, and signed by us."

The shadows of thought fell upon the heavy brows of Akim. "If I sign that," said he, "this temple will crumble into dust. But, its time is come;" and slowly and reluctantly he signed it.

Anacreon hastened to the table, and catching the stilus from out of the hand of Akim, he subscribed his name with undisguised delight, and all the priests followed in order.

Patricles seized the tablet as a sacred prize, and with the company, now glorying not only in the rescue of innocence but in the charter of their future safety, ascended into the Temple, and passing through the crowd who still sought shelter within the sacred walls from the raging storm without, they found themselves once more beneath a canopy of majestic clouds, from whence the voice of the Unknown told them, in the thunder and the fire, that He was greater than the Temple. And they worshipped beneath His rolling canopy.

They had hardly gained the open ground, by which the Temple was surrounded, when the violence of the storm grew more terrific, and blast came riding over blast, as wave tumbles over wave. The ancient pillars rocked with an unusual motion before the tempest, and

the Temple moved as though it shivered in the assailing blast.

The storm again subsided. The elements became hushed beneath some potent spell. The hand of Omnipotence was laid upon the storm, and suddenly it was calm as the silent eve.

The early dawn was hastening on to usher in the sunlight of another day, but yet the darkness of the night prevailed. A soft, Favonian breath passed over the city, and wrapped the temple and those near to it in its warm and soothing air. A warmer breath arose, and the air grew dense and stifling. More dense it grew; and the sense of suffocation became intolerable. Sulphureous vapors issued from the earth and floated in the thickening air. No sound disturbed the awful silence. Licensious folly, warm with the revels of the early hours of darkness, had sunk into a deep but unrefreshing slumber. Unheeding skepticism lay wrapped in soporific shrouds; while careless thousands slept in the various forms of social life. Two orders of antagonistic life watched alone that silent hour. The one was superstition, that enemy to repose and scarecrow of weak-minded man. The other was in numbers of no account, but in concentrated importance it was every thing that hope promises to the development of man's great destiny. It was the company of rare spirits who had just passed from the Temple. They stood upon the open ground wondering at the gathering thickness, and the increasing heat, and the awful silence that seemed to bear with an oppressive weight upon their very spirits.

A gentle tremor passed over the ground on which

they stood, and another followed it. A few loose stones, fell from the walls of the ancient pile, and alarmed the people, whose faith was not proof against such symptoms even in the Temple. Again the earth trembled with a greater violence, and the Temple gave more convincing warning of its insecurity. A pillar fell with a heavy crash! and the terror-stricken crowd rushed from the Temple with more precipitancy than that with which but ere now they had fled to it for shelter.

The trembling earth grew still; a cool breeze passed over the city, and the stifling air gave place to the morning purity. The gray light of the early dawn rose from the east and fell upon the ancient edifice, and the waters of the Selinus from Mount Galleus, in rippling murmurs swept, as of yore, past the olden pile. The Temple stood in appearance not much harmed; but its pillars were shaken by the storm and the earthquake, and the great truth which had been so long hidden beneath it had escaped. The days of its mystic power were numbered. The progression of truth was about to be proclaimed in the liberty extracted from the Temple to worship the Unknown God.

The miserable crowd grew bold as the daylight dawned, and retired to their needed rest. The company of noble spirits repaired to their homes, where they refreshed themselves and retired to rest, until the time of assembling in the Forum.

CHAPTER XXI.

EPHESIANS THROGGED THE FORUM.—THE SPEECH OF THE ARCHON.—
SILENCE.—GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.—THE TEMPLE
SHAKEN.

TABLETS, by order of the Archons, were hung up through the city, inviting the attendance of all Ephesus to hear a great announcement.

At the appointed time, a vast concourse of Ephesians thronged the Forum. The impatience of the multitude vented itself in uproarious tumult. A thousand varied tales passed from tongue to tongue. Fantastic fancies grew into well-wrought probabilities. The horrid phantoms of the dreadful night composed the burthens of these tales. One told the prodigies he had seen. Another, how he had heard a dreadful voice rising above the elements proclaim the city doomed. And countless images of all horrid shapes and aspects were sought to be described. Some, skeptical of all they heard, vainly endeavored to surmise the import of the coming announcement.

Thus, expectation was greedy of the news. The jostling crowd, at every movement toward the entrance to the Forum, stood still, anxious to see the first index to the mysterious announcement.

Two Archons entered in their robes, Patricles and

Menephron ; next came Cresus and Troilus, and the rest of the company followed.

The tumult was hushed, and the living mass listened in breathless silence.

Patricles advanced to the front of the elevation on which the company stood. He held in his hand the tablet of liberty, and he addressed the multitude.

"Ephesians, hear me !"

Then arose a shout from that fluctuating crowd, "Hear the noble Patricles ! Great is Patricles !"

The Archon, not heeding the popular flattery, continued, "There was a time when the place of this great city was only the habitation of the beasts of the forest. And after that there was a time when the Ortygian walls, built up by a rude people, rescued from the forest the ancient limits of this Great Ephesus. And then were laid the rough foundations of the ancient temple which your fathers after raised to the lofty edifice that now stands yonder."

Again the people shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians !" and Patricles, nothing daunted, continued,

"Throughout this universe there are times, and seasons, and progressions. There are seeds, and germs, and tender plants,—and trees, and blossoms, and fruits ;—and the seeds and the fruits are joined together by that progressive series of growth which urges on and on, unfolding ever the mystery of development. Time rises on its steady wing, and this vast world grows older in the ascending years. And man gathers from the rolling years the knowledge of experience, and the science of truth. In the archives of our fathers we read the simplicity of their ideas ;—and in the ancient mansions we

see the ignorance of their arts and the rudeness of their habits. Each one of you is learned in some art, or enjoying some comforts, which the ancient kings did not so much as dream of. But, there are lofty thoughts which yet transcend our loftiest as much as ours transcend the past. There is a mystery which swallows up all mysteries, and leaves the mind unfettered by the littleness of human arts. It was the voice of that Great Mystery which sounded out amid the raging storm and bade ye tremble at its power. It was the hand of that Great Mystery that shook the earth as by its mane, loosened the foundations of the olden Temple, and overthrew its most venerable pillar, around which the moss of age had gathered, and from which a sacred poppy sent forth its soothing leaves. It is the varied voice of that Great Mystery which speaks to us in this pleasant breeze, which buzzes in the insect life around us, which sings in the melody of the grove and roars in the growl of the forest, and speaks through the voice of man. It is the varied aspect of the same Great Mystery that blinds us in the brightness of the sun and woos us in the soft beams of the moon, and smiles in the fresh beauty of the fields, and moves, in majestic grandeur, on the rolling waves. These are but the varied forms of the One Great Spirit, whom we can never know save in his works. Though it is said there is a people, in a far distant land, to whom He has made Himself known, and has promised a further revelation of Himself. To us, He is the Unknown God, who created Olympia at the first, and last night laid His mighty hand upon the Temple, and well nigh shook it to the ground.

“Hear, then, the announcement which I would make

unto ye, Ephesians. Upon this tablet I have the signatures of Akim and the priests of the temple,—and I rejoice that to you, this day, is given the great liberty hereon contained, which liberty no man at any time had a right to hold from you. But now, it is yours, not only in the right of its own nature, but by virtue of this tablet, which reads thus :—” And Patricles read aloud the tablet and the signatures.

For a time the multitude kept silence. But, as Patricles and the company began to retire, the shout arose, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians.” It was a scattered shout ; and it told the noble spirits who had braved the multitude—it told them that the power of the temple was shaken.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RETURN OF IO.—LIFE IS MADE UP OF CONTRASTS.—GAY HEARTS.
—IO AND CRESUS.—THE EVENTS OF LIFE.—HEZMEN WEPT.—THE
EARLY HOURS.—A MINISTER OF NATURE.—THE AERIAL FLIGHT OF
SONG.—LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

Io, with her father Hezmen, hastened to see again their peaceful habitation without the noise and bustle of the city. With what new pleasure did every object greet their eyes as again they approached the lovely spot from which a century of years seemed now to have separated them. To Io, more particularly, the reaction was almost overpowering. The joys of Elysia were hers already, pure and unbounded, full with the delights of present pleasure. The quiet monotony of her life was broken up. Pleasure itself, when uniform in moderation, unrelieved by the lighter and the darker shades of life, becomes uninteresting, insipid, and tiresome in the end. Nature herself, the accomplished mother, lives in the changing scene, now light, now dark, now smiling in the opening morn, then sighing in the closing eve. To-day, she wraps herself in a sombre mist. To-morrow, flings aside the heavy garment, and stands dressed in the living colors of the light.

Shall her daughter be more wise than she? or more uniform? There can be no glorious mountain-top without a corresponding vale. There can be no ecstatic joy without its corresponding sorrow. Life is made up of con-

trasts! We judge to-day by yesterday; and anticipate the future by the past. Growing wise as we grow old, we look for reaction as an inevitable law of our nature; nay, of the universe. But, then, we grow presumptuous, and dictating our own terms we feel the contrast in our deep humiliation.

The joy of Io was as high as her fear and misery had been deep. She looked upon the terror and the danger from which she had been so fortunately delivered, with emotions of gratitude which she sought not to express. So completely did this feeling of deliverance pervade her mind, that, as she entered again into her pretty garden, she ran, with palpitating haste, to see whether her favorite flowers and plants were safe,—and she almost destroyed them in the involuntary pressure by which she sought to embrace them. It seemed, indeed, to her, as though they and not she had been in danger. She looked upon them again and again, raised their drooping leaves, and sought, by every means, to assure her doubts of their perfect safety.

But, thought she, is Eudocia safe?—and a sudden tremor seized her as the thought flashed across her mind. She left her flowers and plants and ran, with all her speed, toward the house.

Hezmen had stood, in the secret overflowing of his soul, overflowing in affection and thought, watching the unsophisticated, the innocent enthusiasm of his lovely daughter. When she started off toward the house, he called after her in vain. She could not hear. Her anxiety rendered her, for the time, unconscious of any thing external save Eudocia.

She flew through the vestibule and peristyle. She heard not the exclamations of surprise and delight which burst from the lips of the domestics as she hurried past the triclinium. She ascended to the apartment of Eudocia, which adjoined her own—but her faithful companion was not there. She rushed into her own room, and there lay Eudocia, stretched upon her face on the couch, groaning in a piteous wail.

Io threw her arms around her devoted slave, called her by her name; and Eudocia, uttering a cry of joy, forgot in an instant the sorrow which, in the few hours past, had left its visible mark upon her delicate countenance.

"Oh," exclaimed the slave, "I thought when you went with that dark man, last eve—I thought I should never see you again, he looked so bad; and I could see him smile whenever you cried about your father. Oh, is the master safe?"

Io assured her that the master was safe, and already in the hall; and then, for the first time, Io called to mind how she had left her father in the garden.

They descended, and found the worthy master receiving the warm, enthusiastic congratulations of his domestics, whose anxiety for their master's safety had been only equalled by their maddening solicitude for the safety of the lovely Io.

Gay hearts danced in each countenance—and Io was never before in such a wilderness of delight. She hastened from object to object, recognizing in them so many friends of her childhood. "One thing only now I wish for," thought she, after having satisfied herself that her

little kingdom had sustained no injury, "one thing only do I want. I would so much like to see Cresus, my deliverer."

The evening was fast declining, and Cresus seemed to have heard the untold wish of Io; for scarcely had the thought flitted through her mind, when Cresus passed the entrance to the garden, and winding his way through the pleasant paths, came in sight of Io and her father sitting near the mansion.

They rose, and with the heartiest cordiality welcomed their former guest and invalid, now their friend and deliverer.

The obligation between Io and Cresus was now felt to be mutual; and neither felt disposed to suppress that rising sense of gratitude which ever constitutes the strongest cement that can bind together two sensitive and generous hearts.

Under the influence of this reciprocal bond their love assumed, at once, that confidence which is generally imparted by years and months of pleasing friendship. Neither could doubt the other's love—much less would they doubt each other's fidelity.

They conversed of the strange incidents of the few past days; the dangers and adventures from which they had escaped, and the great result which those varied incidents had, in a manner unforeseen, worked out for the general good.

"My children," said Hezmen, in a deep and impressive voice—and the sun was then fast sinking in the west—"my children, these evening shades come over us like the events of life. Sitting upon the banks of the ancient

Nile, I, in my boyhood, have watched the setting of that glorious sun. At your age, I have mingled my spirit with a being of unearthly perfection. Her eyes were fountains of love—the outlets of a soul of unfathomable deeps, and her lips were as the native beds of undying nectar. Her voice was like the fresh streams of water when they greet each other in a joyous meeting, and her countenance was radiant with the beauties of a celestial mind. Her form was a living model, around which clustered beauty, love, and truth; and the dignity of virtue, that glorious climax of womanly perfection, sat, in its native power, upon her brow. She was my wife, and she gave me two daughters; and, dying, she bade me take them to the land of her fathers—this fair Ionia, where liberty was rising on its young pinions.”

He paused a moment, and the tears rolled out of his eyes. He sat in silent meditation only a short time, and then he rose, and proceeded to his library, leaving the young lovers still sitting in the gathering shades of the evening.

“My poor father,” said Io, in a subdued tone, “he often tries to tell me about some one he calls my mother; and he says I had a sister once. Oh, I wish I had seen them both, so that I might converse with my father about them, for he likes to tell me of them.”

“I can comprehend your feeling, Io,” answered Cressus, “for I can barely call to mind the form and countenance of my own mother—for Patricles, my father, has now his second wife. But we will not call up the past to make us sad, when, in each other, we hold security for present joy and coming delight.”

Thus conversing, the moments sped. The moon shone down upon the happy lovers, and they thought not of the passing time, until they were summoned in to supper.

Hezmen met them in the hall. His countenance had regained its wonted calm; and in instructive conversation the evening passed away.

Cresus again occupied a room in the hospitalice for the night; and he thought, as he lay, of the strange and important incidents which had intervened between the first night on which he had occupied that room, and then; and scarcely could he bear the suspense by which darkness cut him off from being visibly assured that Io was safe.

The early morning, however, reassured him, for, on looking from his window, he saw the captivating figure of his lovely Io bending, like a fair minister of nature, over her pretty flowers—determined that, while she herself enjoyed the genial and refreshing joys of love, her pretty beauties must not droop their little heads and arms in unmerited neglect, and so reprove her in their silent eloquence, for that selfishness which belongs to grosser natures.

Cresus hastened to assist her in the kindly office, not so much because he cared for the flowers themselves, as that he loved them for the hand that raised their drooping leaves, and watered their thirsty roots. Yet Cresus was not unmindful of those gentle tones in which kind Nature calls upon her sons, no less than her daughters, to lay aside, at times, that corroding selfishness which taints humanity, and poisons the purest fountains of human pleasure.

The varied pleasures of the day consumed the gliding hours. The early sun, so pleasant in his tempered rays, rose to his meridian height, and rendered the cool air of the mansion more desirable than his vertical beams. But again the shadows grew from his declension, and the green leaves, trembling in the soft breeze which came from the islands of the deep, laden with their spicy fragrance, invited the children of nature again to go abroad, that they might gather from even the passing breeze those sentiments of tenderness, of sympathy, of love, without which the life of man is a hard, uninteresting, and barren rock—and the life of woman is a dry reality of petty annoyances—a miserable collection of trivial common-places, unrelieved by a single note of that blest harmony whose voice rises on the breeze, floats on the continuous buzz of unfettered life, and repeats, in the sinking echo, the soft cadences of its eternal melody.

When the varied melody of the living universe no longer ravished the senses of these happy ones with its rich harmony—when quiet sleep had thrown its mystic mantle over the stirring world, and nought was heard without save the deep sigh of meditative Nature, while in the falling dew she shed a kindly tear—then Io took her lyre. Her fairy fingers passed lightly over its strings, and they breathed in the sweet whisper of *Æolia*; and in the modest language of the lyre, love seemed to flow from the very fingers of the lovely Io. But when her full, soft voice mingled its enchantment with the vibrating air, the heart of Cresus bounded with delight, and his imagination called back his early lessons—the fancies of his childhood; and he sat, as of old, by the fountain of Hippocrene, on Mount Helicon, or ascended

to Castalia, upon Parnassus ; and he sped through Thesaly, and explored the wonderful delights of Pindus and Pierus ; and, returning from his imaginary flight, he exulted, in an ecstasy of pleasure, on finding that it was his own loved Io, who had, in the fairy contest of aerial sounds, vanquished the muses, the sirens, and the daughters of Pierus, and now possessed the aerial field alone ; while he was permitted to accompany her upon the wing of melody.

Thus, in a round of pleasures, Io and Cresus whiled away the mornings and the evenings—the light and the darkness ; and they scarcely deemed an hour had passed when they might have numbered days. They never thought of killing time—the stern old usurer had given them a draft unfilled, and bade them draw on him to the full extent of their desires. Why, then, should they count the passing hours ?—or what to them were days ? They cost them nought, and, far as they could look, they saw an endless chain. They forgot the past, they enjoyed the present, and they trusted for the future. From these three results contentment flowed. Pleasure floated upon the surface of life ; they sought not pain by diving for it ; and the days, as we have said, passed silently away, and left the happy ones, Io and Cresus, where we, too, must leave them, in the full enjoyment of love and happiness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A COMPANY OF FRIENDS AT THE HOUSE OF MENEPHRON.—HISTORY OF HEZMEN.—“MY FATHER WAS A PRIEST OF ISIS.”—THE SWEET OPHILIA.

THE evening arrived, whereon the chosen spirits of Ephesus were engaged to dine with Menephron. At the appointed hour they were all assembled in the hall, all save Cresus.

“Ha, ha !” roared Menephron, good-humoredly ; “Cresus is absent—gone to the rescue, I suppose ; no wonder, no wonder ! How is this, worthy Patricles, where is your son ?”

“Why, to be true, Cresus thinks, of late, that I have counted his years long enough ; and now, for the rest, he will count them himself,” answered Patricles.

“Hezmen,” continued Menephron, “I am delighted to hail you—welcome to my house. But I fancy—it is perhaps a mischief—yet I fancy you know somewhat of the absence of Cresus.”

“I do confess,” said Hezmen, “that I would rather have to give account of Cresus to you, than to give mine own account to Akim.”

“Your terms are easy, then, my worthy friend,” said Troilus, in a lively tone ; “for Anacreon has told me

you bade defiance to Akim, while yet his power was unquestioned."

"Oh, as to that," replied Hezmen, "courage is always the shortest road to safety; so, if they tell you I was bold, they might also tell you I had more hope from boldness than I could have had from fear."

"There is in man," observed the Athenian, "an involuntary awe, in the presence of that high attainment of soul, which awaits the shadows of death as void of fear as when, on each passing day, the nightly shades wrap the external world in invisible gloom."

"And yet," said the Egyptian, "to him *who fears no truth*; to him whose soul has reached the harmony of the universe; to him whose thoughts and life are in good faith with that pervading Spirit, who prompts in us all the sublimity to which we may attain—to him the coming day looks through the darkness, whether it be of the Hadean or the nightly shades."

"My worthy friend," responded Cassander, grasping the hand of Hezmen, "I honor your philosophy; it goes beyond the reach of mine; and it is well, for it comes from the land of our ancient sires. I have heard that in the ancient temples there was such treasure of philosophy as no man in this new world had even dreamed of. And I am happy in thus meeting a noble son of the ancient soil."

"It was once a noble soil," remarked the Egyptian; "but its virtue has departed with its years; and young Greece may boast of that for which its sire laments."

"Most worthy sir," said Troilus, who was much impressed by the manner and sentiments of Hezmen,

"would it do aught violence to wisdom to tell us of your history?"

"Nay, my friend, and all my friends," answered Hezmen, "I know not to whom I better owe an account of myself, than those who have dared so much to save that of which you would hear, my life."

"Then," interrupted Menephron, "we have only been rescuing pleasure for ourselves. We will have at supper what we rescued from the temple, that is, the life of Hezmen! But stay, who comes here? By —, nay, I will not swear; the gods are shams! and the Great One is beyond the realm of wit; His due is reverence! But here comes Cressus."

Troilus went to greet his friend; supper was announced, and the guests, with their host, took their places to do justice, if not honor, to the entertainment.

It was a feast of luxuries, as might have been anticipated at the house of Menephron, when his most particular friends composed the company of his guests.

Conversation rolled back and forth in every form of language charged with wit. Hezmen and Cassander had so earnestly engaged in subjects of deep philosophy, that neither of them had much observed the first assault upon the disappearing course. Their cups had been filled and emptied, but they had not even noticed the beautiful wine-bearer, who now began to render the table of Menephron celebrated in the ears of the young patricians of Ephesus.

At length the time arrived when the history of Hezmen was called for; and it was requested by the host that Hezmen should relate his life.

"My life," said the Egyptian, "has been a varied scene of hill and dale; of day and night; of pleasure and pain; of thought and action; of sentiment and reality. Yet, varied as have been these incidents which make up the total of my history, they, perhaps, have not been more so than those of some of you who honor me with your attention.

It is not barely on account of the stirring items, which occur in the course of time over which I have passed, that I would deem my life, or its narration, of any moment. There is endless variety in every department of existence. That variety distinguishes each man's history from that of his companions. The accumulation of that variety constitutes experience; by that accumulation of experience we grow wiser, and if we are not abandoned to perversity and error, we at the same time grow better for our knowledge.

"My father was a priest of Isis; a man of foreshadowing thought. The genius of his eye burned amid the spirits of Egypt, the centre of lofty thought. When he let fall his brows, and threw inward his vision, searching the unsounded deeps of mystic thought, his fellows of the robes stood in profound respect, as when the sycophantic parasites of this young Greece wait for the appearing of the last in office, or the hereditary names, to show with what humility they wait some expected boon. When 'he wrapped around him his priestly robes, and walked forth, shrouding his brow in mystic semblance, the people fell before him, and kissed the ground over which he trod in proud disdain. And when he curled his lip in unrestrainable contempt at the base worms of

human aspect prostrate before him, a fellow mortal, they crouched lower and lower still—would have buried themselves in the vile dust—and seemed to deem it sacrilege only to live in his path. He wished not such reverence, for he knew it had been paid before to that same robe which rested on his shoulders, while yet it covered the foulest piece of humanity within the Egyptian realm. He wished it not, I say, because he lived above such base delight as treading upon worms! He had measured every mystery of the temple—cast his plummet into the deepest soundings of hieroglyphic depths—read science in her native language—the living words of being—the moving sentient world—the thoughts which ever live in the moving elements—the firmament of silent worlds above—the recesses of mystic lore beneath—man's nature, birth and destiny. He had read the language of other lands—had conversed with the magi of Persia and the High Priest of Judea. With the keen vision of a borrowed inspiration he had marked out to himself the growing destiny of man to boundless progression. And at heart he deprecated the deep selfishness of the few who held the world of mind in dark and dismal gloom.

“My mother was a priestess of great beauty, whom, in virtue of his high office, my father claimed for wife. In this case, however, love, and interest, and duty, by a fortunate coincidence, combined, and priest and priestess were one in heart as well as in office.

“I was their only child; but in my infancy was concealed from public knowledge and nurtured in the inner court of the temple.

"My father had long endured the trammels of an office which, to him, was always irksome. The foul deceptions, by which his fellow men were degraded even to writhing in the dust beneath his feet, haunted his brain with a thousand vengeful forebodings of self-reproach and self-torture. He persisted, however, against the stern demands of his better reason. He persisted in the duties of his office, vainly endeavoring to conform those duties to the clear intimations of reason and truth, which would, ever and anon, rise up before him, like the stern reproaches of a tortured spirit. He persisted, until reason and truth, so long forbearing, cried from within him in a voice which drowned all other sounds, and bade him cast off the mystic semblance, and be a man, as man.

"He dare not—as he has told me—he dared not resist the destiny that had laid its stern hand upon his heart and head. He obeyed the inexorable order, forsook the temple, and, accompanied by my mother and myself, retired to the valley of the Nile, where he intended to seclude himself, for a time, away from the scenes of his former life.

"I was then a lad of twelve years' growth ; inquisitive, even beyond my years, and could not rest without a reason for all I saw, or heard, or felt. My father deemed me, then, too young to reveal to me the deceptions from which we had escaped ; but he lost no opportunity to teach me the traditionary knowledge of the priesthood ; and, most of all, he taught me to read the pages of that vast volume which exists as indestructible as the universe, and expanded to the utmost boundaries of space.

In our daily walks along the banks of the ancient waters, he opened out before my eyes the book of nature—told me the alphabet of universal science, and taught me first to know the unity of all the varied forms I saw—their unity in one great volume, one sublime work, one vast truth, illustrated in endless figures, indicating the great mind, as the author of this seeming diversity.

“While thus, in my daily walks, I learned of my father the visible wonders of surrounding truth, my mother loved me when I sat by her side at home, and she talked to me as to an equal in spirit. She gave me deep insight into the Temple, the selfishness of man, the nature and influences of humanity, and the varied forms of human life.

“Five years thus passed. Neither my father nor my mother wished for happiness beyond the peace of their seclusion; and I was happy, save when a restless spirit came over me, and something whispered in my ear that I ought to go abroad and see the world.

“About this time, my mother grew suddenly sick and died, and with untold sorrow we laid her in the grave. We sought not by any art to preserve the shell when all that rendered it valuable and pleasing had departed from it. We embalmed her not, but laid her quietly and gently beneath the shadowing branches of the thicket of beautiful trees, in the midst of which stood our now lonely hamlet.

“The hours were now of intolerable weight, both to me and my father; and being thus entirely thrown upon each other for pleasure and society, our minds grew into one another. I imparted of my youth. He imparted

of his wisdom. He taught me a variety of arts, but delighted me most of all with the wonders of chemical magic. And then he explained to me how vast a power this knowledge confers upon the few who understand it, and how it enhances the dread power of the temple. It was the knowledge of these arts, thus learned in solitude, that afterwards unlocked to me the treasures of other lands, and gave me more than competency for life.

“I had almost forgotten the tedious hours. Wrapped in the wonders of science and of art, having in the same person a constant companion of unvarying kindness—an affectionate father, whom I revered for his goodness; a willing instructor, who never wearied; an interested mentor, whose wisdom ever preceded and invited me onward into paths of new wonder and delight—it would have been strange if I did not journey onward in the exploration of new regions of truth, of science, and of art.

“But, with all, there were times when a feeling somewhat hostile to those delights would come over me like the shades of evening, or the dreaminess of a glorious midday. I could not tell from whence this feeling came, or how it came, or why it came; yet, when it came, my spirit roamed abroad; the hunger of years seemed suddenly to seize upon me, yet food was loathsome; my spirit cried in want of something, my heart seemed bursting with its fulness. I was sick, yet restless as the morning wind; and I sought to cool my fevered blood in the flowing waters of the Nile.

“It was on a morning in that enchanting season, when a new round of vegetation bursts from the yielding

earth—a morning such as here is seldom seen, if ever—the cloudless sky, more cloudless than its wont, was soft beyond the softness of your smoothest words. The sun was not yet risen, but a thin tissue of light veiled the receding darkness, and the gray morning crept over the silent scene, as if reluctantly disturbing the quiet in which all being seemed to rest. It is peculiar to the climate of that region of the Nile, that elements, which in other lands wage constant war upon each other, there so peaceably give place, in settled turns, to each other's sway, that seasons follow seasons without observation, light and darkness blend in imperceptible degrees, and life flows on in an unvaried current, growing only wider and smoother as it approaches the ocean of its destination.

“ On this memorable morning, I waited restless for the coming dawn ; I could not rest ; and when I saw the faint tissue of light overspreading the dark canopy above, I hailed it as a bridal veil, which would soon disclose a lovelier face, the face of smiling morn. I hailed it with an ecstasy of joy, for which I saw no sufficient reason ; but an involuntary sense of pleasure seized upon me ; and I hailed the bridal veil of morning, and I went forth to meet the joyful visitor of another day.

“ Passing through the bushy grove, that concealed my father's hamlet from the view of the river Nile, or the path which lay along its banks, I walked in thoughtful solitude along with the rolling stream ; I sat down upon the bank, and gave myself up to the wanderings of my fancy. An enormous crocodile plunged from a little island opposite to where I sat, and swam toward me. I

rose, not wishing too cordially to welcome his embrace, and, as I rose, and turned my head to look around me, a new object caught my astonished eyes.

A female figure, gliding along the bank,—seeming in her light bound scarcely to touch the earth with her feet, approached the spot where I stood, petrified with wonder, and a strange mingling of fear and joy. I thought of all the goddesses of whom I had heard. I thought of Nymphs and Sylphs, of Naiads and Oreads. I thought of things I supposed eternally forgotten. The ancient faith,—the popular mysteries, seemed to roll over my spirit, driven by the approaching form, who ravished my senses with delight, while my heart trembled with fear, and my spirit forsook in an instant the realities of science and of arts which years had been impressing there.

“I would have fled, or hid myself more effectually, but a fascination held me to the spot I stood on, and I awaited, in fear, the approach of the angelic form of female loveliness.

“A small shrub before me partially prevented her from seeing me, until she was quite near; when, suddenly perceiving me, standing with my eyes fixed upon her countenance, she uttered a scream, and stood still.

“No sooner was I convinced that she was mortal, than I underwent another revolution of thought, and was now as soon restored to my former faith in science and arts, and disbelief of all my early fancies. And, now, my fear assumed a very different form. I feared she would turn and fly from my presence, and leave me for ever alone.

“I threw up my hands, and cried to her not to fear

me;—and she, scarcely hesitating a moment, on hearing my voice, ran toward me with haste, crying, ‘Save me, oh save me!—hide me from my pursuers!’

“I threw my arm around her with a delight that would have made me face death, to save such confiding loveliness,—and I hastened with her through the bushes to my father’s hamlet.

“We had not long been there, when we heard the distant voices of men and camels, approaching in haste the place where we were. My father, who had risen before our arrival, stood with me at the door of the hamlet, and we determined to resist to the death, any attempt to rescue from us, the fair being thus mysteriously thrown under the shelter of our hamlet.

“We listened to the approaching sounds, with the most intense anxiety. But, finally, we heard the tread of the camels brush past our grove,—and it was evident their owners did not suspect the existence of a habitation in so solitary a place.

“Again we breathed without fear,—and turning to our fair guest, saluted her with the most respectful and cordial hospitality.

“She seemed, at once, prepossessed with the paternal appearance of my father,—and the old priest succeeded, without difficulty, in convincing her that she was among the friends of the weak, or the injured, or the distressed.

“We allotted to her the inner portion of our hamlet, and in the course of a day or two the restraints of fear began to subside, and she felt grateful that her flight had been so fortunately directed.

“With confidence in her protectors, the easy grace of manners the most refined returned, and took possession of every movement. And the beauty of her countenance shone out daily, with some new change of loveliness. Her height was moderate,—her form round,—her countenance marked with a strong expression of Grecian animation and decision. But a delicate softness rested on her features,—and dwelt, ever, in her eyes. Her speech was in the Grecian accent.

“When some days had passed away, and the fear of meeting those from whom she had escaped had subsided, she walked out with my father, while I, afraid of offending her by any forwardness, kept at a distance. In every thing my aim was to maintain toward her the most sacred respect. Thus, gradually, did she feel herself as much at home as could be,—and with unmingled joy I soon began to perceive an increasing expression of kindness on her part, toward me; and I endeavored to convince her, by every act of attention, how fully I appreciated and deeply reciprocated any kindly feeling she might entertain for me. At first, she used to talk much of her desire to return again to her native land: and we used to sit upon the bank of the Nile together, and contrive a hundred different ways for her return;—but none of them would turn out practicable. At length, however, the subject became less spoken of,—and other topics began to excite, in her, more interest than even her distant home. She began to feel a home in the wonderful beauties of nature,—and the vast truths of the Universe. New thoughts clustered around her soul. She felt that the very nature of her habitation was

changed. A new home grew up, daily, in her thoughts, more capacious and more pleasant. She added department to department, and interest to interest, until the bare idea of leaving her new-found home occasioned her the most painful feelings.

"I grew daily, if possible, more delighted with her company; and as we wandered together through the quiet scene, and conversed upon the varied objects around us, and the strange complexities of our own natures, our hearts became entwined in love; and I fully solved the problem of my previous restlessness, and frequent discontent.

"With one consent, we married! and neither of us any longer wished to go beyond the precincts of our own solitude;—while, together, we listened with increased interest to the wisdom of the old man, my father, who was pleased,—seeing me made happy to the full extent of my desires.

"Moons passed away, and my Ophilia,—"

"Hold!" cried Menephron, in great excitement, interrupting the Egyptian, "do you say her name was Ophilia?"

"That was her name," answered Hezmen.

Men. "Did she tell you so?"

Hez. "She did."

Men. "And the country whence she came?"

Hez. "Yes, Greece was her country."

Men. "And her friends?"

Hez. "She said she had a brother, who was slain in the Persian wars."

Men. "Have you his name?"

Hez. "I have it, as Ophilia told me,—Castides."

Men. "'Tis me! 'tis me! That was my name; and Ophilia was my sister! Great Power, to what hast thou preserved me? Does Ophilia live?—nay, I need not ask, for I know your wife is dead."

Hezmen heard, with astonishment, the exclamation of Menephron. He had marked his growing excitement as the tale proceeded; but when the Archon thus positively asserted the fact that Ophilia was his sister, Hezmen sat for a moment, overwhelmed with the strange current of thought which rushed through his mind, then reached toward Menephron, and the Egyptian and the Archon embraced each other, as brothers, still held together by the memory of the sweet Ophilia.

CHAPTER XXIV.

**OPHILIA LOST.—A STRANGE DISCOVERY.—DOUBTS RESOLVED.—HEZMEN
CONTINUES HIS NARRATIVE.**

It was a strange discovery, and the company were thrilled with excitement as it burst upon them.

"But," asked Hezmen, now beginning to recollect himself,—and gathering doubt with his returning memory," how can you be her brother, if her brother was slain in the Persian wars, and his name was Castides?"

"Alas," answered Menephron, "she heard that I was wounded, and for aught the messenger knew, it might be, he said, to the death. Ophilia loved me, with that pure, ardent love, that sometimes moves a sister's heart;—that love, disinterested,—akin to heaven more than aught else on earth. She could not bear suspense;—and she could not endure the thought that I was, perhaps, dying without a soft hand to hold my head. She ordered a company of armed attendants to convey her to my distant camp. But, as they crossed a solitary plain, a band of hostile robbers, mounted on the fierce steeds of the desert, swept round them. They fought with courage, but the odds were too much against them, and one only of Ophilia's men escaped, by means of the great speed of his horse. He declared that all had

fallen, and even Ophilia, he said, he saw fall lifeless from her camel. With such report, I thought it vain to hope; and I only paid in grief the duty I owed in action, to find again my lost Ophilia."

"It was thus she told me of her essay to support your dying head," said Hezmen, "and I have no further doubt. Yet, thy name is not Castides."

"That was the name of my childhood," answered Menephron. "It was by that name Ophilia called me, when in prattling childhood we played together. But as a man, I am known to Ephesus and the world as Menephron, which is the ancient name of my ancestry."

"I have oft called thee Castides," said Patricles; "and do well remember Ophilia; nay, mine eyes did fancy her, since this eve I entered your hall."

"As mine have oft of late, no doubt," responded Menephron. "But, with new interest, I would hear from Hezmen the remainder of this strange history. How came Ophilia to the Nile, and you?"

"To answer your question," said Hezmen, "will be to illustrate that strange destiny which brings together distant spheres,—which laughs at our most crafty plans, —and commands our actions, in a voice we dare not disobey.

"Most of Ophilia's guard were slain. Two or three, only, were made prisoners, and reserved for some distant slave-market.

Ophilia, seeing her party hard pressed, leaped from her camel, with the intention of mounting a steed whose rider lay in the dust, that thus she might have a chance of flight. But no sooner had she gained her feet, than

a strong arm was thrown around her. It was the chief of the brigands, himself! a huge brute, as Ophilia termed him. He had set his eyes upon such beauty as he had not met before; and he hastened to capture the rich prize for himself.

“He bore her to his steed, which gently waited the return of its rider. He looked around, and saw the work of death and plunder finished. Then calling to his followers, he bade them follow; and with Ophilia in his arms, seemingly of no more trouble than would have been a helpless child, he leaped upon his horse; and the animal, before so gentle, was now wild as the desert wind.

“The chief divided his party, leaving the heaviest of them to pursue the direction to the nearest market, in the character of merchants, to dispose of the slaves, animals, and trappings, they had taken. He, with a few of equal speed, dashed madly off in the contrary direction, bearing with them no other trophy of their victory than the terrified Ophilia.

“It was sundown when they halted at the entrance to a forest;—and the terrors of darkness, as she looked into the dismal solitude, might well have deprived Ophilia of life or reason. Reflecting, however, upon the uselessness of terror, she gave her thoughts more coolly, and in consequence more effectually, to the dangers of her position, and the possibility of a final escape, from a fate dreadful even to think upon.

“They moved on slowly through the deep shade, until they seemed buried in the very heart of solitude; then, passing one by one through the yielding branches

of the brushwood, came suddenly upon a tent, pitched and furnished as for a permanent abode.

"There, in that dread solitude, Ophilia was released from the arm of the desert chief;—and she so loathed his brutish aspect, that it seemed to her as though she was restored to liberty and joy when again she breathed without the pressure of his arm around her breast.

"He conveyed her to an inner apartment of the spacious tent, and sat before her such delicacies as might have satisfied her fastidiousness in more courtly mansions; and he endeavored, with the rough courtesy of a desert bandit, to dispel the undisguised disgust of his lovely captive.

"She, however, loathed him the more for his attentions, knowing them to proceed from the black passion of selfish brutality, and she wished that some flying spear had, in friendship, pierced her heart, and saved her from the living death which she feared awaited her under the power of the rough chief.

"The night progressed, however, and finding herself alone and unmolested, she sank into a gentle sleep, from which she did not awake until, at early dawn, a voice like the low growling of some forest beast aroused her from her slumber. She started, more terrified on ascertaining it to be the voice of the huge chief, than if she had seen before her the glaring eye-balls of a tiger.

"'Tis day, and we must travel," said the chief. 'A camel awaits you.'

"Ophilia, much surprised to find that this was not their permanent resting-place, soon arranged herself for a further journey;—whither, she knew not.

"In this journey they went with camels, leaving their horses in an inclosure made for them in the thicket; and the chief took with him only two of his followers.

"They travelled through a varied country; now, crossing a narrow strip of desert sands,—then, plunging into the dark shadows of a forest,—and, again, the rich pasture-land of countless flocks stretched away to the right and left.

"They had travelled thus for four days, resting each night at stations where they found provisions stored away in some secret recesses,—and Ophilia, who could not restrain her disgust at the presence of the chief, still had always enjoyed an unmolested slumber through the night.

"On the fourth day, however, the chief informed her that in two days more he would cross the river on the banks of which they had just arrived. That then they would soon be among his own tribe, and she should be his wife, for ever!

"This intelligence filled Ophilia with consternation, and she yielded herself up to the desperation of her mind. 'It was bad enough to fear the designs of the rough monster,' she said, 'but when he thus unhesitatingly declared his intention of making her his wife, her mad disgust knew no bounds,—and she desired rather to embrace death in any ordinary shape, than endure such degradation.'

"Amid the conflict of her thoughts engendered by the certain fate which awaited her at the end of the journey, Ophilia, with her captors, proceeded along the bank of the Nile.

"The fourth day of their journey had passed. The sun had gone down upon that evening, as well I remember he had sunk into a soft and mellow twilight. Already they had reached within a few hours' journey of my father's hamlet. They came upon a path leading inward from the river, passed into the thick brushwood, and shortly reached their stopping-place for the night, furnished, like the others, with provisions for the journey. And here, too, there was an inner apartment, as in the former stations, evidently in anticipation of such occurrences as that which then existed.

"Shortly after the chief and his companions had partaken of their evening repast, and laid before Ophelia a profuse supply of food, they sought repose from the weariness of travel;—and as they lay in the outer apartment of the tent, if such it might be called, for it was composed principally of the rough bark of trees, as they so lay their voices rolled heavily in conversation, and at length died away into the deep, long breathing of a heavy sleep.

"Darkness was abroad, and the night-bird screamed in dismal tones. Ophelia sat alone, and thought upon the announcement of the chief, and thought upon his hideous visage, and thought upon his coarse manners, and again she wished the invisible gulf had interposed between her and this human monster. 'But,' thought she, suddenly struck with a new thought, 'why can I not fly from his presence under this darkness? The dangers of the forest are not more terrible to me than what awaits me after two days more! And then I may have hope if I cast myself upon the adventure. I will fly this instant.'

"It was not difficult to put her resolution into practice. She had only to raise the drooping bark, or push it aside, and at once she would be at liberty among the trees.

"With the celerity of decision, she seized some of the food lying before her, and passed, as quietly as possible, from her prison, supposed from its frightful solitude to need no more security.

"Notwithstanding her caution, however, a piece of loose bark fell to the ground, and she heard the gruff voice of the chief call out to his followers, 'What noise is that, so near our tent? Go, shake your drowsiness, and see!'

"The terror of Ophilia, on hearing that voice and those words, was almost beyond endurance. She was speedily relieved, however, by the answer of one of the men.

'Tis but the camels waking for their midnight prayers.'

"It was sufficient. No further explanation was sought for by the chief. The voice of man, so dreadful when 'tis feared, was heard no more. Deep silence rested upon the invisible scene. Ophilia fixed her eye upon one distant star, which seemed to her like some commiserating spirit. It seemed to penetrate the dark confusion of her mind. It seemed to touch some faint chord of her exhausted spirit, and one soft note arose from out her heart. It spake one word—but that was like the drop of life which hangs from the immortal elixir. The word was 'hope!' and she sought to reach the shelter of that star.

"Her wanderings of that night were always in her mind, mingled with terror. The gruff voice of the chief

forever haunted her ears, and the phantoms of a terrified imagination flitted before her as she journeyed through the brushwood. Once she heard a low growl and saw a pair of fierce eyes looking through the dense bush, as she passed with a light and hurried step. And never could she have survived the terror of that night, had it not been for that blest star which seemed peculiarly to invite her gaze and confidence, and ever bid her hope.

"The excitement of her mind had given speed to her feet, or rather added wings to her flight. For, as the morning dawned, she had reached many hours' journey from the point from which she started. The smooth waters of the Nile were flowing past her, and, exhilarated with their coolness, and the fresh aroma of the morning air, she was gliding onward she knew not whither,—when, as I have narrated, I saw her like a nymph; and she, on hearing my voice, when I bade her fear me not, cast herself on my protection. For ever after she loved to gaze upon that star of her hope, and throwing on me a heavenly smile, she would say, as she pointed me to it, 'It led me to thee, Hezmen!'"

Here Hezmen paused. He had sustained his voice during the narration with manly fortitude. But now, a gush of feeling rose from his heart, and for an instant suffused his face with an expression of weakness. Was this unmanly? Nay, it only proved that he was as great at heart as he was at head,—and thus he was twofold great.

"I will not weary you by the continuation," he said, in his usual voice; "the narration has been already longer than my intent."

"Nay, nay," said Menephron, in a voice which told at once how much the old soldier endeavored to suppress the melting tenderness of a brother's memory, "our impatience will not be postponed—we would hear all."

And the whole company expressed their intense interest, nay, impatience, to hear the continuation.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO LOVELY INNOCENTS.—TWIN SISTERS.—IO AND ONIA.—THE STAR
—OPHILIA DIED.—THE JOURNEY.—ONIA LOST.

"You told us that you and Ophilia were married and then moons passed away," said Troilus, to remind the Egyptian of the point where he had been interrupted.

"Oh, yes," continued Hezmen, "moons passed away. We dwelt together, and our lives flowed onward in peace and pleasure. Delight was ever present. We lived and loved. Another season came, and Ophilia presented me two lovely innocents—twin sisters. Our cup of happiness was full. I loved the little innocents thus given to add variety to our solitariness.

"The one who claimed the rights of first appearance gave promise of that active loveliness which since has grown developed. The other was fair and beautiful, and would or may have grown into a being fair and fragile as the monthly rose.

"I bade Ophilia name them, as she would know their nature better than I could. And then it was she said, 'If I must name them, Hezmen, I would have reason in it. My country, which still I love, is the lovely Ionia. Like our little innocents, it is young; and like them destined to grow in the soft influence of peace,—to scatter over this universe the refining magic of its language—and it is, therefore, well called Io-nia!—for, progres-

sion goes for ever with its name. I would, therefore, call our pretty ones in order; the first I would call Io, the other Onia."

"I was enraptured with the thought. And we called the sisters Io and Onia. Already we felt the influence of their future destiny upon ourselves. We loved each other in our pretty ones. For, in name, as in nature, we had bound them fast together.

"My father, then grown old, sickened and died, and I laid him by his old companion, my own kind mother.

"It was not many moons when my Ophilia too grew sick. I watched beside her, and I nursed her. But she grew worse.

"One evening—it was a gentle eve—the stars were faintly seen, but Ophilia's eyes were fixed upon her favorite one, and, pointing me to it, she said, while yet she breathed with difficulty, 'Hezmen, since that dreadful night, yon star has been my comfort, for it bade me hope!—and it ever bids me hope! I look to it and hope! It calls me to it. Dost thou not hear? Nay, but I did think it. Now, promise me, that when I am gone, you will take Io and Onia to the land of my fathers—to fair Ionia.' And then I promised.

"Ophilia spake not many words after that, but passing away like some heavenly visitor, left me in solitude! But nay, she left me that silent star, and, more than that, she left me two copies of herself. In the one, she had portrayed her mind. The other was, even in its infancy, the reflection of her mother's person, fair and beautiful. Io reminded me always of her mother's thoughts. Onia as infallibly called to my eyes her mother's form.

And in them both I saw at once my lost Ophilia, and I cherished them as my only earthly treasure.

"Time wore away, and the promise I had made to Ophilia rested upon my mind. Besides, I thought, should any calamity happen to me, what must become of my little treasures—my Io and my Onia! I determined to execute my promise and convey them to this land of their mother.

"With this intention, I arranged for the long and arduous journey. I had yet enough of my father's treasure left to carry me thither, and, having made every preparation I deemed necessary, bade adieu to the hamlet of the Nile, and started, with my pretty little daughters, for this far-off land.

"I had to travel many weary days before I could obtain a camel. My progress was slow in consequence of my burdens. However, on the fifth day I met a company of merchants, from whom I bought a camel, and then I proceeded joyfully.

"But my joy was not of long continuance. The tortures of suspense were in reserve for me, and the miseries of dreadful uncertainty were designed to fill up a moiety of the destinies of my life.

"Seated on my camel, with Io and Onia safely wrapped and resting on the soft cushion beside me, I cared not for the length of the journey. All places were to me alike, when I carried with me all that could now render any place on earth tolerable to my existence.

"The little travellers, pleased with the easy motion of the camel, looked like two smiling cherubs; and the reflection of their gay simplicity and innocence, made my heart dance in a continual pleasure. It was a living

dream. Ophilia was before my eyes. I fancied that her spirit spake to me through the decided countenance of the little Io ; and I saw her living and breathing in the eyes, and lips, and cheeks of Onia.

" Alas, it was in part a dream ! Though at the time the reality was before me, I tell it as a dream. For, at this day, though nearly two hundred moons have passed away, it is as yesterday. And yet it is so like a dream, that oft I look upon Io, and put my arm around her, to see whether I do really dream, or she be Io ! for if she is Io, then Onia was Onia !

" It was at mid-day, when the sun was in the zenith, and the heat was pouring down upon the arid sands, I reached the shade of a cluster of trees, and there, I thought to shelter me, my camel and little ones from the scorching rays.

" The previous night I had not slept with watching, for I heard a distant noise. Oppressed with sleep and the surrounding heat, I unburdened my camel, and placing Io and Onia beside me, I resigned myself into a heavy sleep that forced itself upon me. Alas, that fatal sleep ! when I awoke, oh dread consternation ! Io was alone ! Onia was not beside her.

" In a frenzy of despair I ran from tree to tree, examined every clump of grass ; there was not much to examine ; there was for me no hope. Onia was gone ! I knew not whither. I ran to Io, and took her in my arms, and clasped her to my bosom lest she too might disappear."

Here Hezman paused again ; the fountains of affection, from the father's heart, overflowed the mind of the Egyptian ; and his thoughts of Onia and Ophilia were not for words.

CHAPTER XXVL

INTERESTED PARTIES.—THE PRINCESS-SLAVE AND TROILUS.—HEZMEN
CONTINUED.—SEARCH IN PERSIA.—IO IN HER GIRLHOOD.—MENE-
PHRON EXCITED.—THE RECOGNITION.—ONIA FOUND.—THE PRINCESS
HAPPY IN FINDING A FATHER AND A SISTER.

THE company were intensely excited with the touching incidents of Hezmen's history, and Menephron, above all, was now interested in every word, as relating to his sister Ophilia or her daughters. Nay, there was another, whose interest in the narration was not less deep than that of Menephron; Cresus devoured each syllable that threw light upon the strange history of the lovely Io, and her unseen mother.

But there was yet another, unnoticed now, save by the lively Troilus; the lovely slave, the wine-bearer, had listened to every word that fell from the lips of Hezmen. Her interest, as he proceeded, had grown intense. Some parts of the narration had touched her feelings with the intensity of sensation; and tears of sympathy rolled over her soft cheeks; and Troilus loved her for her heart, more than he had, even hitherto, loved her for her beauty.

The princess-slave, finding herself unable to control her emotion, had early in the narration retreated back to the most retired position she could find, and Troilus could not refrain from looking upon one who had not only

captivated him with her beauty, but now carried away his spirit with her sympathizing heart. And she, amid her tears, had still a smile remaining for the lively fellow, who had as securely won her heart, by his appearance, manners and wit,—as she had his.

She stood behind the end of the seat on which he reclined,—and he whispered her :

“It is a weeping tale, I own ;—but do not hurt thine eyes.”

“Ah,” she replied, “it makes me think of things I had forgotten.”

“But,” said Troilus, “it is better to forget them, if they make you sad.”

“Nay,” she answered, “’tis a pleasant sadness. ’Tis like a dream of my early childhood.”

Hezmen again continued. “Assured that there was no further possibility of Onia being in that locality, I hastened to mount my camel, with only Io. I would no longer trust her from my arms ;—but wrapped her close to my bosom, in my ample robe. And that, thenceforth, was the home of Io, my only remaining tie to earth.

“I journeyed on for many days, and followed the foot-tracks of a numerous train, which I perceived had passed near to the place where I had lost my Onia. But I could see by the footprints of their camels that they were much larger than mine, and swifter, and there was no hope of my overtaking them.

“At length, however, I met a company, who told me that a Persian princess travelled on before me, with her armed retinue—and, in answer to my questions, I found

she had with her a child—but more than that I could not learn ; and a few hours after that, the track which I had followed so long became confused with other tracks, and I was unable to say which were now the ones I should follow.”

On hearing mention of the Persian princess, Menephron started, but kept silence, not wishing to interrupt Hezmen, who, not observing the Archon, proceeded :

“ I continued on to Persia, however, and by the time I arrived there, my supply of treasure was nearly exhausted. I hence applied myself to those arts I had learned in solitude, knowing that men, everywhere, will do more for reward than they will for kindness. My knowledge soon made me much sought after, and so promoted my inquiries. My knowledge of chemistry produced new compounds, which brought me great reward, and my knowledge of science brought me pupils, who laid down at my feet treasures beyond my wildest dreams.

“ All this success, however, rejoiced me most because it enabled me to use every means of finding my lost Onia ; but my toil, and efforts, and anxiety were all in vain.

“ Meanwhile, Io had attained her girlhood, and her conversation always called to my memory the mind of Ophilia. At times she seemed even touched with that superior nature which now wraps Ophilia in supernal intelligence.

“ Her words would often fall like the simple droppings of the shower by which a sudden vegetation springs from ground before unfruitful. Thus Io would ever prompt in me majestic thoughts, rising above the sordidness of

wealth, or the clamor of fame ; and thus, in her, heaven left me, still, one guardian angel, and her home was ever in my bosom.

“ My conscience bade me provide for the living, if, indeed, my lost Onia were dead ; and the promise I had made to Ophilia rested before my eyes. I knew that Io ought to breathe in the land of her mother—this fair Ionia.

“ With this conviction, thirty moons since, I collected my treasures, which I had gained by knowledge in the land of the Persians ; and I came hither to end my days on this goodly soil. Yonder, I have reared my mansion, and there I live in quiet, with my Io—of whom and me ye do all, by the kindness and the courage you displayed for us and the truth—ye do all know.”

Menephron had waited impatiently for the conclusion. Now, throwing up his hands in excitement, he roared out to Hezmen :

“ And have you never heard of Onia ?”

“ No,” answered Hezmen, somewhat alarmed by the excitement of the old soldier ; “ would to heaven I could !”

“ Think you, you could identify her if you should find her ?”

“ Oh, let me but feast mine eyes upon her fair countenance,” said Hezmen ; “ the flavor of that delight would prove itself. But I do remember marks upon her left arm, and beneath her chin, which I could tell beforehand, for thus I did describe her in Persia.”

“ Can you see a likeness there ?” asked Menephron, pointing to the princess-slave.

Hezmen turned around, and looked—and scarcely had his eyes rested upon the face of the lovely wine-bearer when he leaped from his reclining position, and, standing upon the couch, he looked, for a moment, wild and bewildered.

“You mock me!” he cried, with a bitter scorn; “you would deceive me with a Phidian likeness! I hate your tricks, sir!”

Still he kept his eyes fixed upon the lovely girl; who, astounded at being pointed out as resembling the lost Onia, stood with her eyes fixed upon the menacing Egyptian. And she did look somewhat like a Phidian marble, colored and dressed with exquisite art for the occasion.

At length, however, her features relaxed. She smiled at the strange scene, and that smile revealed the truth.

“’Tis her!—’tis her!” cried Hezmen, leaping over the table—“’tis Onia, my lost Onia!” And in an instant he was folding his daughter in his arms.

A scene of strange delight followed that recognition. Hezmen claimed a daughter, and proved her by the well-remembered marks. Menephron claimed a niece—the child of his lamented sister Ophilia. Cresus claimed for his loved Io the fair sister of whom her dreams had told her; and Troilus, most delighted, perhaps, of all, claimed the hand of Hezmen’s daughter; and the princess-slave herself, with unbounded joy, renounced the regal title and its solitary associations, for a name, which gave her at once a father and a sister.

“I am Onia—I am Onia!” she cried, with wild delight. “Oh, my father, I have often dreamed of you. Where is Io? Where is my sister?”

The impatience of Onia to see her sister could not be restrained. The loneliness of her thoughts had always made her wish for a sister; but, probably a stronger reason still had prompted this very natural desire. She had an undefined idea that once she had a sister. The Persian princess, who had stolen her from her father's side, seeing her fair beauty, as she passed, told her, in a communicative hour, that she had been taken from beside another innocent, who might be her sister, and a man of fine features, who, no doubt, was her father.

The Persian laughed when she had told it, and thus threw doubt over its correctness. For ever afterwards, however, the story, coupled with the indistinct fancies of infancy, which haunted the imagination of Onia, caused her to dream of a father and a sister, whose company she ever longed for, but never dared to hope for. And now, in a moment when those fancies were all recalled to her mind by the narration of a tale which touched her heart, though she little thought herself an actor in it—at that moment to realize the innocent but unexpected wish of her life, was a happiness which rendered Onia, for a time, overwhelmed with an ecstasy of delight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IO AND ONIA RE-UNITED.—CRESUS AND TROILUS FRIENDS FOR EVER.—
REFLECTIONS.—CONCLUSION.

AGAIN the city rested beneath the solitariness of night; and that rare company of Ephesian spirits passed along the silent streets. In their midst walked Hezmen and Onia, whom, in proud triumph, they were conducting to the mansion of the Egyptian, without the gates. The Archons gave the word to the watch, and the company passed on.

A distant light came through the trees from the declivity of the mountain. "It is Io," said Hezmen, "who awaits our return, Cresus. That light is from her window."

"She little thinks we have found a sister for her," he replied.

"Oh, I should like to fly there," said Onia, at the same time quickening her pace, "I so much wish to see my sister Io."

Io reclined upon her couch, unable to rest until she knew that her father and Cresus were returned in safety. Beside her sat Eudocia, her devoted slave and companion. The moments moved on sluggishly, and they had sat long together in silence.

"Eudocia," said Io, at length, "I have been thinking about my sister who was lost. My father told me all about her again to-day. Her name was Onia. Oh, how I should wish to see her if she is alive."

"But," answered Eudocia, "you would not know her. She would be to you a stranger."

"Nay, I think I should know her," replied Io. "She was fair and beautiful; and I know I should love her, for she was like my mother."

Thus they were conversing, when a noise without told them of the arrival of those for whom they waited. But there was a greater noise than ought to have been occasioned by the arrival of only two, in peace. The party were taking leave of Hezmen and his daughter, having seen them safely to their door. Io descended to meet her father; but seeing him accompanied by a figure in female attire, she drew back.

"It is your sister Onia—the lost Onia!" cried Hezmen; and turning to Onia, he said, "That is Io; your sister Io."

In an instant, the sisters flew to each other's embrace,—and seemed at once to recognize, each in the other, that dream of childhood, which had ever passed before them in mystic dreams.

Scarcely did they close their eyes in sleep that night. They were refreshed with the visions of childhood. The joyous innocence of young hearts was theirs; and already, even in this world of cold realities, they revelled in the pure joys of the higher regions of supernatural intelligences.

With the light, however, came life as it is, and even

they by no means regretted the variety, for Ceresus and Troilus wanted their appearance.

The friends, estranged for a time only by the diversity of their pursuits, were now united in their love for the sisters,—the daughters of Hezmen.

Ceresus had, under the dictation of a conscience which ruled his life, endeavored to cling to a falling system ;—fully convinced of its absurdity,—yet, wanting a better to replace it.

Troilus had, under the dictation of a conscience which had ruled his life, cast off at once the trammels of absurdities ; and in his lively spirit trusted to the developments of time.

From the two extremes, they were now brought together. The melting influence of love had touched both hearts ; and they differed no more. The salutary relationship of social life drew them together,—and then it was they saw, that in reality they never differed at all in candid sentiment ! And thus it is throughout the wide-spread thousands of humanity. They differ, not so much in head and heart, as they do in circumstances,—or in seeming. A lively wit gives play to what a wit more sombre hides. And those who endeavor to prop a falling absurdity, do it, often, rather from that fear of vacancy which always strikes the mind with horror, than from a conviction in its favor, or a love for itself.

He is wisest, therefore, who endeavors to supplant what is bad, or useless, by that which is positively good. While we admire the lively wit of Troilus, and that decided action, which eventually fell into a fortunate train of reverence for the Great One, we must not cen-

sure the caution of Cresus ;—but attribute it to that foresight of circumstances, the want of which has ruined for ever some of the finest spirits that have adorned our race ;—and rendered them lost to society, to their friends, and to themselves, for ever.

The development of great truths is often, nay generally, dependent upon a train of trivialities, as we have seen in the history of Io.

The reward, which ever attends innocence, purity, and love, either in this world or a better, was dispensed to Io and Onia. The sisters lived to see more than the reality of their dreams of each other.

The moon, which looked down upon the discovery of the lost Onia, had not yet waned, when the Patrician circles of Ephesus were all astir with the news that Io, the daughter of Hezmen the Egyptian and Ophilia the sister of Menephron, was married to Cresus the son of Patricles, the noble Archon. And also, that Onia, the sister of Io, was married to Troilus, the young and lively Patrician.

Ever after this event, those happy ones, with the circle of friends to whom we have introduced the reader, spake that bold philosophy of Athenian genius, which was only destined to yield to the greater truth of an era then approaching. That era,—whose majestic waves have rolled over eighteen centuries and a half of years,—has deluged the old world beneath a flood of centuries, and now rises in this new hemisphere, in pleasant fountains of living water,—in moral truth—in freeborn liberty,—in one vast brotherhood of congregating nations.



Grace Aguilar.

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE.

A Story. 12mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

- "It is a fragrant offering to the cause of domestic virtue and happiness."—*Albany Atlas*
 "We have read this with an intensity of interest seldom awakened in us by a work of fiction."—*Newark Advertiser*.
 "We commend the work to all as eminently calculated to do good."—*Bangor Whig*.
 "In the domestic circle, and by all our fair readers, this excellent story will meet with a cordial welcome."—*Home Journal*.

Grace Aguilar.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Domestic Life. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cts.

- "This work should find a welcome in every family circle, where it is so well calculated to do good."—*Commercial Advertiser*.
 "The book abounds with grace and feeling."—*Albany Spectator*.
 "The style of this production closely resembles that of Miss Edgeworth. It is one of those vivid pictures of every day life that never fails to please."—*N. O. True Delta*.

Grace Aguilar.

THE VALE OF CEDARS;

Or the Martyr. A Story of Spain in the Fifteenth Century.
 12mo. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

- "The grace and vigor of the style, the masterly manner in which the details of the story are managed, and its thrilling interest, render the book one of the most absorbing that we have read for some time."—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.
 "The style is elegantly simple, and the moral lessons useful and striking."—*Commercial Advertiser*.
 "Her stories are not only artistically beautiful, but more than beautiful for their pure moral culcations."—*Syracuse Journal*.

Grace Aguilar.

THE WOMEN OF ISRAEL.

Two volumes 12mo. Paper cover, \$1; cloth, \$1 50.

- "By no writer have the characters of the celebrated Women of Israel been so correctly appreciated, or eloquently delineated. Those high attainments of piety, those graces of speech, which have placed them in the rank of examples for all subsequent generations, are set forth before us with a geniality of spirit and a beauty of style which will secure the warmest admiration; at the same time their weaknesses and errors are not overlooked or excused."—*Courier & Enquirer*.

A. S. Rrr.

TO LOVE, AND TO BE LOVED.

A Story. 12mo. Paper cover, 38 cents ; cloth, 63 cents.

This is one of those attractive romances in which the purest passions of the heart are delineated with a simplicity of style and an elevation of thought, that will charm every reader. Love in its fulness and its richness, its delicacy and its fervor, is here portrayed with a masterly hand.

A. S. Rrr.

JAMES MOUNTJOY, OR I'VE BEEN THINKING.

An American Tale. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents ; paper, 50 cents.

"An American work by an American Author, a graphic description of American domestic scenes, a most truthful delineation of American character. We never before have finished reading a story when we so much regretted finding ourselves at the end of the book. It abounds with the purest and deepest moral and pious sentiments interwoven with scenes of every day life, in a manner that goes directly to the heart. It is a work of which Americans may well be proud."—*Evangelist*.

Calvi.

LIFE'S DISCIPLINE: A TALE.

12mo. Paper, 38 cents ; cloth, 63 cents.

"This powerful tale, from the eloquent pen of Talvi, will be read with great interest. The weakness of the human heart, and its invincible and fearless power, when swayed by the deepest passions of our nature, are depicted in this volume with a truthfulness and a delicacy of touch that is seldom surpassed.

Calvi.

HELOISE; OR, THE UNREVEALED SECRET.

12mo. Paper cover, 50 cents ; cloth, 75 cents.

This is a romance of great power and interest. The scenes are laid chiefly in Germany and Circassia, and the Author shows a most intimate knowledge of social life in those countries. As a tale it is unsurpassed by few either in the development of some of the noblest and most self-sacrificing passions of our nature, the lofty sentiments which it expresses, or the thrilling attractions of its narrative. It is told with much force and beauty of language, and in the rich diction of a German scholar.

"*Heloise* is narrated with great vigor and spirit, with strong dramatic interest, and with the warmest and noblest sentiments diffused through all its scenes."—*Mirror*.

Miss Sewell.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

*A Tale. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," "Gertrude," &c. &c.
Edited by the REV. W. SEWELL. 12mo. Paper cover, 50
cents; cloth, 75 cents.*

"The scenes of this work are portrayed with a delicacy and a natural pathos that give to them an irresistible attraction."—*Courier and Enquirer.*

"It is a romance that the most fastidious objector to novel reading might peruse with advantage as well as with pleasure."—*Worcester Palladium.*

"A book of high order and rare interest, and worthy to rank among the foremost works in that class of fiction which invigorate but do not intoxicate."—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Emma D. C. Nevitt Southworth.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

*A Tale. By the Author of "Retribution, or the Vale of Shadows."
Octavo. Double columns. Paper cover, 38 cents.*

"In this work we find a most thrilling succession of incidents, with great ingenuity in the plot; and the charming moral of this most fascinating novel renders it one of the most agreeable that we have ever had the good fortune to meet with."—*Daily Evening Union.*

"For tenderness of sentiment often combined with heroism the characters in this book are peculiar. It is written in a lively and natural style, and will prove one of the most attractive works recently issued from the press."—*Journal of Commerce.*

E. A. Dupuy.

THE CONSPIRATOR.

*An American Historical Tale. 12mo. Paper cover, 50 cents;
cloth, 75 cents.*

"A powerful and thrilling narrative, written with great elegance of style, and founded upon events and incidents connected with the history of one of the early Vice-Presidents. The scenes are laid chiefly on the Ohio, and in the South Western part of the country."—*Com. Advertiser.*

"This is an exceedingly interesting tale. It is written in a rich and powerful style."—*Journal of Commerce.*

C. B. Mortimer.

*MORTON MONTAGUE; OR, A YOUNG
CHRISTIAN'S CHOICE.*

*A Narrative founded on Facts in the Early History of a Deceased
Moravian Missionary Clergyman. 12mo. Cloth, 75 cents.*

"There is a charm in this book unusually pleasing. This narrative is alive with an earnest missionary spirit glowing from every page. The whole, but especially the introductory part, contains valuable historical information. No one can read the book without receiving gratification and instruction."—*Southern Lit. Messenger.*

NORMAN LESLIE.

A Tale. By C. G. H., Author of "The Curate of Linwood," "Amy Harrington," &c. &c. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

"A deeply interesting historical Tale. The scene is laid in Scotland and France during the youth of Mary, and the early struggles between the Catholics and the Reformers. It is well written."—*Journal of Commerce*.

"It is written with much force and vigor of style, and with an elevation of thought and sentiment very appropriate to the subject."—*Courier and Enquirer*.

Olivia.

ELLEN PARRY; OR, TRIALS OF THE HEART.

12mo. Paper cover, 38 cents; cloth, 63 cents.

"The heroine is an exemplification of the dignity and beauty of religious character. It is an interesting story and suggestive of valuable thought."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"It is worthy of perusal by all, and especially those who desire to elevate the mind and purify the heart."—*Evening Post*.

Baron Eötvös.

THE VILLAGE NOTARY.

A Romance of Hungarian Life. Translated from the Hungarian of BARON EÖTVÖS, by OTH WENCKSNERN; with Introductory Remarks, by FRANCES PULSKEY. Octavo. Paper cover, 25 cts.

"The style of the book is very pleasing. There is now and then a dash of rich thought and quiet humor, and scattered all through it are passages of fine description, and thoughts of uncommon beauty."—*Holden's Magazine*.

"It possesses more of the interest of truth than of fiction."—*National Era*.

Mrs. Ellis.

HEARTS AND HOMES; OR, SOCIAL DISTINCTION.

A Story. Octavo. Cloth, \$1 50. Paper covers, two Parts, \$1.

"Of the living female authors of England, there is no one more widely or more favorably known in this country than Mrs. Ellis. Her works are always characterized by a depth of feeling, an earnestness of spirit, a zeal for the right, a truth, freshness, and vivacity, that render them not only interesting but instructive. Her stories contain, as the very end and essence of their being, a high and lofty sentiment of morality, equal to Maria Edgeworth or Hannah More. We cannot but trust they will ever enjoy their present popularity. The present publication combines all the graces and felicities of her previous writings, with added interest and value."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Miss Sewell's New Work.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY PUBLISH
THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMY HERBERT," "GERTRUDE," ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY THE REV. W. SEWELL.

One volume., 12mo., paper cover 50 cents, cloth 75 cts.

"The scenes of this work are portrayed with a delicacy and a natural pathos that give to them an irresistible attraction."—*Courier & Enquirer*.

"It deserves, and will doubtless receive, an extended circulation, and will do good wherever it may go."—*Newark Ado.*

"It is a romance that the most fastidious objector to novel reading might peruse with advantage as well as with pleasure."—*Worcester Palladium*.

"We are disposed to rank this work, in point of talent, more highly than any of Miss Sewell's previous volumes."

"It is pleasant to recommend a volume like this, which every mother can place in her daughter's hand with the certainty that the lessons it teaches must strengthen within her every virtuous thought, and better prepare her to pass worthily through the conflict of life. We cannot do the reading public a better service than to recommend the circulation of this work."—*Albany State Register*.

"A book of high order and rare interest, and worthy to rank among the foremost works of that class of fiction, which invigorate but do not intoxicate."—*Com. Advertiser*.

"A charming novel from the pen of that pleasantest and sprightliest of writers, Miss Sewell. The story is one of touching pathos and absorbing interest, carrying with it a moral worthy to be inculcated. The character of the 'Earl's Daughter' is one of the most beautiful specimens of portraiture we have ever met—in which all the elements that ennoble and render lovely the female character, are most happily combined. We recommend this book to our lady readers."—*Savannah Daily News*.

"A new work by Miss Sewell will need no recommendation to those who have been delighted by her previous works. 'The Earl's Daughter' is written in a pure and elegant style, the plot is simple, though sufficiently intricate to excite and sustain the interest of the reader, and the moral unexceptionable. It will find an unexceptionable welcome."—*Northern Budget*.

D. A. & CO. ALSO PUBLISH,
BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

I.

MARGARET PERCIVAL: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 2 vols., 12mo., paper cover \$1, cloth \$1 50.

II.

GERTRUDE: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 12mo., cloth 75 cts., paper cover 50 cts.

III.

AMY HERBERT: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 1 vol., 12mo., cloth 75 cts., paper cover 50 cts.

IV.

LANETON PARSONAGE: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 3 vols., 12mo., cloth \$1 25, paper cover \$1 50.

V.

WALTER LORIMER, AND OTHER TALES.

12mo., Cloth, 75 cents.

VI.

THE CHILD'S FIRST HISTORY OF ROME.

One volume, 16mo. 50 cents.

Mrs. Southworth's Popular Novels.

I.
THE DESERTED WIFE
A TALE.

BY EMMA E. DE NEVITT SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR, THE VALE OF SHADOWS," ETC. ETC.

One volume 8vo., paper cover, price 38 cents.

"Mrs. Southworth is a writer of remarkable genius and originality; manifesting wonderful power in the vivid depicting of character, and in her glowing descriptions of scenery. Hagar, the heroine of the 'Deserted Wife,' is a magnificent being; while Raymond, Gusty, and Mr. Withers, are not merely names, but existences;—they live and move before us, each acting in accordance with his peculiar nature."—*Phila. Post*.

"This is a 'new American novel,' issued in a most unpretending form, but one of a character far above most of the kindred productions of the day. It displays an insight into human nature and a skill in the delineation and analysis of character, that cannot fail to give the authoress a prominent position among her contemporaries. . . ."

"The book abounds with scenes of intense interest, the whole plot being wrought out with much power and effect; no one, we are confident, can read it without acknowledging that it possesses more than ordinary merit."—*Newark Adv.*

"Under the above title we have a new novel of unusual power and of thrilling interest. The scene is laid in one of the Southern States, and the story purports to give a picture of manners and customs among the planting gentry, in an age not far removed backward from the present. The characters are drawn with a strong hand. The purpose of the author professedly is to teach the lesson, 'that the fundamental causes of unhappiness in a married life, are a defective moral and *physical* education—and a premature contraction of the matrimonial engagement.'—*Troy Whig*.

II.
SHANNONDALE.

BY EMMA E. DE NEVITT SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC.

One volume 8vo., paper cover, 38 cents.

"Shannondale is a tale of absorbing interest; the plot of the story is ingenious, well planned, and well carried out."

"The authoress of this volume has won golden opinions in her literary career. The present tale is destined to be widely popular."

III.
THE MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY EMMA E. DE NEVITT SOUTHWORTH.

One volume 8vo., paper cover, 38 cents.

This graphic and stirring tale is one of the most agreeable of Mrs. Southworth's works; the scenes are laid in the almost imperial days of Old Virginia, when her sons and daughters might almost vie with Europe in grandeur and aristocratic pride and dignity: it is told with powerful dramatic interest.

Maria J. McIntosh's Works.
PUBLISHED BY D. APPLETON & CO

I.

**EVENINGS AT DONALDSON MANOR;
OR, THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.**

BY MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

Illustrated with Ten Steel Engravings, 8vo., cloth, gilt edges, \$3; morocco, \$4.

"The whole sparkle with strokes of pleasantry and lively criticism, and ever anon reveal most delightful pictures of fireside groups. A high-toned morality pervades the whole. We feel sure that the book will be a general favorite."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"It is a book that parents may buy for their children, brothers for their sisters, or husbands for their wives, with the assurance that the book will not only give pleasure, but convey lessons of love and charity that can hardly fail to leave durable impressions of moral and social duty upon the mind and heart of the reader."—*Evening Mirror*.

II.

**WOMAN IN AMERICA;
HER WORK AND HER REWARD.**

BY MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

One Volume, 12mo., paper covers, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

"We like this work exceedingly, and our fair countrywomen will admire it still more than we do. It is written in the true spirit, and evinces extensive observation of society, a clear insight into the evils surrounding and pressing down her sex, and a glorious determination to expose and remove them. Read her work. She will win a willing way to the heart and home of woman, and her mission will be found to be one of beneficence and love. Truly, woman has her work and her reward."—*American Spectator*.

"We thank Miss McIntosh for her 'Woman in America.' She has written a clever book, containing much good 'word and truth,' many valuable thoughts and reflections, which ought to be carefully considered by every American lady."—*Protestant Churchman*.

III.

CHARMS AND COUNTER-CHARMS.

BY MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

One Volume, 12mo., cloth, \$1; or in Two Parts, paper, 75c.

"This is one of those healthful, *truthful* works of fiction, which improve the heart and enlighten the judgment, whilst they furnish amusement to the passing hour. The style is clear, easy and simple, and the construction of the story artistic in a high degree. We commend most cordially the book."—*Tribune*.

IV.

TWO LIVES; OR, TO SEEM AND TO BE.

BY MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

One Volume, 12mo., paper covers, 50c.; cloth, 75c.

"The previous works of Miss McIntosh, although issued anonymously, have been popular in the best sense of the word. The simple beauty of her narratives, combining pure sentiment with high principle, and noble views of life and its duties, ought to win for them a hearing at every fireside in our land. We have rarely perused a tale more interesting and instructive than the one before us, and we commend it most cordially to the attention of all our readers."—*Protestant Churchman*.

V.

AUNT KITTY'S TALES.

BY MARIA J. MCINTOSH.

A new edition, complete in One Vol., 12mo., cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

This volume contains the following delightfully interesting stories: "Blind Alice," "Jennie Graham," "Florence Arnott," "Grace and Clara," "Ellen Leslie; or, the Reward of Self-Control."

POPULAR NEW WORKS.

Published by D. Appleton & Co.

LADY ALICE; OR, THE NEW UNA.

A NOVEL.

One volume, 8vo. Paper cover, price 38 cents.

Lady Alice is decidedly a work of genius. Indeed we know of few fictions where this first and highest excellence is more apparent. It is both peculiar and original. Nothing since "*Jane Eyre*" is more so. * * * Whoever wrote it is, or rather may be a great writer. He writes like a full-grown man; master of his subject and himself. He has occasional passages of health, strength, and beauty—he has pathos, delicacy, and spirit. He is finished and elaborate to a fault. More than this, he is exceedingly ingenious in constructing his plot, and effective in bringing his incidents to bear.—*Boston Post*.

"This is an extraordinary book. * * * That the author was animated by a deeper motive than that of the production of a clever and somewhat surprising novel, which should make a great sensation, we are perfectly satisfied. * * * A graceful fancy, and even a high imaginative power, are unsparingly exercised throughout.—*Douglass Ferrol's Weekly News*.

THE MAIDEN AUNT. A STORY.

By S. M.

REPRINTED FROM THE LAST ENGLISH EDITION.

One volume 12mo. Paper cover, 50 cts. Cloth, 75 cts.

"This is a story which should be—and if a taste for simple, correct diction and pure sentiment is not extinct, will be—widely read, and the publishers are entitled to thanks for publishing it in so handsome a form. We commend this sweet story, with its moral to every intelligent reader."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

"One of the most intensely interesting works we ever read; vigorously as well as pleasantly written. We like the useful and moral purpose which the writer keeps constantly in view."

CONFIDENTIAL DISCLOSURES; OR, MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH.

BY ALPHONZE DE LAMARTINE,

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS," ETC.

Translated from the French,

BY EUGENE PLUNKETT

One volume 12mo. Paper cover, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents.

"This volume might well open with the beautiful introductory sentence in *Johann's* *Rasselas*. 'Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, or pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow'—give ear! It is a remarkable and most attractive book."—*Boston Courier*.

BOOKS FOR FAMILY READING,

Published by D. Appleton & Company.

MRS. ELLIS'S NEW WORKS.

I.

SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS; OR, HEARTS AND HOMES

By MRS. ELLIS, Author of "The Women of England" &c.

"This work should find a place in every family: it is one of the best productions of this excellent writer, full of deep and touching interest, and urging lessons of great practical importance."

II.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE; OR THE MORAL WANTS OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN.

By MRS. ELLIS. 1 vol. 12mo. Price 50 cts paper cover, 75 cts cloth.

"We can safely recommend the book to mothers and daughters who would prize useful hints on the conduct of life, and practical directions for self-management."—*Christian Enquirer*

MISS M'INTOSH'S WORKS.

I.

CHARMS AND COUNTER-CHARMS.

By MARIA J. M'INTOSH. Author of "Conquest and Self Conquest," "Praise and Principle," &c. Complete in one handsome volume, 12mo., cloth \$1; or in two parts, paper, 75 cts.

This work will be found one of the most impressive and beautiful tales of the day. The moral is felicitously developed, and is true in thought and feeling.

II.

TWO LIVES; OR, TO SEEM AND TO BE.

By MARIA J. M'INTOSH. 1 vol. 12mo., paper cover 50 cts., cloth 75 cts.

"The previous works of Miss M'Intosh, although issued anonymously, have been popular in the best sense of the word. The simple beauty of her narratives, combining pure sentiment with high principle, and noble views of life and its duties, ought to win for them a hearing at every fireside in our land. We have rarely perused a tale more interesting and instructive than the one before us, and we commend it most cordially to the attention of all our readers."—*Presbyterian Churchmen*.

III.

AUNT KITTY'S TALES.

By MARIA J. M'INTOSH. A new edition, complete in one vol., 12mo., cloth 75 cts.

This volume contains the following interesting stories: "Blind Alice," "Jessie Graham," "Florence Arnott," "Grace and Clara," "Ellen Leslie, or The Reward of Self-Control."

MISS SEWELL'S WORKS.

I.

MARGARET PERCIVAL: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 2 vols., 12mo., paper cover \$1, cloth \$1 50

II.

GERTRUDE: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 12mo., cloth 75 cts. paper cover 50 cts.

III.

AMY HERBERT: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth 75 cts., paper cover 50 cts.

IV.

LANETON PARSONAGE: A TALE.

Edited by the Rev. WM. SEWELL, B. A. 2 vols. 12mo., cloth \$2 25 paper cover \$1 50.

INTERESTING BOOKS FOR LADIES

Published by D. Appleton & Company.

ELLEN MIDDLETON;

A TALE.

BY LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON.

One volume 12mo., paper cover 50 c., cloth 75 c.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

GRANTLEY MANOR;

A TALE.

One volume 12mo., paper cover 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.

Lady Georgiana Fullerton's first appearance as a novelist rendered her famous; once. *Ellen Middleton*, her first production, was a powerfully constructed story, manifesting great ability in the author, which *Grantley Manor* fully confirms. We commend the book most cordially."—*Evening Mirror*.

"The book is an excellent one, and the Lady Georgiana's style is admirable. It is clear, concise, glowing, and lady-like. Her dialogue and narrative likewise show great skill in perception and arrangement."—*Boston Atlas*.

"*Grantley Manor* is the title of an exceedingly interesting volume, which we have read with more than ordinary pleasure. The style is elegant, the story, which involves a succession of mysteries and cross purposes, is well developed, and the scene and character painting is full of spirit and truth. The authoress is certainly a woman of genius, which she has used to excellent purpose."—*Southern Literary Messenger*.

FRIENDS AND FORTUNE;

A MORAL TALE.

BY ANNE HARRIE, DRURY.

One volume 12mo. paper cover 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.

"It is a tale delightfully told, and abounding in passages of great feeling and beauty. Again we are reminded of Goldsmith, and that which reminds us in a right sense of the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" must be a production of no mean order."—*Literary Gazette*.

"Life, motion, delicacy, and humor are to be found in Miss Drury's Tale."—*Athenaeum*.

GRACE LESLIE;

A TALE.

From the last London Edition. One volume 12mo., cloth 75 cents.

"Simplicity is the charm of this story. It can scarcely be said to have a plot. The tale embraces the history of a month in the life of a young girl suddenly thrown into society, and for young people it was originally written. It has been generally popular, however, for every thing in it is natural. There is neither sameness nor tameness in the narrative; the characters are numerous and each is kept distinct. Moreover, the moral the story is unexceptionable."—*Com. Adv.*

WALTER LORIMER;

AND OTHER TALES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AMY HERBERT," "GERTRUDE," ETC.

Embellished with six colored Plates. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth, 75 cts.

"There is much that is pure, sweet and touching in the book. * * * the stories are recounted in a style of composition which makes the work one of high literary character."

CELEBRATED ITALIAN ROMANCE.

D. Appleton & Co. publish

I PROMESSI SPOSI, OR THE BETROTHED LOVERS.

BY

ALESSANDRO MANZONI.

Two neat Volumes, 12mo. Paper cover, \$1. Cloth, \$1 50

'This is a work of absorbing interest, with regard to the varied incidents which mark the progress of the characters who figure in it. The scene is laid in Italy, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the tale of the Betrothed, to whose union obstacles are continually occurring, gives a vivid picture of the state of society, moral, social, religious, and political, at that time. It is an admirable adjunct to history, furnishing a key to the strange events that occurred in the peninsula, during the prevalence of Spanish dominion there. Manzoni has here truly realized his quaint idea of history—true history, which analyzes society to its elements—'taking prisoners by force the Years of Time, already dead; calling them to life, bringing them under review, and re-arraying them in battle array!' The descriptions in this tale are exquisitely beautiful, the moral and religious tone of a lofty nature, and the path of the actors is strewn with every possible variety of agitating matter—'battle, murder, and sudden death'—the brave, or hireling assassin, the plotting monk, the venal and voluptuary noble, on one side of the picture; while maiden constancy, chivalric devotedness, simple truth, and civic virtues brighten the other. It is a work which has made a greater sensation in Europe than that of any other writer of fiction, since the publication of the Waverley series. We recommend it to the perusal of all who have leisure to lose an hour or so in the company of the accomplished author, amidst the exciting scenes of life in Italy two centuries ago.'—*Southern Patriot*.

"This far-famed specimen of Italian historical romance is here presented to us in an English form. The elegant simplicity of the style will render it popular, especially among the younger classes of readers, and its faithful but minute description of the famine, riots, and the plague in Milan, rival in force and pathos the pages of our own immortal Defoe. The story is of the most natural and touching character—the plot being the prolonged separation of the betrothed lovers just at the eve of marriage. The date is rather more than two centuries ago, and the work gives a vivid portraiture of that lawless age."—*Yach Chronicle*.

"We are delighted to meet with this masterpiece of modern fiction in a form which may render it accessible to the English reading public. The Italians consider 'The Betrothed' the first fiction of the age, holding some affinity to the school of Sir Walter Scott, but surpassing his works in power and depth, as we confess it certainly does in moral design. 'The Betrothed' is well translated and very handsomely got up; so as to be entitled by its dress to appear in the most refined circles, and by its intrinsic qualities to charm and instruct every class of readers."—*Tait's Magazine*.

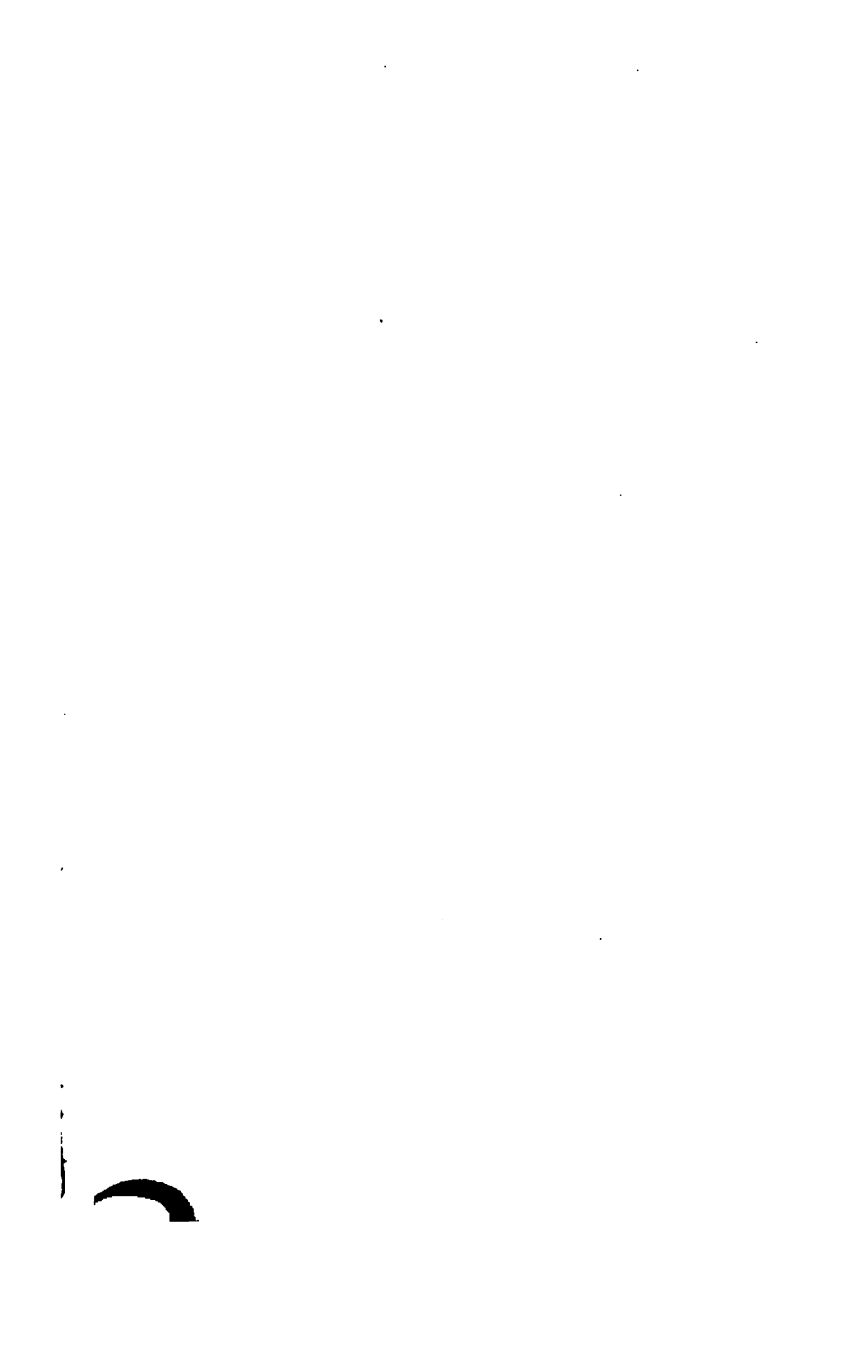
NEW ILLUSTRATED JUVENILES.

AUNT FANNY'S STORY BOOK. Illustrated. 16mo.	52
THE CHILD'S PRESENT. Illustrated. 16mo.	52
HOWITT'S PICTURE AND VERSE BOOK. Illustrated with 100 plates. 75 cts.; gilt.	1 00
HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Illustrated. 4to., 25 cts.; cloth.	50
STORY OF JOAN OF ARC. By R M Evans. With 23 illustrations. 16mo.	75
ROBINSON CRUSOE. Pictorial Edition. 300 plates. 8vo.	1 50
THE CARAVAN, A COLLECTION OF TALES AND STORIES FROM THE GERMAN. Translated by G. P. Quackenbush. Illustrated by Orr. 16mo.	50
INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD. By Mrs. Colman. Illustrated	
HOME RECREATIONS, comprising Travels and Adventures, &c. Colored Illustrations. 16mo.	
FIRESIDE FAIRIES. A New Story Book. My Miss Susan Pindar. Finely Illustrated. 16mo.	
STORY OF LITTLE JOHN. Trans. from the French. Illus.	
LIVES AND ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. 16mo.	
UNCLE JOHN'S PANORAMIC PICTURE BOOKS. Six kinds, 25 cts. each; half-cloth	
HOLIDAY HOUSE. Tales, by Catherine Sinclair. Illustrated	
PUSS IN BOOTS. Finely illus. by O. Speckter. 50c.; ex. gilt.	
TALES AND STORIES for Boys and Girls. By Mary Howitt	
AMERICAN HISTORICAL TALES for Youth. 16mo.	
LIBRARY FOR MY YOUNG COUNTRYMEN.	
ADVENTURES of Captain John Smith. By the Author of Uncle Philip	
ADVENTURES of Daniel Boone. By do.	
DAWNINGS of Genius. By Anne Pratt	
LIFE and Adventures of Henry Hudson. By the Author of Uncle Philip	
LIFE and Adventures of Hernan Cortez. By do.	
PHILIP RANDOLPH. A Tale of Virginia. By Mary Gertrude	
ROWAN'S History of the French Revolution. 2 vols.	
THEY'S Life of Cromwell	38

TALES FOR THE PEOPLE AND THEIR CHILDREN.

ALICE FRANKLIN E. Mary Howitt	36
LOVE AND MONEY. By do.	36
HOPE ON, HOPE EVER! Do.	36
LITTLE COIN, MUCH CARE. By do.	36
MY OWN STORY. By do.	36
MY UNCLE, THE CLOCKMAKER. By do.	36
NO SENSE LIKE COMMON SENSE. By do.	36
SOWING AND REAPING. Do.	36
STRIVE AND THRIVE. By do.	36
THE TWO APPRENTICES. By do.	36
WHICH IS THE WISER? Do.	36
WHO SHALL BE GREATEST? By do.	36
WORK AND WAGES. By do.	36
CROFTON BOYS, The. By Harriet Martineau	36
DANGERS OF DINING OUT. By Mrs. Ellis	36
FIRST IMPRESSIONS. By do.	36
MINISTER'S FAMILY. By do.	36
SOMMERVILLE HALL. By do.	36
DOMESTIC TALES. By Hannah More. 2 vols.	75
EARLY FRIENDSHIP. By Mrs. Copley	36
FARMER'S DAUGHTER, The. By Mrs. Cameron	36
LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE MIND. Many plates	46
MASTERMAN READY. By Capt. Marryat. 3 vols.	2
PEASANT AND THE PRINCE. By H. Martineau	36
POPLAR GROVE. By Mrs. Copley	36
SETTLERS IN CANADA. By Capt. Marryat. 2 vols.	75
TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING. By T. S. Arthur	36
TWIN SISTERS, The. By Mrs. Sandham	36
YOUNG STUDENT. By Madame Guizot. 3 vols.	1 1
SECOND SERIES.	
CHANCES AND CHANGES. By Charles Burdett	36
NEVER TOO LATE. By do.	36
GOLDBAKER'S VILLAGE. By H. Zschokke	36
OCEAN WORK, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By J. H. Wright	36
THE MISSION; or, Scenes in Africa. By Capt. Marryat. 2 vols.	75
STORY OF A GENIUS	36









1





